

# SCREENLAND★

April

5c



Freedom for Fredric March!  
Beginning an Exciting New Novel  
by Thyra Samter Winslow



# REFRESHING AS A SHOWER, THIS *Beauty Bath for Teeth*



**Exotic New York models use only Listerine Tooth Paste to keep their mouths alluring, their teeth bewitching**

Fragrant, satin-soft, milky white... such is the solution that sweeps your mouth and teeth when you employ Listerine Tooth Paste as your beauty aid. It's as refreshing as a shower!

Why don't you emulate the lovely women of studio and screen, who know beauty aids as few women can? Why not have your teeth looking their best? Change to Listerine Tooth Paste today and see what it will do for you. You will never regret the change.

#### **There's a Reason**

Listerine Tooth Paste was planned by beauty experts, working in conjunction with dental authorities. No other dentifrice contains the rare combination of satin-soft cleansers that do so much for teeth. No other tooth pastes contain the delightful fruit essences that give your mouth that wonderful dewy freshness, that cleanly sense of invigoration.

Do not take our word for it; let this wonderfully safe dentifrice made by the makers of Listerine prove itself.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis



**A TONIC FOR THE GUMS**  
WHEN USED WITH MASSAGE

**More than 1/4 POUND**  
of tooth paste in the double  
size tube • 40¢  
Regular size tube, 25¢







JEAN: *Last year she couldn't get a date—now look at her!*

MARGE: *Somebody must have told her what her trouble\* was.*

\*There's nothing like LISTERINE to check halitosis (*unpleasant breath*), the unforgivable social fault

# Forgotten Women

by DORIS KAY

I SEE them every day . . . dozens of them . . . women—young women—who are simply forgotten in the social scheme of things.

They are seldom invited out and when men *do* call they rarely call again. When a frantic cry goes out for a fourth at bridge or when someone is needed to fill in at a dinner party, they are usually the last person the hostess thinks about. Why is it? Not because they are dull; I've seen many a witty woman who didn't get around much. Not because they are plain; some of the prettiest young girls are the least popular. Not because they are fat

or old; I've known women heavy as trucks and grey as beavers but still greatly sought after. What then is the reason?

Nine times out of ten, these forgotten girls are not fastidious about the condition of their breath—and if there's one thing for which others drop a woman or a man it is halitosis (bad breath).

How silly a woman is to permit such a humiliating condition to exist when the fault can usually be remedied so easily and so pleasantly with an agreeable deodorant such as Listerine Antiseptic used twice daily as a mouth wash.



**KEEP YOUR BREATH  
BEYOND SUSPICION  
with LISTERINE**

Almost everyone has halitosis (bad breath) at some time or other without realizing it. And it is the unforgivable social fault. People simply don't want you around when you offend this way. Why take a chance? Why risk unpopularity when it is so easy to correct this humiliating condition. Do not rely on harsh bargain mouth washes, some of which are entirely devoid of deodorant effect. Just trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the quick, pleasant deodorant which strikes at fermentation, the major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves.



***the quick deodorant***

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. • St. Louis, Mo.



# ONE OF THE GREAT PICTURES OF ALL TIME!



*Freddie*  
**BARTHOLOMEW**  
as Harvey—pampered by luxury  
the sea made him a man



*Spencer* **TRACY**  
as Manuel—hardy sailor who  
taught Harvey the ropes.

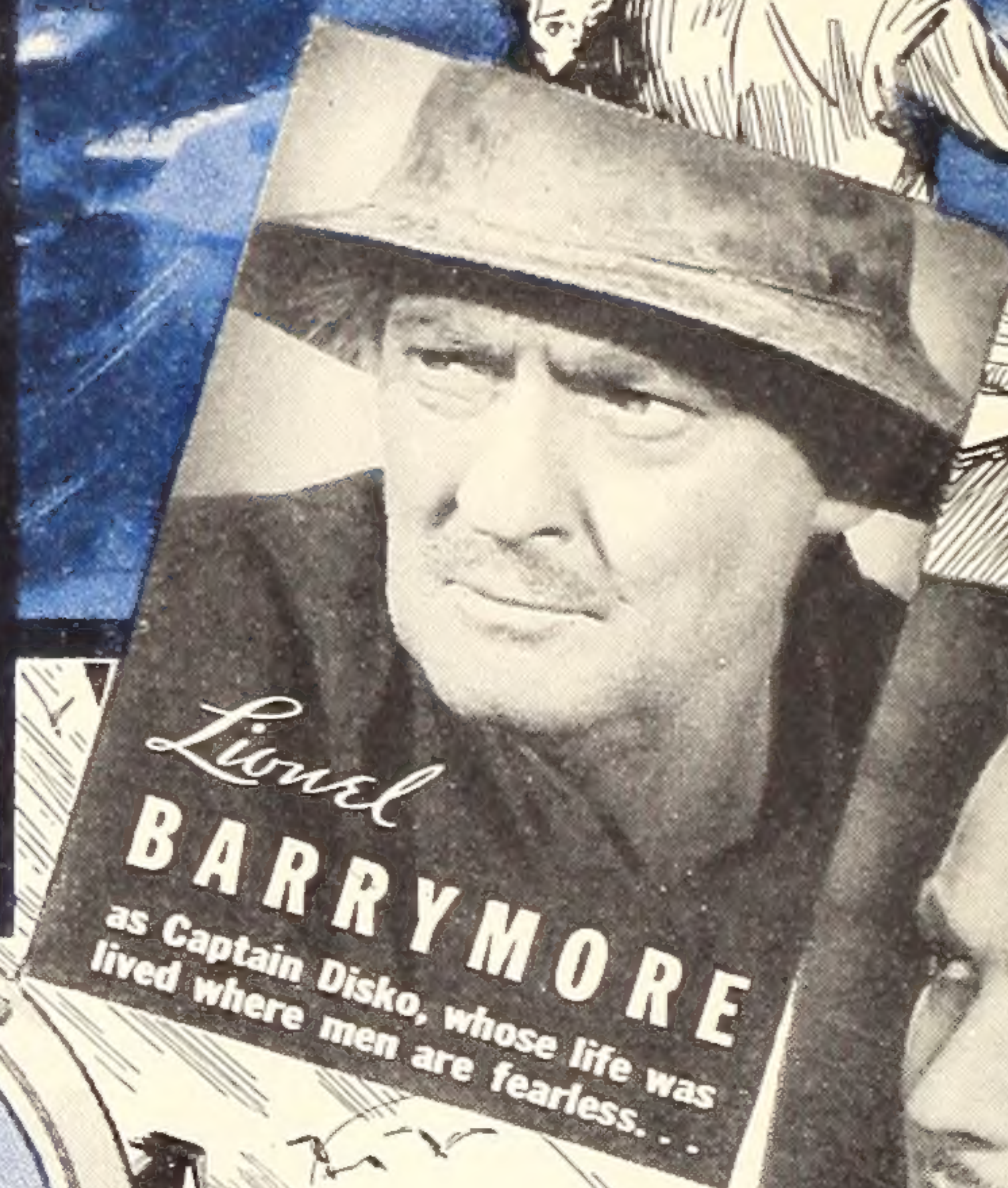
# Captains Courageous



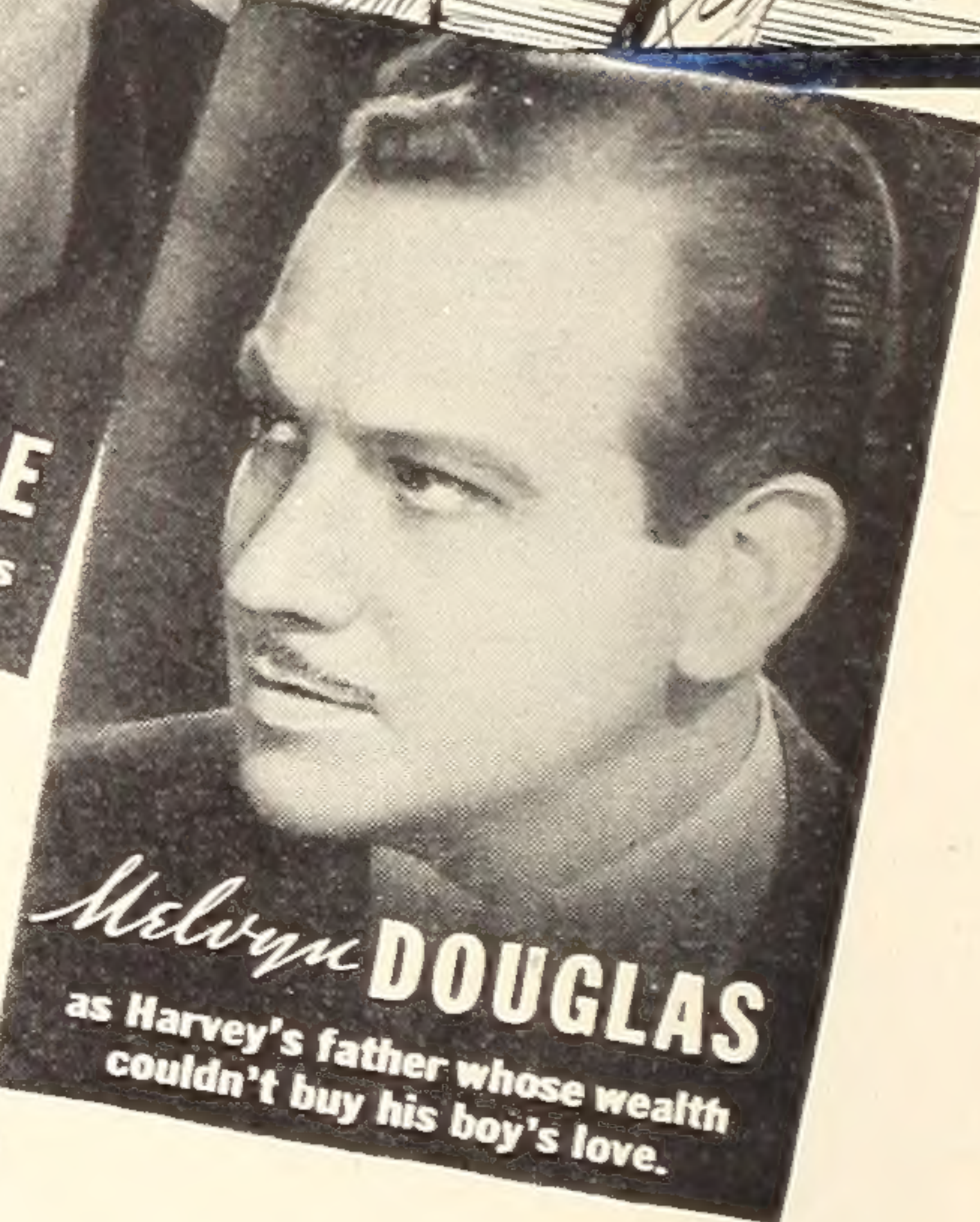
THE MOST EXCITING PICTURE  
SINCE "MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"

Again—as in the stirring "Mutiny"—  
you live the roaring drama of men against  
the sea. You share the struggles, the heart-  
aches, the laughter of courageous souls  
who leave the women they love to dare the  
wrath of the angry waves... men in con-  
flict with their destiny enacting the most  
thrilling story the screen could offer. A  
brilliant triumph that takes rank with the  
greatest pictures M-G-M has given you!

A Metro-  
Goldwyn-Mayer  
Picture Directed by  
**VICTOR FLEMING**



*Lionel*  
**BARRYMORE**  
as Captain Disko, whose life was  
lived where men are fearless...



*Melvyn* **DOUGLAS**  
as Harvey's father whose wealth  
couldn't buy his boy's love.



# SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

April, 1937

Vol. XXXIV. No. 6

## Location Love At Sunrise!

We're continually uncovering for you the dramatic highlights of colorful Hollywood—revealing the amusing, amazing, or romantic events and adventures that go to make up life as it is really lived, before and after the cameras, in the most sensation-ally vital amusement and art center in the world. Now, we're giving you another new slant in SCREENLAND's next issue—a brisk, buoyant feature about the fabulous boys and girls of the cinema who, pampered darlings though they be, still must rise at yawning and make love at dawn- ing—all for your edification, not theirs! You'll read hitherto unpub- lished piquancies in this exclusive article.

Also in the next issue—May, on sale April 2nd—you'll find the fur- ther unfolding of Thyra Samter Wins- low's exciting new novel of Holly- wood's hidden side, which is already being hailed as the most entertain- ing serial ever written about the ways and means of a girl's career in cinema city. Mrs. Winslow has been long established as one of America's out- standing writers of poignant and ap- pealing fiction; but it is only recently that she has consented to be con- tracted to write directly for the screen. You will soon see Kay Francis starring in one of Mrs. Winslow's scenarios. This means—she knows her Hollywood!

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Torrid New Team. Jean Harlow, Robert Taylor. Like Him Romantic, or Modern? Errol Flynn. Mistress of Moods. Jean Arthur. Studies in Femmes and Stems! Return of the Rebel. Bette Davis. Publicity Love? or Can it be Real? Anita Louise, George Brent. Oh, So They Do Work Sometimes! Paradoxical Paradise. Tempest in "Seventh Heaven." Simone Simon, James Stewart. Snapped Without Warning. Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, William Powell, Robert Montgomery, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver, Billie Burke. Character Counts! The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

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Spotlight Cover Portrait of Fredric March by Marland Stone.

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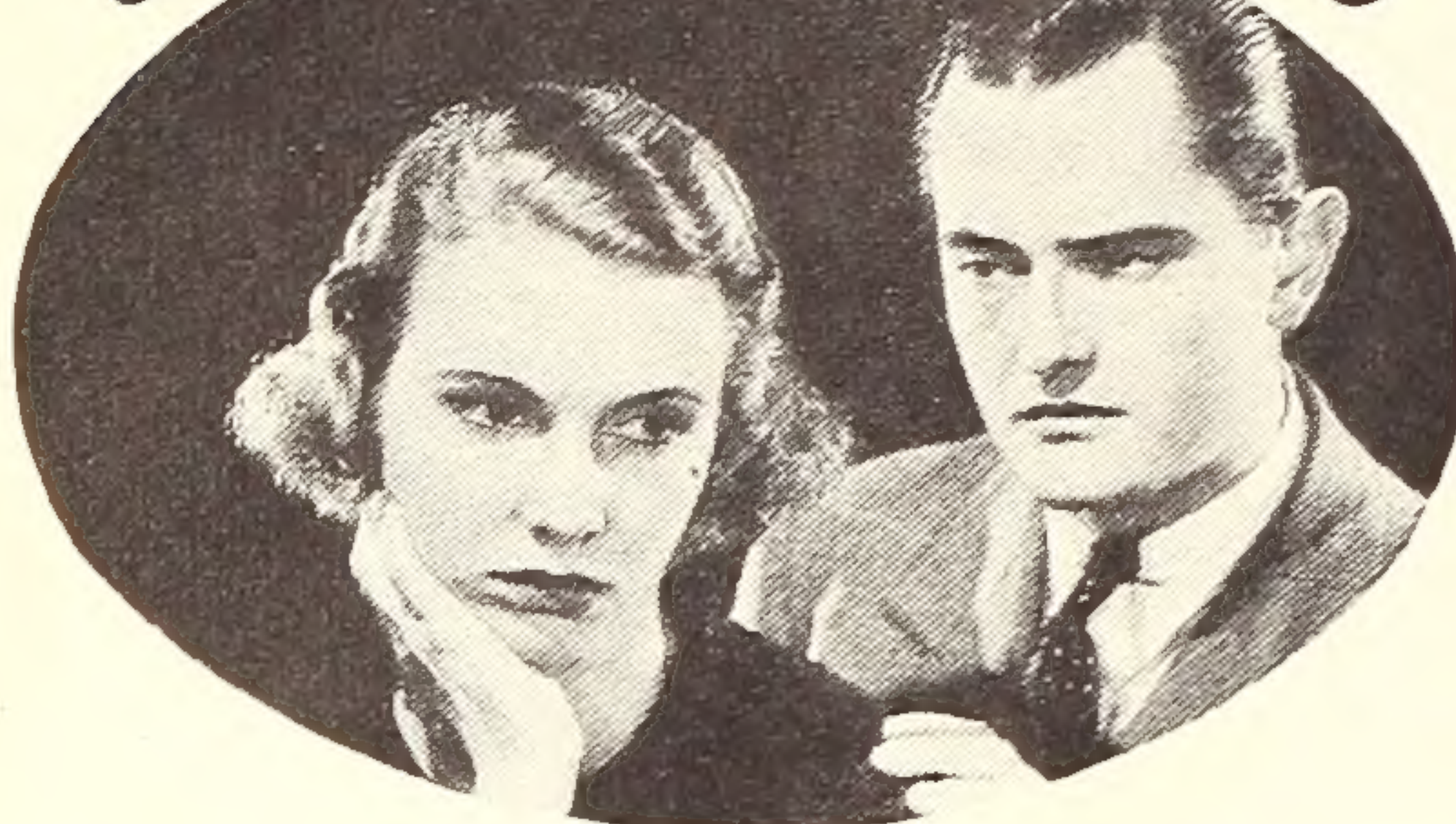
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## Dull-Listless

-SKIN BROKE OUT!



● Constipation got me down so badly that I was mean to the very people I liked best. I just couldn't help it. Certain laxatives were so repulsive that I hated to take them. I hadn't yet learned how to avoid out-of-date "dosing." Then I found out something I'll always remember.

Here's the lesson she learned



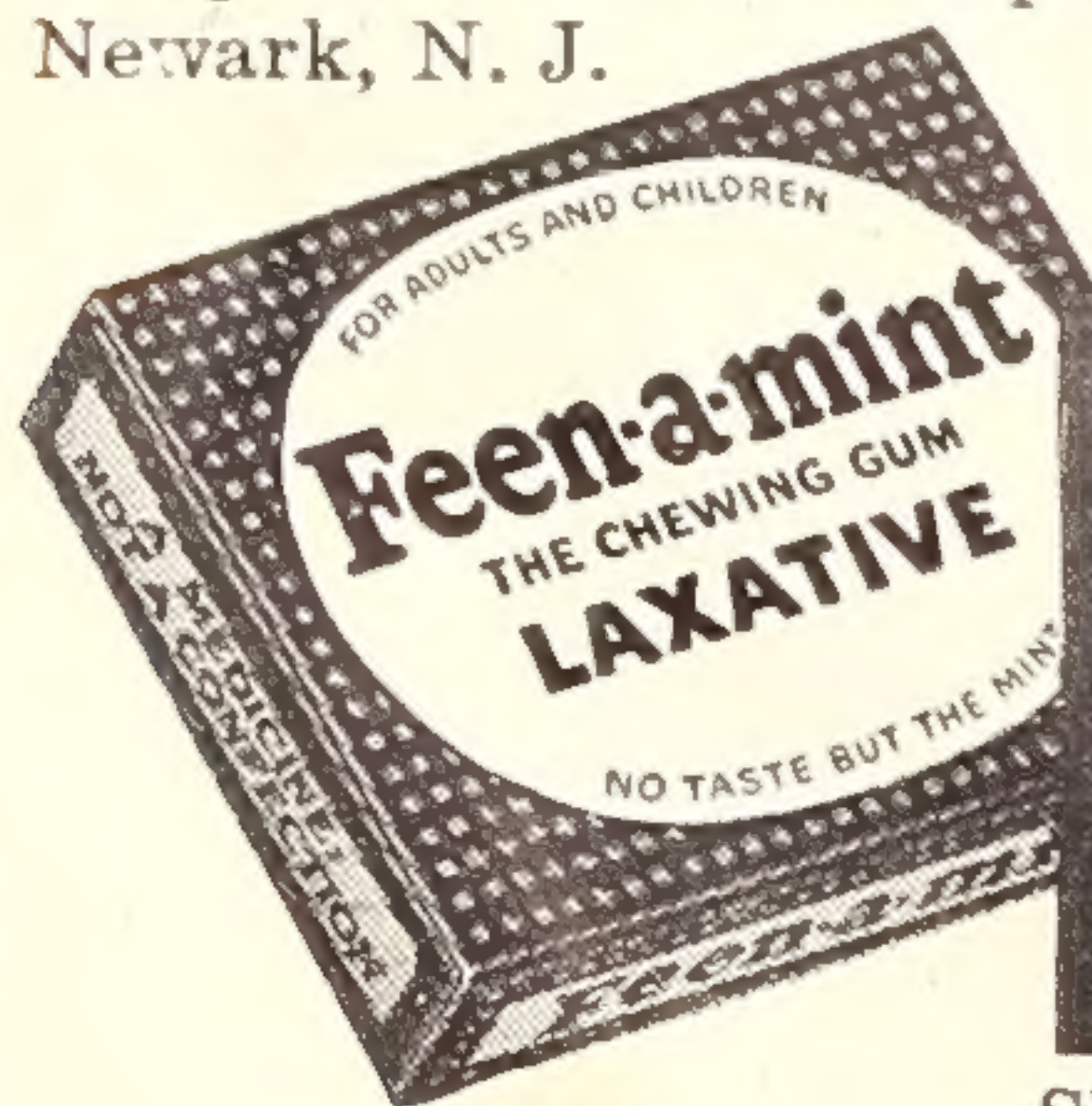
THE **3**  
MINUTE WAY!  
Three minutes  
of chewing  
make the  
difference

● In desperation I consulted my druggist. He advised FEEN-A-MINT. "It's different!" he said. I tried it—found it tasted just like delicious chewing gum. Thanks to FEEN-A-MINT, life became so different. All of me felt better at once. Exit sickish feeling, headache, "blues." I sang with joy to see the color in my cheeks. My mirror whispered—"You're yourself again!"

And she's so happy now



● Now life is so different for this girl, just as it is for over 16 million other FEEN-A-MINT users. FEEN-A-MINT is thorough, satisfying. The chewing is what helps make it so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in the lower bowel, not in the stomach. No griping, no nausea. Not habit-forming. Economical. Delicious flavor and dependability make it the favorite at all ages. Sample free. Write Dept. T-9, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.



Family-  
sized boxes  
only  
15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada



Anthony Martin, the husky chap with the smooth singing voice, takes a bow, by popular request. It didn't take Tony long to catch on—with the screen-goers, we mean. They voted him top man this month.

# Salutes and Snubs

## NAME YOUR FAVORITES

Miriam Hopkins, Loretta Young, Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne are, in my opinion, the prettiest girls in Hollywood. But I don't like Irene Dunne in comedies. "Roberta" and "Show Boat" were her best pictures. My favorites in comedy are Glenda Farrell, Una Merkel, Zasu Pitts, Ned Sparks, Victor Moore and Jack Oakie.

C. Jimmie Brigance,  
8 Bienville Ave.,  
Mobile, Ala.

## YOU'LL BE HEARING PLENTY!

I'd like to know why we aren't hearing more about that superb actress Gladys George. It isn't fair at all that we are given such a stingy glimpse of so wonderful a talent and beauty and then have the lid on the Pandora box closed tightly against us. At least SCREENLAND came through by giving Miss George the Honor Page after her excellent work in "Valiant is the Word for Carrie."

Bee Pierce,  
4121 Verdugo Rd.,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## FREDRIC THE GREAT

It was he who matched Laughton in "Les Miserables," he who proved the perfect mate for Garbo's "Anna Karenina," he who lifted "Mary of Scotland" from the doldrums, he who rose to histrionic excellence in "Road to Glory," and he who made the perfect *Anthony Adverse*. The greatest actor on the screen: Fredric March the magnificent.

Joseph Hoar,  
40 Orvis Road,  
Avlington, Mass.

## THEY DESERVE THE BEST

Deserving screen players who are entitled to more recognition in 1937 are: 1. Claire Trevor; she's clever and ambitious, and rendered a grand performance in "15 Maiden Lane." 2. Anthony Martin; his singing and acting in "Banjo on My Knee" revealed promise. 3. Margaret Hamilton; she interprets character parts with remarkable effect.

Albert Manski,  
69 Pinckney St.,  
Boston, Mass.

## TO BILL POWELL:

I am a lover of wire-haired fox terriers and I am raising several. My father and I took one of them out for field exercise with some bird dogs that daddy thought were very fine. The wire-hair retrieved two birds out of three. It is also good at "pointing" and "setting" birds now. Why not try and see if your dog will do the same?

Alice Dills Weaver,  
Dillsboro, N. C.

## You Talk—Hollywood Listens

The stars as well as younger players who are making their bid for stardom like to know what you think about them, particularly how you liked them in their latest picture; and also appreciate your suggestions as to what kind of rôles you would like to see them play in future films. So why not tell them here—in this open forum of free and interesting discussion of screen affairs. Be it a Salute or Snub, send your idea along. Please try to limit letters to a maximum of fifty words. Address them to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.



how to play the hot  
trumpet in Panama  
in 4 easy lessons



"Listen, Carole, till you've heard Old Maestro MacMurray play 'I Hear a Call to Arms'... *you just haven't lived...*"



"Okay, Fred. You're wonderful all right. I never heard sweeter notes. But cut it out, will you, *before you break my heart.*"



"Arrest him, gendarme! Si, senor disturbing la peace with sis instrumento... more hot playing an si senor *quick start a revolution!!!*"

CAROLE LOMBARD  
FRED MacMURRAY  
"SWING HIGH  
SWING LOW"

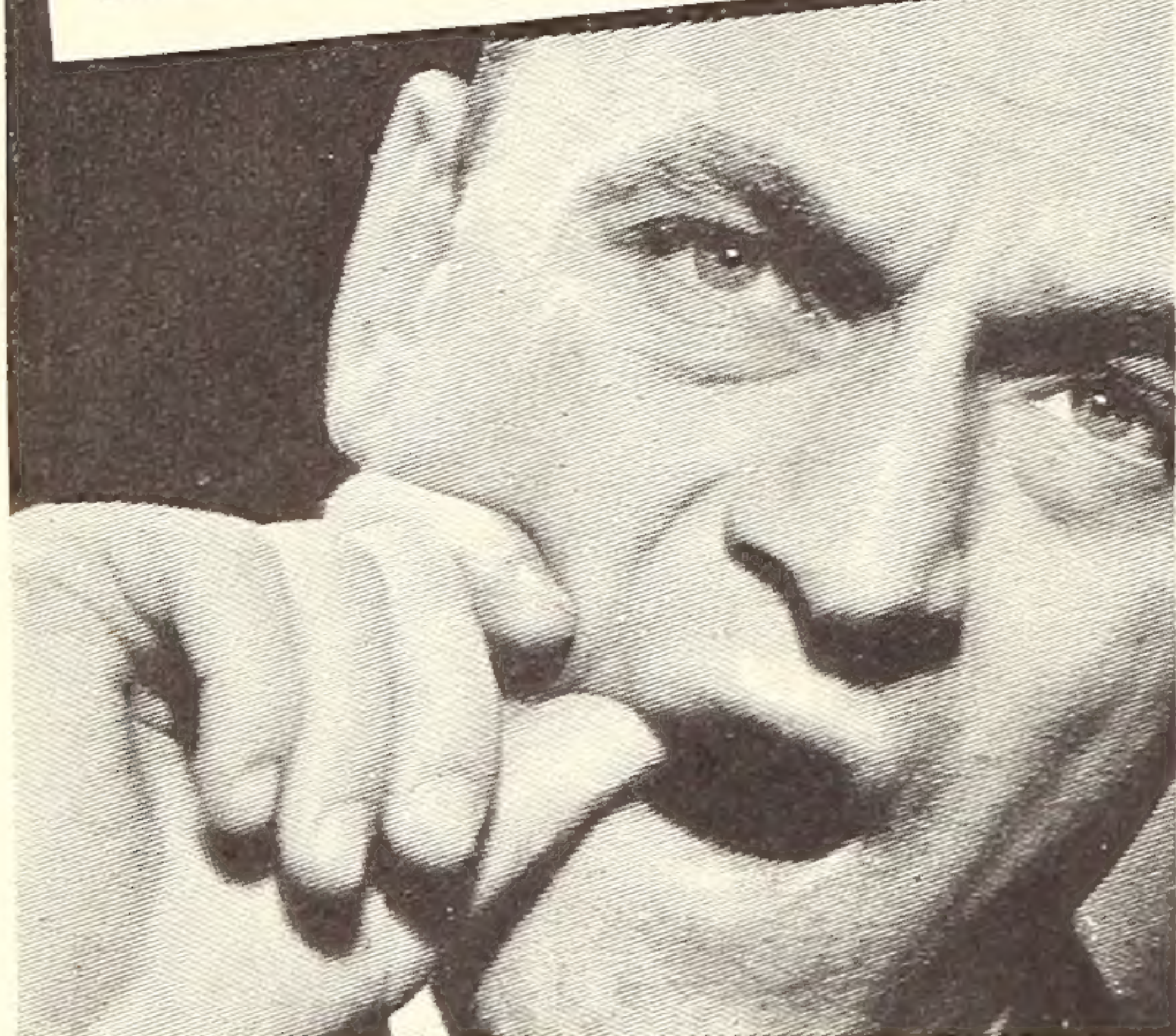
with Charles Butterworth • Jean Dixon  
Dorothy Lamour • Harvey Stephens  
Directed by Mitchell Leisen  
— A Paramount Picture



"Yeah... some hot trumpet player you are. Here you get Carole in a worse jam than you did in "*Hands Across the Table*" and "*The Princess Comes Across.*"



**TAKE NO CHANCES**  
with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes



## Give teeth the Double Protection they need

If you are now using an ordinary tooth paste, your teeth *may* be white and sparkling; but unless your *gums* are sound and healthy, you are running the risk of serious dental trouble.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was developed by an eminent dental surgeon to do both vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums*.

End *half-way care* today by adopting this simple method: Brush your teeth with Forhan's, then massage a little into the gums, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how fresh and clean the whole mouth feels! Buy Forhan's today. The *big, new tube* saves you money. Also sold in Canada.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

**Forhan's**  
**DOES BOTH JOBS** { **CLEANS TEETH**  
 { **SAVES GUMS**  
**SPARKLING EYES**  
**HYPNOTIZE**  
**A MAN!**



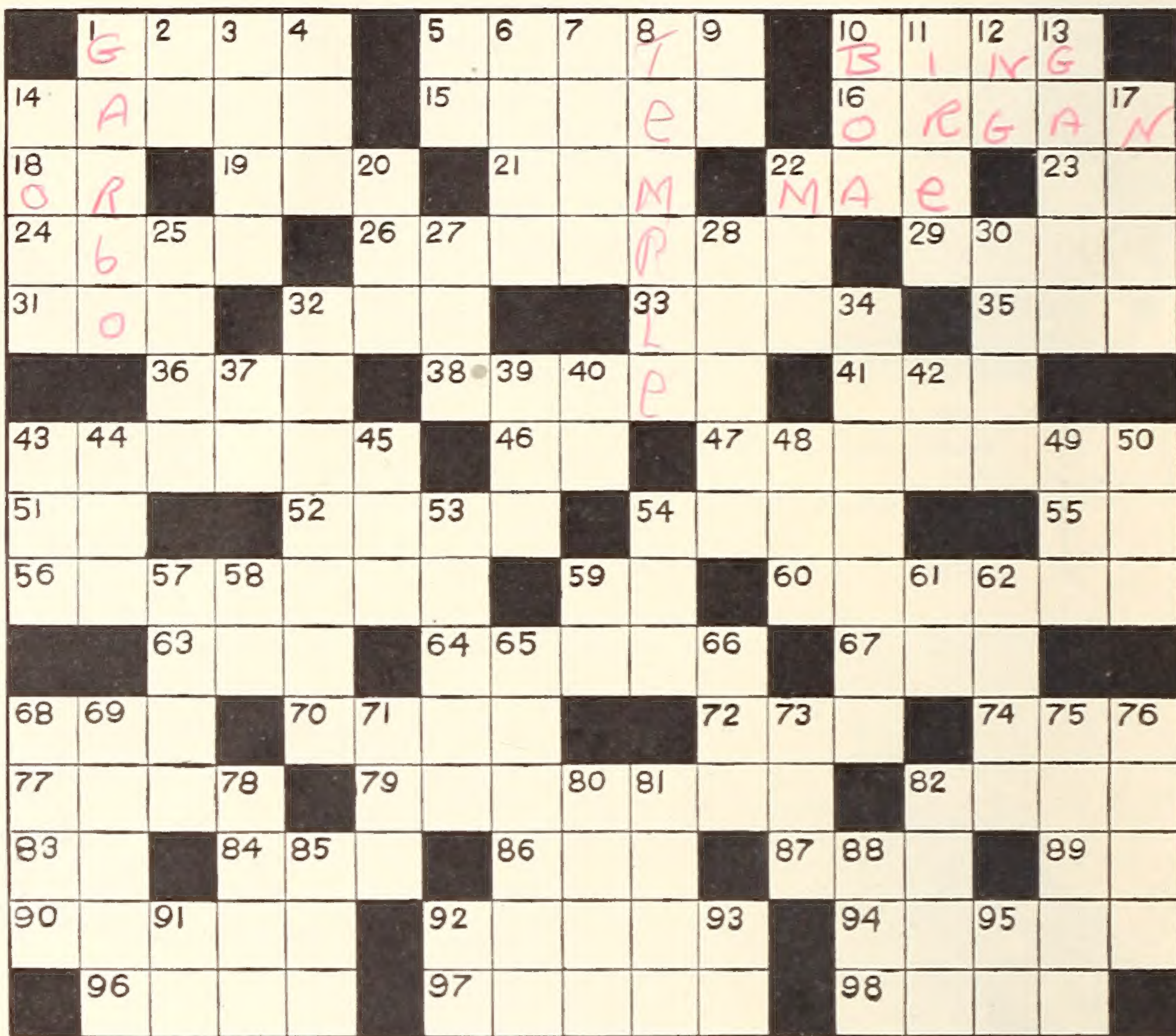
Eyes that hold a man entranced must be clear, brilliant! Men are disillusioned when your eyes look tired, drawn, dull. Use *Ibath* (a physician's formula) to step up brilliance! It helps to clear, soothe, deepen that starry luster! Your eyes *feel* younger...instantly! At drug stores, 50¢.

McKesson & Robbins

**ibath**

# SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



### ACROSS

1. Star of "The Plainsman"
5. She's featured in "Anthony Adverse"
10. Star of "Pennies From Heaven"
14. Light boat
15. Took someone's part (in a dispute)
16. Church musical instrument
18. Either
19. To fall behind
21. Name (French)
22. She stars in "Go West, Young Man"
23. Exist
24. He's featured in "Second Wife"
26. He's debonair in "One in a Million"
29. Only
31. Co-star in "After the Thin Man"
32. Mata Hari was shot for being this
33. Part of a camera
35. To marry
36. To dine
38. Blues singer in "Anything Goes"
41. Before (prefix)
43. Actor who's a famous swimmer
46. Affirmative vote
47. She was "Born to Dance"
51. Upon
52. Shabby
54. Soon
55. Greek letter
56. Star of "Old Hutch"
59. Former husband or wife (slang)
60. What the movies are shown on
63. Paddle
64. Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller
67. Ever (contraction)
68. Ginger's ex-husband
70. Abound
72. Over (contraction)
74. Insiders
77. Unrefined minerals
79. Oscar Piper the detective
82. A bow
83. European measure of area
84. Exclamation
86. Beaten track
87. Hero in "One in a Million"
89. French article

90. Featured actor in "Spend-thrifts"
92. To assent
94. Star of "The Ghost Goes West"
96. What every extra hopes to play
97. Jumped
98. Very black

### DOWN

1. The screen's latest "Camille"
2. One
3. List
4. Biblical yes
5. Like
6. Star of "The Gay Desperado"
7. Popular actor
8. The screen's most famous child star
9. Printed notice
10. Fur or feather neckpiece
11. Angers
12. No good (slang, used of movie shots)
13. Co-star in "Love on the Run"
14. Fuel for heating
17. Want
20. Vacant space
22. Males
25. What you see a movie with
27. Hollywood blondes use lots of this
28. Mrs. Fred Perry
30. Spy chief in "Love on the Run"
32. Leading man in "Born to Dance"
34. The editor in "Libeled Lady"
37. Nearby
39. You'll get a coat of this at the seashore
40. Slang greeting
42. Sun-god
43. She retired after marrying Rex Bell
44. Comedienne in "Born to Dance"
45. Mythical bird
48. The, in Spanish
49. A number
50. "Love on the —"
53. To carouse
54. Tool for chopping wood
57. He stars in "Mad Holiday"
58. Note of the scale
59. He's famous for dumb Swede rôles ("Career Woman")
61. Concerning
62. Ireland
65. To come into view
66. Menagerie
68. To idle
69. He stars in "Charge of the Light Brigade"
71. Personality
73. The last moment of a movie
75. She's featured in "Top of the Town"
76. Let it stand (printers' term)
78. This goes with whiskey or ice cream
80. A subtle emanation
81. Pace
82. Door handle
85. Possessed
88. Short poem
91. Compass point
92. Ruby Keeler's husband
93. And, in a French version
95. Negative

### Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

JANE	ALICE	LOWE
OLAND	MORON	COLOR
HOVERS	MEN	TAYLOR
NEE	ARAB	KNOT
ASS	SAP	LAIDLE
EMS	HO	SET
ROI	ERA	NS
ADIT	INDENTS	ROOM
MONA	LE	AS
LIRA	MUNI	LORETTA
ELMS	YR	RES
ARE	YEN	AH
HER	DYERS	LED
OPE	ROAM	MEAL
DUKE	NELSON	OBI
DISNEY	CREEL	GNATS
SINGE	ETNA	EDGES
TESS		





# HAIL HIS ROYAL HIGH (DE HO) NESS!

Filmdom crowns a new king of romance! . . . as an international idol comes to the screen in the mirth-packed story of a democratic ex-King on a rollicking hunt for a Queen of Hearts to share his throne of love!

*Warner Bros.*  
REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR  
PRESENCE AT THE COMING-OUT PARTY OF THE  
FAMOUS CONTINENTAL SCREEN STAR  
**FERNAND GRAVET**  
IN HIS FIRST AMERICAN APPEARANCE  
IN MERVYN LEROY'S PRODUCTION

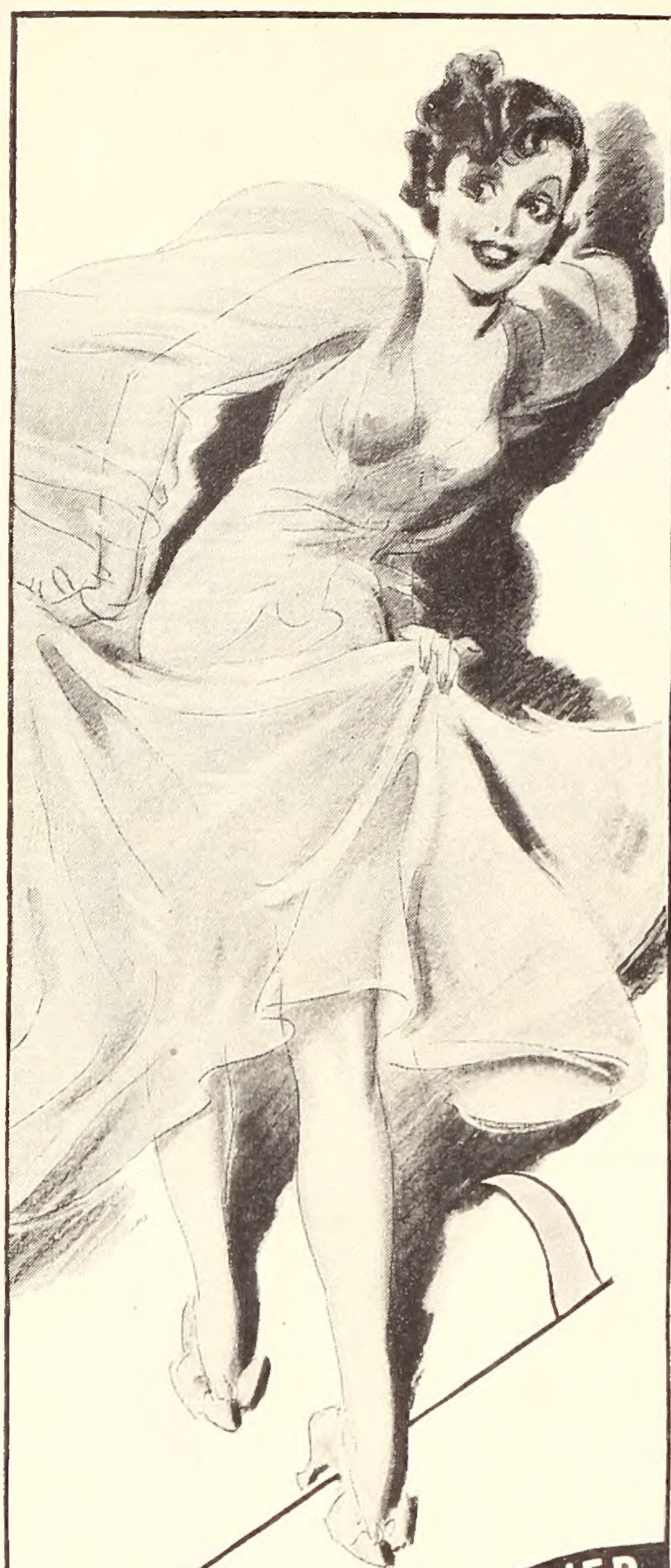
## THE KING and the CHORUS GIRL

With JOAN BLONDELL  
EDW. EVERETT HORTON  
Luis Alberni • Mary Nash  
Alan Mowbray • Jane Wyman  
Kenny Baker and Others  
Story by Groucho Marx & Norman Krasna  
R.S.V.P. Your Favorite Theatre

See a real French re-  
vue with the world's  
loveliest mademoi-  
selles singing those  
reigning hits of the air  
by Werner R. Heymann  
and Ted Koehler  
"FOR YOU"  
"ON THE RUE DE LA PAIX"







YOU'LL BE "HEAD OVER  
HEELS IN LOVE" WITH  
THE DANCING DIVINITY

## Jessie MATTHEWS

*in her dancing-est  
musical picture*

### "HEAD OVER HEELS in LOVE"

With two new dashing  
leading men. Songs by  
Gordon and Revel. You  
just can't afford to miss it.

*Coming to your favorite theatre*

A  Production

# TAGGING the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews  
on Pages 52 and 53

The  
Plough  
and the  
Stars  
RKO-  
Radio



Dramatic behind-the-scenes story of the Irish Rebellion of 1916 wherein we learn men must fight and women must weep—and wait. Barbara Stanwyck, as the young Irish wife is convincing, as is Preston Foster as the husband. The outstanding acting performance, however, is that of Barry Fitzgerald—a delightful old rogue—who was borrowed from the famous Abbey Players group. It is drama of the "arty" sort.

You  
Only  
Live  
Once  
United  
Artists



Stellar acting by Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney, excellent direction by Fritz Lang, but a story so unrelenting in its macabre mood there's more shock than thrill in it. A thrice-convicted youth, Fonda, marries the girl, Sylvia, who believes in him. His record, more than evidence, sends him to a death cell. Attempting to escape he becomes a real killer. He and his bride are killed by police.

Penrod  
and Sam  
Warners



A somewhat modernized version of Booth Tarkington's famous and well-loved story, picturing the youthful characters as "junior G-Men," may or may not please those who are very fond of the original boys of the novel. However, this is good entertainment. Little Billy Mauch, as *Penrod*, is delightful, while a colored boy, Philip Hurlic, will storm your heart as *Verman*. Frank Craven and Spring Byington are the parents.

The  
Mighty  
Treve  
Universal



A down-to-earth story of a young man and his dog. It definitely has its moments. The plot, a bit too complicated, has to do with sheep ranches, and a man who threatens to kill our hero dog throughout the first part of the yarn. "Tuffy" will have a tremendous appeal to dog lovers. Noah Beery, Jr., is surprisingly good, reminding faintly of his famous uncle, Wallace. Barbara Reed is the love interest. Pleasing.

The  
Woman  
Alone  
Gaumont-  
British



Tense, pulse-stirring melodrama that builds to a climax of tremendous power. Sylvia Sidney is co-starred with Oscar Homolka—you've seen him in previous British films. But this is Homolka's picture, though Miss Sidney registers very effectively in her part. She is the wife of a man she does not know is involved in sabotage. She falls in love with the agent, John Loder, who traps him. A thriller.

Bulldog  
Drum-  
mond  
Escapes  
Para-  
mount



You can hiss the villain and clap hands for the hero in this one. It's honest and honored hokum always effective in the theatre. Ray Milland lends a light, gay romanticism to the name part. Sir Guy Standing as the Scotland Yard inspector has his tongue in his cheek most of the time; while Porter Hall as the bearded villain is despicable. Heather Angel is a winning damsel in distress. "Meller" that entertains.

She's  
Danger-  
ous  
Universal



It would be much nicer if Tala Birell had drawn a story not so familiar as this for her come-back picture. But she does very well in the rôle of the girl who isn't one of the crooks, by gosh, but a secret agent. The film is well cast, having Walter Pidgeon, Cesar Romero, Walter Brennan, Warren Hymer, Samuel S. Hinds in the more important rôles. The story is well handled and the production good. Fair.



We're on  
the Jury  
RKO-  
Radio



As delightfully silly a bit of nonsense as you'll hope to see, with Helen Broderick and Victor Moore at their best. It's a satire on a murder trial in a small-town courtroom, where Helen (local club woman) and Victor (real estater), serve on the jury—and how! Robert McWade, as the judge, is splendid. The supporting cast has been well chosen, and direction by Ben Holmes maintains a good pace. Swell fun.

Men are  
not Gods  
United  
Artists



Off to a good start as farce, this London importation starring Miriam Hopkins, loses its direction, becomes a confusion of moods and offers only such interest as the star imparts by sheer force of a sparkling personality and assured acting methods. It's about a girl who alters a critic's review to help the wife of a stage star by making his play a success. Then Miriam falls in love with the star. Just passable fare.

Man of  
Affairs  
Gaumont-  
British



A brimming cup of George Arliss' highly-polished acting, offered in a dual rôle comedy about a British foreign secretary and his twin brother, a vagabond at heart, who comes to the rescue in saving his brother's and his country's face in dealing with some Arab chieftains whose nefarious scheme to usurp power in their realm is known to him. It is amusing, not too convincing, and holds your interest.

Melody  
for Two  
Warners



Light, slight, comedy drama presenting James Melton as a bandmaster who is given a raw deal because his arranger falls in love with Jim's girl. Swing music brings him back, however, and the girl proves true blue in the end. You'll enjoy Melton's singing and Patricia Ellis' attractiveness. Fred Keating, Marie Wilson, Dick Purcell, Winifred Shaw, Craig Reynolds furnish good support. Charles Foy is outstanding.

# LITTLE "COAL MINES" IN YOUR SKIN!



## THAT'S WHAT BLACKHEADS REALLY ARE! *Here's How to Deal with Them*

By *Lady Esther*

Those little black specks that keep showing up in your skin—do you know what they really are?

They're nothing more than little "coal mines" in your skin!

They're imbedded dirt—dirt that has found its way deeply into your pores.

This dirt isn't easily removed, as you know, or you wouldn't have blackheads.

### Like Black Little Candles In Your Skin

This dirt is stiff and waxy. It's a combination of fatty waste from the body, dust, soot and dead skin cells.

It forms little plugs or wedges in your pores that stop them up and make them larger and larger.

It's the blackened tops of these wedges that you see as blackheads.

These waxy wedges must be dissolved to be removed. That's the only correct and scientific way to deal with them. You can't just moisten them. You can't just loosen them. They must actually be dissolved.

When dissolved, they can be removed with a simple wiping of the face which is the right way! When you try to squeeze them out or steam them out, you do more harm than good.

You destroy delicate skin tissue and make tiny scars in your skin. Not only that, you make the pores still larger so they can collect still more dirt.

### Dissolves Waxy Dirt

Lady Esther Face Cream deals with this waxy dirt in the scientific way.

It softens it—dissolves it. It makes it so soft that a very light wiping of your skin takes it off.

There is no taxing of your skin, no stretching of your pores.

When your pores are completely cleansed of the plugging matter, blackheads automatically disappear. Also your pores automatically come

down in size. Responding to Nature, they reduce themselves to their original, invisible smallness.

### I'll Pay for a Test!

Let me prove to you the soundness of the Lady Esther Face Cream method. Just mail me your name and address and I'll send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

To hasten results, use up the whole tube at one time. Put on one application of the cream after another. Leave on each application for 5 minutes before removing. The whole job will only take 15 minutes.

Notice how soft your skin is after this cleansing. That shows you are softening the dirt within the pores—dirt that has probably been there for months or longer.

As you continue the daily use of Lady Esther Face Cream, you make this waxy dirt softer and softer and more and more of it comes out. Finally, your pores are relieved of their long-standing burden.

### Clean Pores Become Small

As you relieve the pores, they come down in size. They become smaller and smaller each day, until they have regained their original smallness and you no longer can see them with the naked eye. You can almost see the improvement taking place in your skin.

### Act Now!

But start proving this to yourself at my expense. Mail coupon today for your free purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (32)

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## WHY DOES A WOMAN CLOSE HER EYES When She is Kissed?



(USE COUPON BELOW)

Psychologists say that she is an idealist and closes her eyes to "shut out the world of realities." . . . Many women would also like to "shut out" the everyday reality of rough, red, coarse skin that housework and weather inflicts upon them. And they *could*, by using the famous skin softener—ITALIAN BALM.

Here is a genuinely inexpensive preparation. Composed of 16 scientifically selected, scientifically *pure* ingredients. For over 40 years, the *preferred* skin protector of the women of Canada—and the *fastest-selling* preparation of its kind today in thousands of communities all over America. . . . Non-sticky. Quick-drying. Approved by Good Housekeeping. . . . Give Italian Balm a week's trial—at *no expense*. Send for FREE bottle.

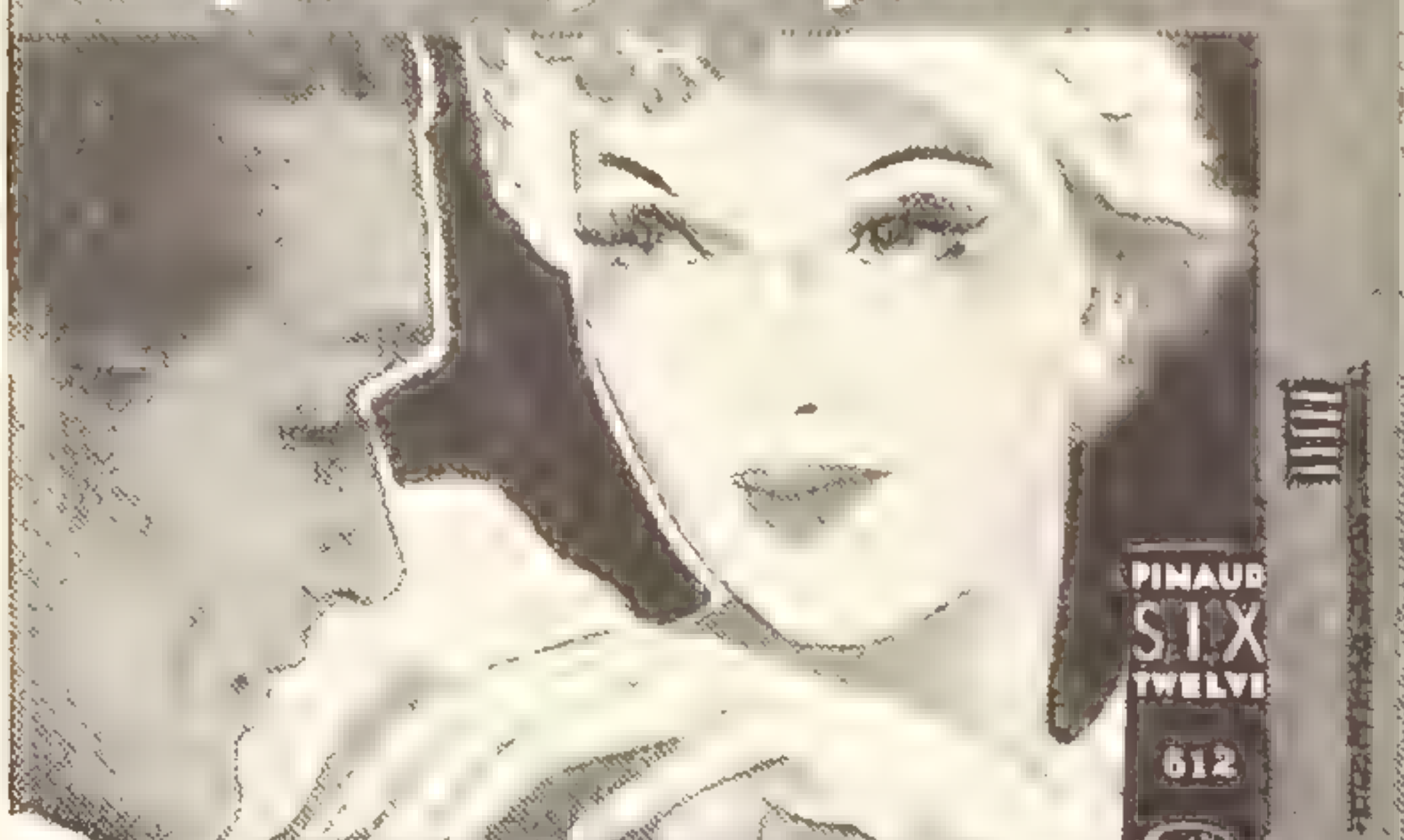
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silky beauty for your lashes



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SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA**  
PREPARED IN FRANCE

At last...everything you want in a mascara!  
Extra creaminess to make lashes look silky,  
heavy and long...and natural-looking, not  
"made-up". Permanent! Runproof, smudge-  
proof. Apply with or without  
water. Black, brown, blue, green.

For that extra touch of loveliness  
PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW  
PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

THE HOUSE OF **PINAUD** PARIS  
NEW YORK



When she isn't working at the studio, Anne lives very much the same sort of carefree life as any other girl of nineteen. Read how she entertains the young beaux and belles of the screen colony.

## Inside the Stars' Homes

IF YOU belong to Hollywood's younger set, and haven't a studio call, afternoon is likely to find you drifting along Sunset Boulevard to the little street where Anne Shirley lives. Her house is a modest bungalow, remodeled by Anne and her mother, and it has the air of a house whose owners like it very much. Perhaps that's why the young guests always seem to enter with a "Now, we'll have fun!" look.

"We have to be ready to serve tea every day, if Anne's home," said Phyllis Fraser, the third member of the household, who let me in. "Somebody's sure to drop in and you get simply starved giggling so much. We are too silly for words, but we *do* have fun!"

"But we've got a fad on now for cooking dinners," broke in Anne, the dimples showing around her pretty mouth. "We're crazy about cooking dinners so we let people stay if they understand that it's one, two, three at this house.

"One—if you like lamb chops, we cook those because they're easy.

"Two—if you'd rather have steak, we're good at that.

"Three—if you can't eat either steak or chops, you can go home!"

Phyllis joined her in a peal of girlish laughter. "We usually have peas," she added, "because, well because they get done quick-est."

"And the special salad of the house is candlestick salad," went on Anne. "You take a piece of lettuce to cover the salad

plate, then a round of pineapple on that, then cut a banana in half and stick one half in the pineapple, put a cherry on top and drip the mayonnaise down the banana like melting wax. We like Best Foods mayonnaise."

"Then you put a lifesaver in the side for a handle, and there's your salad!" finished Phyllis.

"Mother gave us aprons so we can look dainty while we cook," said Anne, pointing to the organdy trifle Phyllis was wearing for her culinary efforts at today's tea. It has a bouffant-skirted figure of a girl appliquéd on the organdy. "Mine is lavender and Phyllis' is blue. We hated the maid's aprons and they swallowed us up, but we adore these!"

"We have cocoanut cake today," observed Phyllis, presently, "but if a crowd comes, and the girls aren't worrying about getting fat, we have sandwiches and tarts, or crumpets or grand kind of English dodads."

"I'm learning to cook, but I don't know how to do any of the fancy things," Anne warned me. "Oh yes, except lemon cheese cakes! Know them? Mother's specialty. You take juice of six lemons, four eggs,

well beaten, two cups of sugar and half a cup of butter. Cream the sugar and butter, beat in the eggs, add the lemon juice and cook slowly until it thickens, then pour it into the tart shells, stick in the oven until it's hot—just a minute or so—and eat!"

(Cont. on page 74)

Refreshments and fun for  
Hollywood's gay younger  
set, with Anne Shirley as  
our sprightly hostess

By Betty Boone





A RAVISHING REVOLUTION IN SCREEN REVELRY!

Startlingly New! Daringly Different! Screamingly Funny!  
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LOU BROCK  
Associate Producer

RALPH MURPHY  
Director

## *Songs You'll Rave About!*

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling  
Coming On" • "There Are  
No Two Ways About It"  
"Blame It On The Rhumba"  
"Fireman Save My Child"  
"I've Got To Be Kissed"  
"Top Of The Town"  
"Where Are You?" "Jamboree"

CHARLES R ROGERS Executive  
Producer



# SCREENLAND Honor Page



Obeisance to Luise Rainer for the haunting beauty and true nobility of her performance of O-Lan in "The Good Earth"

O-Lan, the Chinese peasant woman of Pearl Buck's novel, comes to life in the person of Luise Rainer, at top left, in a memorable scene from "The Good Earth." Center left, two close-ups showing her marvelous variety of expression. Below, with Paul Muni, who plays Wang Lung. At bottom, the unforgettable scene in which Wang gives the pearls back to his dying wife, O-Lan.



OF COURSE you applauded her as the charming little heroine of the melting glance and liquid voice in "Escapade." And you sighed and cried with her *Anna Held* in "The Great Ziegfeld." Naturally you recognized this newcomer from Europe, Luise Rainer, as a fine actress and spirited personality. But did you know that she possesses the elements of greatness? See her in "The Good Earth" and you will bow to a shining new star—a unique actress who with a glance can express undying love; with a quirk of the lips the whole of China's sense of humor; and, with a long gaze from those expressive eyes, the unspeakable pathos of self-sacrifice. She has very few lines to speak in "The Good Earth," but Luise Rainer is not dependent upon dialogue. She can express more of tragedy or comedy with a single gesture than most actresses can with abundant close-ups. So we salute Rainer, most versatile girl on the screen, for a great character creation.



# ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

*B. Spence.* A bow to you for the compliment! And now, it was Priscilla Lawson who played *Florence Taylor* in "Rose Bowl." Did you see Miriam Hopkins in "These Three"? Then there is an English picture called "Men Are Not Gods," which she made while in Europe. Her forthcoming Samuel Goldwyn picture is "The Woman's Touch." Miriam certainly has it!

*Edith R.* It was Gloria Swanson who played in the silent picture, "Madam Sans Gene," a number of years ago. As far as I know Dietrich never appeared in that rôle.

*Beryl Bromley.* Yes, I agree with you. Mary Brian was de-lovely in "Peter Pan" which was her very first appearance on the screen, and she was just a kid then who had won a contest which brought her to the notice of the powers that be. "Spendthrift" was a fairly recent Brian picture for Paramount.

*Merian G.* Robert Taylor is really handsome off the screen, so you need have no fears that you will be disillusioned. He answers his fan mail, but I'm not saying that he doesn't have help! Wouldn't you like to know if he is in love and with whom! At any rate, he is still a bachelor. He was born August 5, 1911, at Filley, Nebraska. Any-thing more?

*M. C. G.* "The Way of All Flesh" was released in 1927. The picture was taken from the book by the same title, written by Samuel Butler. It is available at any library or bookstore.

*Mildred J. U.* Thanks a lot for your good wishes. Virginia Bruce is 5 feet, 6½ inches tall, weighs 128. Joan Crawford, 5 feet, 4 inches; weight, 130 pounds. Barbara Stanwyck, 5 feet, 5 inches; weight, 120. Jean Arthur and Simone Simon are the same height, 5 feet, 3 inches. Jean weighs 110, and Simone beats her by 4 pounds.

*Betty J. S.* Constance Bennett played the feminine lead in "After Office Hours," and Clark Gable played the male lead. "The Unguarded Hour" was way, way back in 1925; to be exact, it was released in November of that year.



Jerry Bergh, débutante who is well known in New York social and musical circles, has gone Hollywood, makes her film début soon.



## MY THROAT HAS FOUND THE SMOKE OF PEACE!

Have hot cigarettes got *you* on the warpath, too? Try KOOLs, the cigarette with just a touch of mild menthol to make each puff soothing. Like mint in gum, the menthol adds a refreshing flavor to the tobacco. Each pack totes a coupon good for grand premiums. Carton buyers find *extra* coupons. (Premium offer good in U. S. A. only). Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

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. . . when this romantic trio  
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Sweethearts who might as well live in glass houses...their kisses crash the headlines and their nights of romance sell "Extras" in the morning! When they thrill...the world thrills with them...and so will you! — especially over Tyrone Power, the new star sensation of "Lloyds of London" in a role even more sensational!



TYRONE  
**POWER • YOUNG • AMECHE**  
in  
**"LOVE IS NEWS"**

LORETTA  
with  
SLIM SUMMERVILLE • DUDLEY DIGGES  
WALTER CATLETT • GEORGE SANDERS  
JANE DARWELL • STEPIN FETCHIT  
PAULINE MOORE

Directed by Tay Garnett  
Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson  
DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production





# The Editor's Page

## An Open Letter to Hepburn

**H**I, HEP!

Well, you don't seem to want to be a little lady, so why should anyone address you as "Miss Hepburn?" Not that, I suppose, you *want* to be called a lady. You certainly didn't act like one when you kicked that girl reporter in the argument in Chicago—"according to report." You didn't when you "posed" for the news picture on this page. At that, it's one of the best rackets. But how long can it last?

When I wrote you an Open Letter back in 1933, you were Hepburn the triumphant, with "Little Women" and "Morning Glory" to your credit as against any off-screen funny business of ducking photographers and dodging interviewers. Second only to Garbo, I called you then. Asked you why you couldn't behave—you, the first authentically American idol of the movies. I grouped you freely and a little recklessly with such proved cinema celebrities as Pickford and Chaplin. It was practically a fan letter. But this one is rather different. This one is just to tell you that what was once sincere admiration has turned to amusement, and not with you but at you. Since when have you become a comedienne?

Times have indeed changed. Whereas then you were runner-up to Garbo, you are now responsible for starring in "Sylvia Scarlett," which Cary Grant stole; and in "A Woman Rebels," which might have been subtitled: "And so did the audience." You are turning back to Barrie for inspiration, and perhaps "Quality Street" will serve you well. But consider your inconsistency. You choose to play appealing parts on the screen, get your public all warmed up to you, and then what do you do? Pretending to despise publicity, you seem to glory in the wrong kind. Your famous stage predecessor in the beloved Barrie rôle, Maude Adams, managed to maintain the illusion of grace, charm, and graciousness in private life, to the greater glory of her fame and box-office receipts. Miss Adams, according to a recently published reminiscence by Ruth Gordon, was not only a fine and considerate artist in the theatre, but a shrewd show-woman who never by any chance disappointed her fond public by a false word or gesture, on



It wouldn't be kind to call this the best picture of Hepburn ever published. But is it kind of Kate to cover her face like this? Must be a new racket!

the rare occasions when she was glimpsed in the flesh. I don't say that you, of the modern Hollywood colony of gilded gold-fish, could hope to maintain such seclusion. I do say that you could stage-manage your "personal appearances" more cleverly, less clownishly.

If you distain to emulate Miss Adams, and be beloved, you might study the super-exploits of Bernhardt and be genuinely glamorous—Bernhardt, who according to legend appreciated the fine art of publicity and kept her name and fame alive and glowing. I'm harking back like this because I've a suspicion that you are ambitious to be numbered among the immortals of the theatre if not of the screen; and you must have known that when you chose acting as your profession you would be obliged to rub shoulders with public and press, even if it hurt.

Perhaps on your self-constructed pedestal you may not care to keep in touch with what's been going on in Hollywood art circles. So I'll tell you. Garbo and Rainer are going on—and on, and on. Garbo received perhaps the most amazingly favorable "press" in theatrical history for her "Camille," in which the public heartily concurred. Now Louise Rainer has followed close upon her heels with an astonishing portrayal in "The Good Earth." Here are two actresses in the truly great tradition.

I won't bore you by more than mentioning such tried and true box-office honeys as Colbert, Crawford, Rogers, and Loy. But the astute business woman I believe you to be, if not the artist I hoped you were, is seemingly blind to signs and portents. Wear slacks under a mink coat; cover your face if you wish. But you'd

better be good on the screen. Or do you *want* to turn into Hepburn the Invisible Woman?

Delight Evans



# Freedom for Fredric March

The screen's romantic star tells why he made the daring choice that places responsibility for his future career in his own hands

By Tom Kennedy

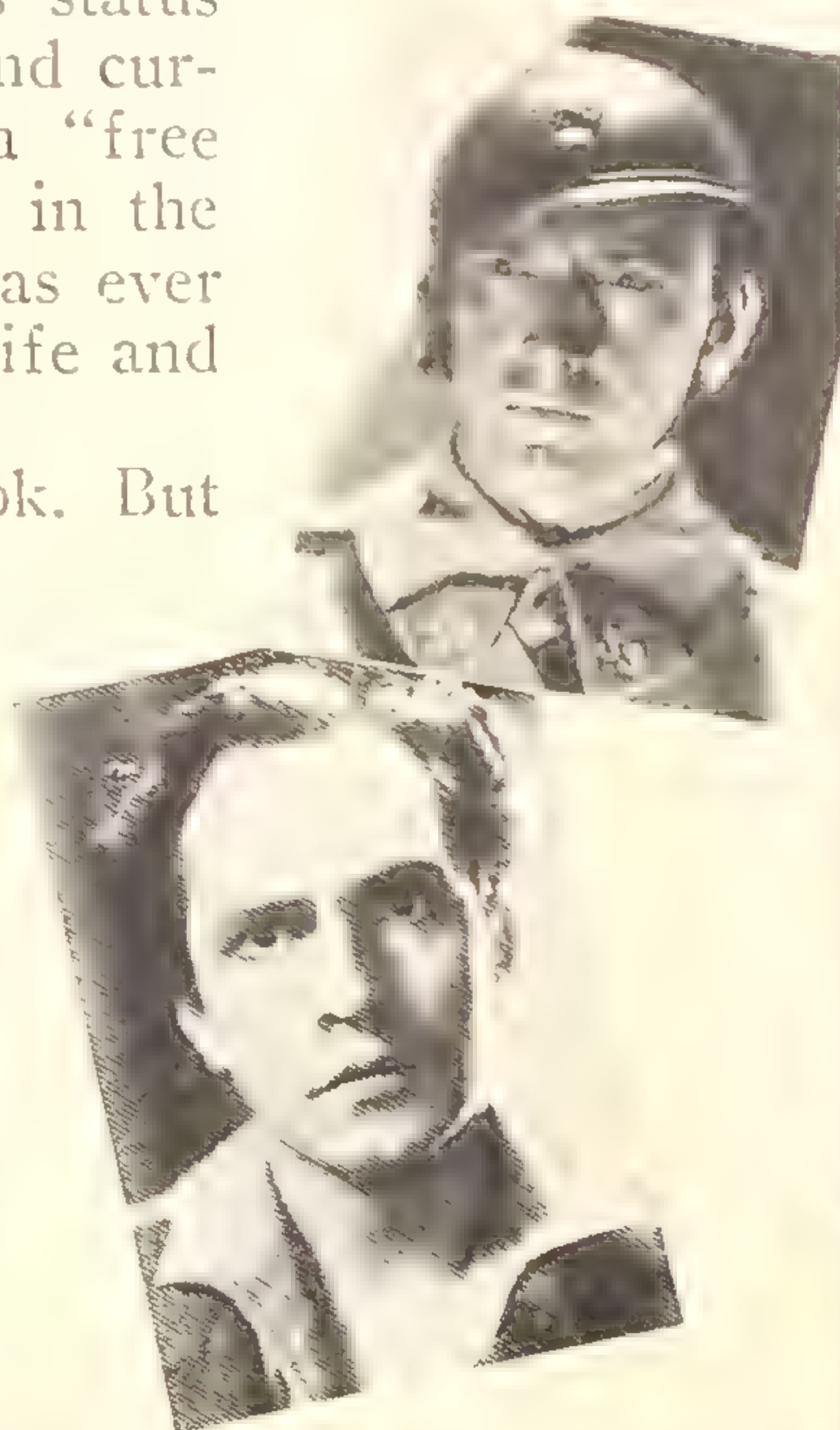


Confidently, Fredric March looks ahead to a career he will guide according to his own ideas. Close-ups right, show him in "Mary of Scotland" and "Anthony Adverse"; below, in "The Road to Glory" and "Les Miserables." In large picture below, with Janet Gaynor in "A Star is Born."

FREDRIC MARCH has written his declaration of self independence! Stated it not in words subject to interpretations but in irrevocable action that speaks for itself. He has made his choice and must abide by his decision. Now he is on his own. Free to work or play; free to pick and choose his course, be it professional endeavor or private-life interests. No hampering restrictions as to when, where, or how many pictures he must make need color his outlook, for there are no such limitations and qualifying clauses to March's status as in the case of many previous and current instances of what is called a "free lance star." He is a "free lance" in the completest sense that expression has ever connoted in its application to the life and career of a Hollywood star.

In many respects a rosy outlook. But just what does his freedom mean to him in the very present of today; and what will it mean to his future personal happiness and professional prosperity?

Only the future can write the answer to the latter question. Fredric March himself can speak for the present. And speak he did, very frankly, very earnestly, very interestingly when this correspondent asked him the blunt (Continued on page 63)





# The Secret Heart of Garbo

Beyond a doubt the most dramatic, and touching, story ever written about Greta. Revealed by Laura Hope Crews

By  
Charles  
Darnton



The greatest revelation ever published about Garbo, our accompanying story sheds new light on this amazing star, both as actress and woman. Top, Greta, with Miss Crews in "Camille." Above and right, studies of Garbo in her most triumphant rôle.

SHE weighs less than a hundred pounds. She got through "Camille" only by sheer force of her indomitable will power. She did not know at its completion when, if ever, she might be able to make another picture. She is lonely here, but will not go back to Sweden in retirement unless her health compels her to end her career. She is making the fight of her life for the only life she loves. She does not know whether she will win or lose.

This is Greta Garbo today.

These startlingly intimate truths about Garbo were told me by Laura Hope Crews as we sat in her spacious Colonial house on North Bedford Drive, Beverly Hills. No one could have been better able to tell them than the sunny actress who played the gusty *Prudence* in "Camille" so gaily as to make that old rip a new joy. For, meeting as strangers, the two became pals. Theirs was not merely a professional relation but a personal companionship so close it brought confidences never before made by the great star whose watchword had been silence. Now that this silence is broken it sets at rest all the vague rumors, false statements and wild canards which have whirled about the screen's most glamorous figure.

"Garbo," dis- (Continued on page 69)





# Hollywood Holiday

Beginning an exciting new novel of  
Hollywood's hidden side, by one  
of America's best-loved writers

"IT ALWAYS seems like a holiday in Hollywood," Marsha Drew said, as she pulled last year's béret over this year's marcel.

"I don't see how *you* can say that," Eleanor Morton, her roommate, who wasn't working, managed to yawn from the comfortable haven of the more disheveled of the two disappearing beds, which, luckily for Eleanor, only disappeared when you encouraged them to.

"Something is always going on. Read the papers, darling, if the things don't happen to you. Stars are always coming into town or going out of town. Week-ends at Palm Springs and Arrowhead. Parties. Gala nights at 'The Troc.' It's exciting. It's—it's terrific!"

"I'm of the school," said Eleanor, burrowing deeper into her pillow, so that her words were muffled a bit, "who believes that if things don't happen to me they aren't happening at all. *My* program today is to go to Central Casting to see if they need a bee-utiful and lovely young blonde for a future star—or a present bit or even extra. And if *that's* a holiday! And I guess you've got more to look forward to. Because you're working!"

"It isn't just the work, darling. You know that. Maybe a script girl at Super Films isn't the acme of all jobs. But things do happen there—even if they don't happen to me."

And, so help her, Marsha hadn't known Keith was around. She couldn't help it. She slipped. Lost her balance. Came down with a crash. And who but Keith Knowles came to her rescue!

"For example?"

"I hoped you'd ask that. Well, today, my lamb, today is marked by the presence in our midst of none other than Keith Knowles, who is going to star in 'All Over Town.' How's that for excitement?"

"That ham!" said Eleanor. "He's already seen his best days. His idea of acting is turning a profile to the camera and standing still. He doesn't even know *moving* pictures have come in—to say nothing of sound."

"Eleanor!" Marsha's voice held real shock, now. Keith Knowles was one of her heroes. And the studio was taking him big.

"And you'll see a lot of him," said Eleanor. "If you see him at all! His memorable words to you will be 'Excuse me, Miss,' as he pushes you to one side—if he remembers his manners at all."

"Cat!" said Marsha. "And weren't you thrilled when Rupert Drake drove you home in the rain. We didn't hear the end of that for weeks—and I don't believe he'd recognize you if he ever did see you again."





# By Thyra Samter Winslow

Eleanor ended the thing by turning over and pretending sleep. It didn't fool Marsha, but it was the easiest way out.

Marsha glanced at her wrist watch and flew down stairs to the garage where she kept her car. Keeping a car in an attached garage seems luxury stuff. It could easily be, any place but in Hollywood, where part of the holiday atmosphere of the place—which meant so much to Marsha—extended to outward living conditions, no matter what the externals might be. You *had* to have a

car in Hollywood. Surface cars and busses never went where you wanted them to. Taxis were too expensive for every-day use. And, if you were a girl, and a popular one, you couldn't depend on young men for daily transportation.

Marsha's chariot consisted not in a "little old last year's car" but one that had had five years of pretty constant use before she even thought of taking it over. She had had it a year, now, which marked the length of her stay in Hollywood—minus one month—she hadn't had a car at all, then. It was fully paid for, now. She didn't even think of getting another. A brand new car was far beyond her dreams. All she asked was that this one kept on running, that she was able to supply it with gas and oil—and that enough boys would supply invitations so that she wouldn't have to do a great deal of night driving.

She nodded to the garage man—she gave him a tip every month and he gave a semblance of polish to her car; got into the car, a small black coupé; had the usual trouble in starting it—and was off to the studio.

She liked this drive. Hollywood, first. Through the rather friendly traffic that was Hollywood. It was only at night that Hollywood driving became frightening—when folks seem to forget what they were doing, and what the other fellow was trying to do—and zoomed around corners and down roads and boulevards at terrific speed. Day times were sane in Hollywood. Curving streets with interesting homes—even the smaller ones attractive—English and Spanish and Monterey built next to one another without plan. Gardens, seemingly always green, save when a house was empty—and then a brown plot gave the appearance of a tooth having been pulled. The business arteries, Hollywood Boulevard and Sunset, were miniature city streets, with branch stores and department stores and very special specialty shops—each one adding to the holiday aspect of Hollywood.

Marsha saw all this, now—with half an eye. She wished, as she always wished, that she could visit the better places more frequently: the Brown Derbies—three of them; the "Troc," LaMaze, Casanova—the places you read about in the newspaper columns. The boys *she* knew couldn't afford them. They found very nice little restaurants when they took you to dine before the inevitable movie—there was no place else to go in Hollywood, if there wasn't much money to spend.

She wished, too, she could shop in some of the smart places, the way she had seen girls shop. A smart negligée, a sports dress, a bit of Venetian glass. The shops were small and the stock was small and seemed so carefully selected. Oh, well, on thirty-seven fifty a week you tried not to think about such things.

You tried not to think about a lot of things—if you were Marsha and wanted to be happy—and keep up the holiday spirit in your heart.

A year in Hollywood—and years before that, too, had schooled her against useless emotions. It wasn't easy. Even now.

She had come, originally, from Dayton, Illinois. That was a long time ago. It seemed long, now, anyhow. Her mother had died. Her father had married again. And there were younger half brothers. And she wasn't needed. It wasn't that she wasn't wanted. She got along all right with her step-mother. Liked her. Knew that her step-mother did the best she could, really. Why, she wrote to her, even now, when she remembered it. It was just that Marsha didn't quite fit in, wasn't necessary. The step-mother couldn't quite (Continued on page 82)

Illustrated  
by  
Georgia  
Warren







# The Truth about Tone

Tone, right, might well be smiling at the mad mutinies against stuffy ideas he is always planning but remembers in time to restrain. Above, a close-up of his latest characterization in "Quality Street," opposite Katharine Hepburn, with whom he appears at lower right in an intimate scene which Director George Stevens is preparing to film.



What you don't know about Franchot Tone, and learn here, is that his sense of humor makes him far more interesting than the hero Hollywood ballyhoos.

By Ben Maddox

AT THE swank premiere the long, shiny black limousine finally edged through the eager crowd of fans. The man at the microphone cried, "It's Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone!"

There was a dramatic pause in that vast, typical confusion. A doorman sprang to the car. Out swept Miss Crawford, magnificent in her Parisian evening gown and sables. She hesitated.

Then Mr. Tone, attired in a sweatshirt and cords and sneakers, popped blithely out!

This hasn't happened yet, but this mad mutiny is what Franchot Tone wanted to perpetrate the last time he went to an opening at the ultra Carthay Circle Theatre. Can't you visualize everyone completely flabbergasted? "I can't imagine anything that would have been more

fun!" says Tone. But he can't be himself any more. He's always remembering, in the nick of time.

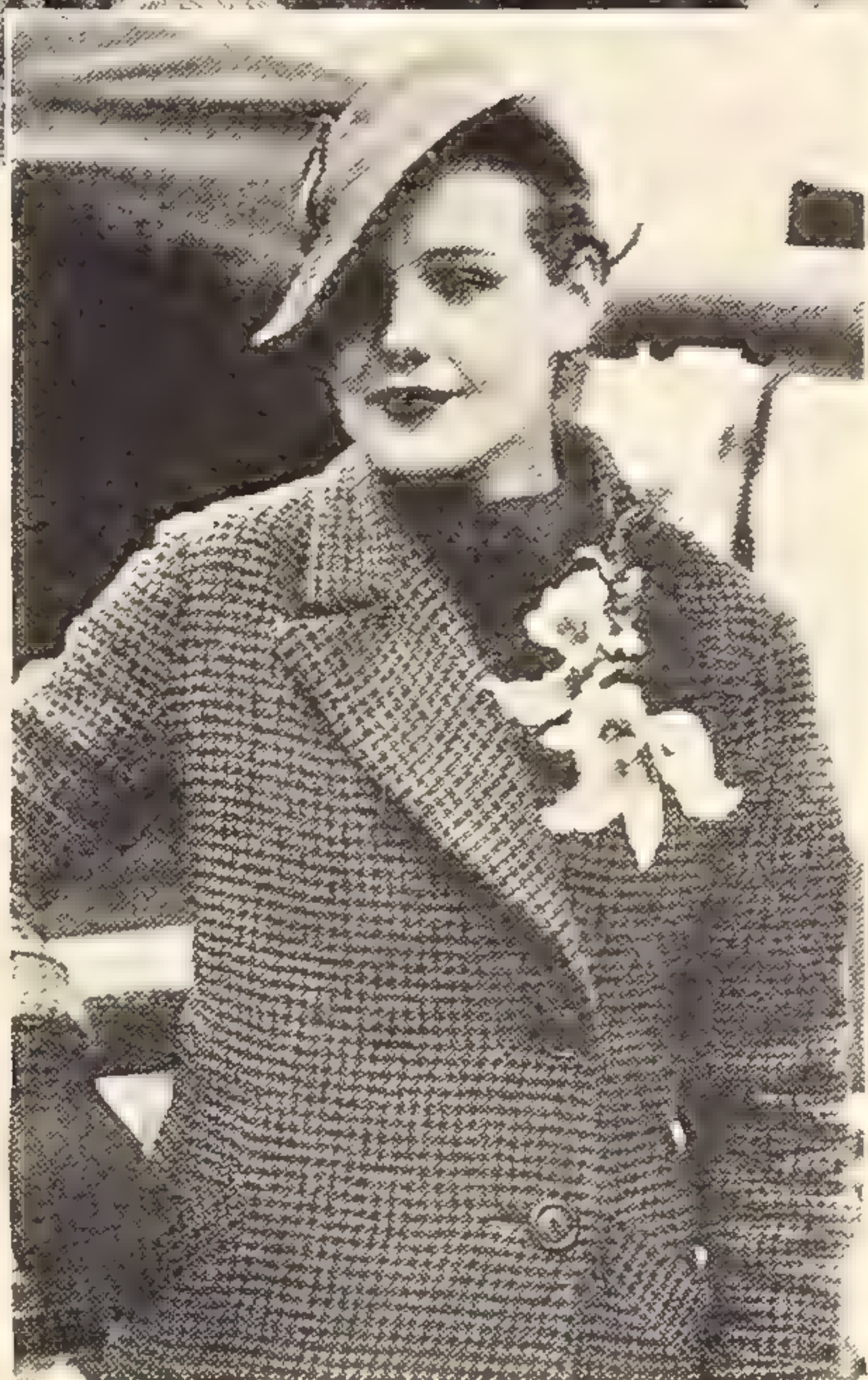
I'm going to risk telling tales out of school on Franchot. You see, before he was perched on this pedestal in California, he was the convivial, unrestrainedly human person you'd ever want to meet. Impetuously he chucked his Phi Beta Kappa key in a trunk beside the clippings his mother had saved about his campus dramatic supremacy. Parking his past nonchalantly in the basement of the family house in Niagara Falls, he shuffled off to adjacent Buffalo and the stock company there. Soon he progressed to New York City, and the fun began.

Don't for a moment think that he carted along a superiority hangover, as easily he might have considering his collegiate prestige at Cornell. Don't presume that he acquired an important feeling when shortly he was acclaimed the hope of the (Continued on page 76)





The lovely lass of our large picture is Frances Farmer. Yes, and the shy Miss directly at the right is Frances, too, as she looked on April 10th, 1935, in her very first news photograph, when the 21-year-old University of Washington co-ed won the contest which indirectly led her to the screen. Top, Frances in her latest rôle, in "Toast of New York," again opposite Edward Arnold.



Acme



# Workaday Girl

The true story of Frances Farmer, the girl who "got there" without glamor

By Anita Kilore

ONE moment she was an unknown stock player at Paramount, coaching like any amateur with Phyllis Lawton, the studio dramatic teacher. The next minute she was catapulted to fame in *two* leading parts, both in the same picture—one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Frances Farmer is the unknown who played the difficult parts of the two *Lottas*, mother and daughter, in the picturization of Edna Ferber's famous book, "Come and Get It." In that picture she played opposite Edward Arnold, one of the finest actors in the business, and much to everyone's surprise, he had to share the critics' praise with this amateur. It was one of those unlooked-for big successes that happens only once in a blue moon in Hollywood.

If this had happened to *you*, as it happened to Frances, you might be quite giddy with excitement. Going to bed an unknown one night and waking up a star the next morning usually *does* do things to people. The temptation would be to throw off your workaday clothes and your

workaday manners and to blossom out, taking full advantage of your new glamor. A new "Don't look now, but here I come" tilt to the head, and a "Well, I showed you, didn't I?" flaunt to the shoulders. Yes, and you might buy your eyelashes a little longer from now on, your hose a little silkier, and your friends a little mightier. But Frances Farmer indulged in none of these feminine frailties. When she appeared for luncheon at the spaghetti-scented Lucey's that day-after, she was wearing that same workaday suit that she had worn so often to her dramatic lessons just a few months before. It was dark and tailored, and over it she wore a loose-fitting black and white plaid coat. She wore a little black hat, and under it her lovely blonde hair was neatly tucked away. No curls, no frills, no nonsense. It was just like the outfit she used to wear about the University of Washington campus. Nor was there anything about her make-up to indicate that she was an actress. Just a little powder, a little lipstick, and (Continued on page 78)



# Ginger

Private views from a star's album, and personal tips on camera tricks from Ginger Rogers—who always gets what she wants to photograph

IF YOU should go up to Ginger Rogers and say: "You can't do that!" about anything, she'd automatically reply: "Why not?" and then do it.

Not in a spirit of "I'll prove you're wrong!" but because she'd want to find out what was so impossible about it. She loves to figure things out, which is one of the reasons she enjoys her candid camera.

I found her in her peach-and-cream dressing-room, sitting on the silken couch, almost buried under a selection of architect's drawings depicting various swimming pools. The room itself is a setting for a princess, but its owner was wearing simple blue slacks, her curls tied back with a narrow ribbon.

When Ginger is present, you don't notice the things around her, but when she isn't in that dressing-room to distract your attention, the thing that dominates it is a large charcoal sketch of an old woman, a strangely powerful sketch not quite finished. Ginger made it herself, sketching and painting are among her hobbies.

"Taking pictures is just a variation of that art urge," she laughed, "I'm a camera fiend. I'm not satisfied with anything I've done so far, but I'm learning. Whether the stuff is good or not, though, it's fun!"

When Ginger was thirteen, she won a prize in a contest. The prize was a vaudeville tour of several weeks and that's the way her interest in cameras was born.

"I wanted a record of the trip," she explained, "so I bought a little Brownie—just a tiny box affair—and everywhere we went, we snapped pictures. Sometimes we 'gagged' them, standing against the huge billboards that advertised our show; sometimes they were just the sort

Don't tell Ginger she can't get a certain camera effect—she'll go right out and prove you're wrong! Top left, the star shows some pictures to Musical Director Nathaniel Shilkret. Next, reading down: her co-star, Fred Astaire, on the sidelines of a night set; Ginger and Fred dance, taken with Ginger's camera; her mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers, plays backgammon; dance number on the set. Below, Phyllis Fraser and Anne Shirley.





# Shoots the Works!

By  
Ruth Tildesley

of let-me-take-your-picture stuff that any kid would take on a trip."

After her marriage to Lew Ayres, Ginger shared her husband's interest in home movie cameras and made several reels of movie action stuff. But it was during the making of "Top Hat" that she really caught the fever. Her secretary, Bill Hetzler, had been taking pictures, as amateur and professional, for ten years. He has a German camera and his pictures are good.

"That canal set for 'Top Hat' was so lovely, I wanted to make a few shots of it," said Ginger, "so I asked Bill to bring his camera over and let me see what I could do. Of course, nobody really wants you to take pictures on sets, but they were nice about it. I stood on one stage and shot through the door to the set. Sets are so beautifully lighted that amateurs can get good stuff without figuring out how to do it. I was so pleased with my results that I began to think I should buy a camera of my own.

"Everyone seemed to have a Leica camera, and they all recommended it to me, so I got one. Almost as soon as I had it, I took my trip to New York and Washington, taking it along. I'd been given careful directions about it, but I suppose I forgot them, or else I hadn't learned how to apply them, for I came back with next to nothing. Sometimes, I'd over-exposed; sometimes the lighting was wrong; sometimes the focus wasn't right. But each failure taught me something.

"Bill shot some pictures, and the first ones he made weren't good either. He analyzed the results and showed me what was wrong. One of my chief faults had been that I was so excited over what I hoped to get that I didn't hold the camera still. And here's a tip for other enthusiasts: If you want to get an action shot, don't shoot it as it whizzes past you, but shoot as it comes toward you at some angle so that as it moves, it will move in your range and not in and out."

While she was making "In Person" with George Brent, he, in his rôle of ornithologist, had a small Leica camera, and this further fired Ginger's photographic ambitions. When they went up to Big Bear on location, she took her Leica with her and got some off-stage stuff that even Bill admitted wasn't bad.

Ginger is more interested in people than in buildings or scenery, which accounts for the fact that her albums contain very few shots without human interest.

"If I ever do take a building, (*Continued on page 88*)



Photography, as well as sketching and painting, are among Ginger's hobbies. Here she is aiming expertly. Lower left, Victor Moore and Fred Astaire snapped on the set.



# "Sure I'll Talk About Bob"—Bing

Very confidentially, here's what Bing Crosby thinks of his radio and film team-mate, Bob Burns

MR. CROSBY was a thing of beauty. He sat behind a desk in the spacious offices of Bing Crosby, Ltd. His hat was on his head. He also wore a coat. And under the coat was a sweater. But this was no ordinary sweater. No, indeed. In fact, this was *the* most extraordinary sweater. It had a kind of a yoke which buttoned high up around his neck. The yoke was bright blue. The middle part of the sweater was a bright, bright yellow. A blue band was also around the bottom. He was, you might say, done up in a big way. And liking it—even though no one else did.



Bing seems to have an opinion of his own about the facts of the matter as Bob relates one of his wonderful experiences, in that picture of the two stars up at the top of the page. Above, Bing had a good time, mixed work and play, when he went to Hawaii to make "Waikiki Wedding."



"Bob Burns?" Mr. Crosby was saying. "Oh, yeah! We have a feud on. It's about pipes. You see, Bob is trying to collect more pipes than I have. Must have about fifty now. Keeps me busy buying new ones so he won't get ahead. Pretty expensive, too. Guess I'll have to try some of the old ones on him soon and just hope he won't recognize them. He's pretty shrewd, though. Doubt if I could put it over on him."

"He's a swell guy, really. Liked him the first time I ever talked to him, back in 1934. My cook likes him, too. She says he's the only person who comes to the house who appreciates her cooking. Yes, I must say Bob does justice to her cooking. He eats very thoroughly, methodically *but* inexorably. Three times around for him is just fair eating. Why, one night he put away four Mallard ducks! He always condones his appetite by saying he doesn't eat sweets. He doesn't. But sometimes I think it wouldn't be so hard on the duck if he did eat desserts."

"Bob's the kind of a fellow I like, though. Likes to hunt, fish, and play golf. He's a peculiar kind of hunter. He'll get all done up in his boots, take his dogs and guns and start walking. As soon as he has caught two birds, he's finished for the day. The rest of his hunting is purely conversational."

"And it isn't because he couldn't catch plenty more if he wanted. Did you ever know Bob was one of the thirty best shots in the American Expeditionary Forces? Why, I've seen him take an ordinary little cardboard match-box, fasten it by a string to a tree and start it swinging. At fifty yards, he can hit it every time. Never saw him miss."

Bing (Continued on page 66)





Bob Burns says he's in pictures chiefly because of Bing's interest in him. Right, the Bazooka king doesn't seem to be enjoying this bit of his screen job, with Gracie Allen and Martha Ray causing heart complications, but that's just acting.



# And Bob Turns the Bazooka on Bing

If you want a real close-up of what your favorite crooner is like, both as a professional and private person, tune in on this

By  
Virginia Wood

"I CAN truthfully say I have never known a finer man in all my life than Bing Crosby," said Bob Burns sincerely, in his own inimitable Arkansas drawl. "There isn't an ounce of smallness or pettiness in his whole system. He just doesn't know what they mean."

We were sitting in the newly decorated Burns dressing room over on the Paramount lot. Bob had insisted on showing it off before we did another thing. Every article of furniture, every print hanging on the wall is important to Bob. And it's all because "the boys" planned it for him as a surprise. You see, Bob has been so busy these days what with writing his own dialogue for his next picture, his radio skits, and now the syndicated newspaper column he has just started, he hadn't found time to drop in at the studio.

And then he found out—quite by accident—that "the boys" were just a little bit hurt because he hadn't seen their handiwork. And being the sensitive, appreciative kind of guy he is, Bob dropped whatever it was he had been doing and rushed right on over. The telephone buzzed for quite a long while thereafter as he thanked each workman individually for his particular part of the redecorating. And he's proud as punch that they thought of him at all, much less that they would take such pains with his dressing quarters.

After I had expressed the proper appreciation of the room, we settled down in a couple of easy chairs. And I had to admit they were awfully comfortable.

"The first time I ever met Bing," Bob went on, stopping to light his favorite pipe, "was back in 1934. I was on a radio program at the time and we were putting on a benefit show. Bing was in the audience, but I didn't know that until Andy Devine called me on the telephone the next day and told me. He said, in that old gravel voice of his, that I'd had Crosby on the floor laughing at my gags and he thought he had

me set to go on the Woodbury program with Crosby.

"So I went around to see Crosby the next day. He was working in 'Mississippi' at the time and I hated to bother him. Then I found out that John Miljan, who has been a friend of mine for years—and what a friend!—was working in the picture. John invited me over for lunch and I met Bing. He was sure swell. He said he'd love to have me on his  
(Continued on page 67)





# "Heavens! Is That Me?"

That's the heartfelt, if inelegant cry of all the stars when they first see themselves on the screen. But most of them get over the shock sooner or later!

By Gordon R. Silver

THE greatest shock anyone can possibly have is to see himself on the screen—not as he thought he was, but as he really, truly, absolutely is. Ask any actor, ask any actress!

"Strutting the boards," and listening to the applause, the stage actor, like all of us who have kind-hearted and complimentary friends, builds up little, (and sometimes big), illusions about his appearance, manners, and general charm. Then he comes to bad old Hollywood and sees himself in the cruel light of actuality.

"It's a durned lie and nothing else but!" burst out Joe E. Brown at the Beverly Hills preview of his first picture. After experiencing a series of stage successes, that first sight of himself dealt him a regular knock-out blow from which Joe has never quite fully recovered. He still thinks his success is groundless and that he is "just a lucky fellow." However, that's typical of Joe, for, in spite of his bluff comedy, he is all artist underneath, with perfection his goal.

Joe says he certainly would have deserted Hollywood right then and there if it hadn't been for one man—Ernest Vajda, the prolific scenarist, who was a stranger to Joe, but, after the preview, he sought out the comedian to congratulate him on his splendid performance. So Joe thought, "Well, if a perfect stranger and an authority thinks I am good, maybe I can be, after a while."

In the early days of talking pictures, Director Mark

Sandrich entered the projection room of a New York Studio to view the "rushes" of a short he was doing for RKO. "Rushes" of another picture, a Rudy Vallée short, were being shown, and Sandrich waited. Presently, he saw a young girl sing a number and was impressed by her personality.

The lights went on. Sandrich noticed a girl who was sitting in a corner shaking with sobs. She was the "personality" youngster of the song.

"I looked terrible, awful, a perfect fright," she said to Sandrich. "And I do so want to make good in pictures. But I guess I never will."

"Oh come, you didn't look terrible at all," Sandrich assured her. "You have, of course, some things to learn about screen make-up, but you're good. Mark my words, you'll be starring in Hollywood some day, and I hope I can direct you!"

The girl was Ginger Rogers. And Sandrich *did* one day direct her—in "Top Hat." The incident was vividly recalled when, in a sequence with Fred Astaire, Ginger had to shake with sobs all over again.

Ann Sothorn saw herself on the screen for the first time in Columbia's "Let's Fall in Love," and laughed that she certainly couldn't ever fall in love with herself! In fact, she couldn't believe it was herself up there on the screen. Her appearance was that of a total stranger; her voice was far different than she had expected; and since they had changed her name from Harriet Lake to Ann Sothorn, she simply said, "Well, I guess I'll just have to take your word for it that that's me!"

"Good heavens, it just *can't* be! It just *can't* be me!"  
It was Clark  
Gable whis-

Picture a group of your cinema favorites in a projection room watching the "rushes" of themselves. See, up there on the screen, the famous faces. *You* like 'em, but what do they think? Find Joan Bennett, Anita Louise, Clark Gable, Ann Sothorn, Claudette Colbert, Joe E. Brown, Eddie Robinson, Jack Oakie, Ginger Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, and Mary Boland—then read what they have to say.







pering  
to himself  
in the depths of  
despair. He was so  
disappointed by his  
first screen test, he slipped  
out of the projection room  
before it was over and vowed to  
everyone he met that he would never,  
never, never again face a camera! But  
studio executives the next day took him in  
hand and finally persuaded him to change his  
mind.

Mary Boland took one look at her first film in pre-view and desperately tried to buy her contract back, offering Paramount a large bonus just to let her sneak out of Hollywood and hide.

"I'm terrible," she moaned. "If I look like that on the stage, someone should shoot me! They really should!"

Mary was particularly horrified to find that she has a habit of screwing up one side of her mouth, and gesticulating helplessly with her hands. And it was some time before the studio officials could convince her that her all-adithier hand movements were her most attractive idiosyncrasy.

The event of seeing himself as others saw him made Tom Brown physically ill, he lamented. "I was as seasick as though I were riding a huge, high, and very rough sea. I felt that I could never go on living with myself if my everyday appearance and actions were like that! However, after the first intense moment, I settled down, assumed a calmer point of view, and even reached the point of rather liking myself! That is, I began to see the possibilities that could be the results of plenty of good, hard work."

Gertrude Michael could hardly restrain her laughter during the "showing off" of her first day's work before the cameras. And, incidentally, she discovered why movie people go to see the daily "rushes."

Her revelatory experience began the first day of her first picture. A special luncheon engagement prevented her from seeing all but the end of the rushes. Entering the room, she timidly asked the director how the beginning of the rushes looked. "Oh, great," he smiled. "I had a terrific flow of action in the scenes."

Gertrude turned to the photographer with the same query. "They were wonderful," he beamed. "We got some of the finest lighting effects you ever saw!"

She was still wondering how her acting was when she asked the sound man. "The sound was great, some of the best I've ever done, in fact," that good man answered modestly.

The property man also had seen the rushes. "That statue I had in the corner stood out beautifully," he declared. "It was worth all the trouble."

The cameraman was next questioned by the now thoroughly distressed actress. "The rushes?" he echoed. "Tremendous—I don't think I ever saw better camera angles!"

In desperation, Gertrude turned to one of the assistant directors and fired the query point-blank at him, thusly, "Did you see me in the rushes? Me, Me, ME!"

"I'm so sorry," he smiled, "but I really didn't notice you. However, I *did* hear the director say you were pretty good, so I wouldn't worry any."

Gertrude didn't—she had done all the worrying she was going to for one day!

Edward G. Robinson's innate kindness of soul was shocked by the very success he achieved in acting tough and wicked in his first screen appearance as a gangster. Gladys, his wife, thought he looked right handsome and decidedly polished in his top hat and tails, but Eddie gasped and choked with dismayed apprehension when he viewed his screen villainy. The picture was "A Hole in the Wall," in which Claudette Colbert and Eddie both made their Hollywood debuts. Eddie had seen the rushes at the studio, and couldn't muster enough courage to attend the brilliant preview at (Continued on page 93)





*Please See Page 70 for  
Complete Cast and Credits*

IT WAS something to build a tower like that. Straight and tall and strong. Something to stand there in that tangle of wires and steel and the afternoon sun hot over a man's head and death waiting under his feet.

It was the tower that got Slim first of all. The strength of it, the arrogance of speeding toward the sky. But now it was more than that, that impelled him forward to the foreman shouting instructions to the men above. It was that feeling of death waiting and of a man's courage that could go on knowing all the time it was there under his feet, and do his job and whistle a tune as he did it.

Boys usually have a hero to speed them through young years. Lancelot, Robin Hood, Lindbergh, it could be any one of them or of dozens like them with valor great enough to take hold of mind and imagination. Slim had never had a hero before. Cow-punching in desolate sage country since he was a kid hadn't left much time for reading or books.

But he had a hero now looking up at the net of wire going up over his head and at the strong red-headed man with the impudent Irish grin laughing as he tightened a bolt. There were three men with Red up there on the tower but he was the one Slim saw, dominant, compelling in that easy, laughing way of his.

"I can't build this tower out of matches!" Red's bellow drifted down to the grunts below. It was only a few

minutes before that Slim had found out the nickname for the ground men and already his brain had stored the knowledge. "Let's see the steel get up here!"

"Git up! Git up!" The fellow they called Stumpy looked quizzically up. "Old Paw used to plague me about gitting up and you know what I told Paw? I says to him, 'Paw, one of these days I'm going to git up and git outa here and git gone and leave you to run this farm yourself!' And I done it, too. You think there ain't come half the people in this whole country just to watch *me* build this tower?"



Excitement and the love of danger drew SLIM from the uneventful life on his father's farm to the hazardous work of constructing power-line towers. Henry Fonda, in the name rôle, fights hard to get a job as linesman, and his friendship with a fellow worker, RED, Pat O'Brien, follows an exciting course to his meeting with CALLY, Margaret Lindsay, hospital nurse and his pal's sweetheart.





# Danger Below!

A powerful drama of fighting courage and fearless love in a stirring fiction version of "Slim," featuring Pat O'Brien, Henry Fonda and Margaret Lindsay.

Fictionized by  
Elizabeth B.  
Petersen

His broad smile took in Slim standing on the edge of the crowd, his tallness and thinness accentuated by his shabby ranch clothes, his hand still holding his pony's bridle.

Now he smiled as he threw the reins over the horse's head and his eyes quickened as he saw the grunts pulling up the steel.

Before, the boss had been indulgent about the boy's evident curiosity. It was that kindness in him that made every grunt and signalman and linesman who had ever worked under him call him "Pop." But now his warning came in the crisp staccato that made them always think of him as "Boss."

"Get out of there, boy!" Even the boy who didn't know him obeyed that quick command. "One of them linemen might drop something!" he explained tersely.

"What happens when one of them linemen drop something?" Slim asked.

Pop smiled dryly.

"That's what I called you over here for. To keep from finding out!"

"But those—"  
(Cont. on page 70)

SLIM accepts the challenge of the hardened men who contest the rights and mettle of new recruits, and grows in the esteem of his older and more experienced friend, RED. A romantic scene, above, shows Henry Fonda, Margaret Lindsay, and Pat O'Brien in an important scene from the play.





#### IV. "The Retired Wife"—June Collyer Erwin

**N**O GIRL in Hollywood ever voluntarily stepped out of the limelight at the height of more attention, better breaks in her career, and more downright fun than June Collyer Erwin.

Certainly, actresses have retired before. The difference is that June quit for love and marriage and babies, (one of which nearly claimed her life).

She is one of the very few who ever called a halt to the glamor game when it was at its most glamorous. You don't have to be very far out of braids and hair-ribbons to remember when June was the toast of the town, one of the most beautiful girls who ever graced a social event as well as a Fox picture, and who made the front pages of international newspapers when Prince George, the present Duke of Kent, came visiting a.w.o.l. in Holly-

wood. The Prince made no secret of the fact that he found June the loveliest of the Hollywood beauties. She was his favorite dining and dancing partner for three of the most hectic days the natives can remember.

When the beautiful Collyer met Stuart Erwin, droll comedian, fell in love with him, married him and retired a year later to have young Stuart, Jr., everyone assumed it was merely a matter of time before she would resume her career again. For June was tops. She held a place of her own among the featured players and the salary she walked out on was for \$2500 weekly!

But time went on, and June didn't come back. Instead, the Erwins had another baby, a little girl this time, named "Judy" Dorothea for her mother.

You kept finding June's name listed among the fash-



# Hollywood Wives

Continuing an exclusive and unique series with the story of a screen beauty who abandoned a career for marriage, home and children as the wife of Stuart Erwin

By Dorothy Manners

ionable guest lists, but invariably as Mrs. Stuart Erwin. When you saw her, as the quaint saying goes, "in person" you realized she was more beautiful than she had ever been in her movie débutante days. Yet there was never even a rumor of June's plans to return to pictures.

"Why?" I asked the girl in the rose-colored sports dress who sat on the other side of the cheerful fire in the playroom of a Spanish home in Beverly Hills, and who was, as you may have guessed, none other than June herself.

The rich hennas and greens of the Spanish home are becoming to June as a background. Most women blend their backgrounds against their own personalities. June, who is delicately patrician in type, had contrasted hers to charming effects. But more of the Erwin domicile in due time. First, there is June—the only girl by that name I've ever known who looked it!

I said: "Don't you ever grow restless? Don't you ever miss the fun and excitement of having a career of your own, especially such a happy one as you had for five years?"

I was remembering what Joan Bennett, our "actress-wife," had said on this subject. Remember Joan's words: "I think a girl who has known the excitement of a career could never really settle down to merely being a housewife, no matter how much she loved her home and children. At

least, I could not." And most actresses share this view.

But there was not the slightest hesitancy before June replied: "I don't miss it, not for a minute. Not for one little minute! Life has never been more exciting and happy for me than it is *now*. It would be the deepest ingratitude to ask for more than I've found with 'Stu' and my two children.

"You see," she went on, as though she were contemplating the idea I suggested for the first time since her marriage, "I had a career for five years, and as you say, it was a gay and happy one. But the point is, I never had *careeritis*! There is a difference.

"It is strange, too, because my mother, who used to be an actress, often says that the very smell of greasepaint makes her hungry for the footlights again. I suppose that part of being an actress was left out of my make-up.

"The other day I went out on one of 'Stu's' sets and sat around waiting to take him to the races. They had only one or two scenes left to do. And yet all the time I was there I found myself thinking: 'I'm glad it is some other girl in front of that camera—and not I!'" The famous Collyer dimples came on display for the first time when she added, "I suppose I just haven't the love of the game in my blood—that's the right phrase, isn't it?"

"Of course, if I had married someone not in pictures, or gone to some other town to live, I know I would have missed Hollywood and my (Continued on page 73)

These views from the Erwin family album, showing Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Erwin with their children, Stuart, Jr., and June, lend added force to "The Retired Wife's" frank discussion of home vs. career. You'll enjoy this intimate story.





# London

Intimate close-ups from Europe's Hollywood. News about studio and social doings of stars abroad

By Hettie Grimstead



Gary Cooper, above, with his mother, his brother Arthur, and his father, George Cooper, right, spent his boyhood in England. His father, recent visitor there, told some interesting things about his famous son. Left, reading down: Kay Francis bought perfumes, books, jewelry, but no clothes; June Knight and Michael Bartlett, working together in a British film; Robert Douglas, English stage star, makes his screen bow soon.



**M**AYBE you've never heard of Houghton Regis but mention the name to Gary Cooper and he will smile and say, "Why, that's my family village in England where grandfather kept the flour-mill and where I went to school myself for several years!"

It's a quaint old-fashioned spot with little thatched cottages set in peaceful gardens and a village green with a duck-pond and a rustic bench that's a favorite seat of the older inhabitants, most of whom remember the Coopers. They had a cheerful welcome for sixty-eight year old Father Cooper when he visited Houghton Regis the other day during his vacation tour—he hadn't seen the old home since he left for Montana in 1884. Gary was sent back when he was nine years old, shy and gawky and considerably over-grown, to attend the local grammar school. He hated history and mathematics, was bottom of his class in arithmetic, but top in drawing; and didn't show the least signs he was going to become an actor because he was very slow at memorizing Shakespeare and—shades of "Longfellow Deeds"!—he shuffled his feet the whole time on the celebrated afternoon when he had to rise and recite some excerpts from "Evangeline" before the assembled school.

"Yes, Gary was always unassuming," Father Cooper remarked to me, a little weather-beaten gray-haired man beaming paternal pride. "But he's a good boy and I think he will go on improving as an actor. I don't care for him in these society dramas—he ought to make more Westerns because he's better in them. More at home, you know. After all he was brought up on the range so it's only natural he knows how Western men behave and think."

So although Father admitted that Gary "wasn't bad" in "Mr. Deeds," he approved his son's character—(Continued on page 94)



# Torrid New Team!

When Robert Taylor meets his new co-star, Jean Harlow, the screen fairly sizzles!



*Ted Allan*

Hollywood's latest combination of movie lovers happens in a forthcoming film in which the dark and romantically handsome Taylor encounters the blonde and bewitching Harlow. Here, at left and above, you see the first camera record of their costly cinema attachment. Center, Bob being boyish for Henrietta Crosman, his movie mother. It's all in the interests of Metro's "Personal Property," a new version of "Man in Possession."





## Like Him Romantic, or Modern?

Help solve Errol Flynn's problem. Shall he concentrate on costume pictures, or do you prefer him in current dramas?



*Scotty Welbourne*



*Schuyler Crail*



It isn't every young Hollywood actor who faces such an exciting, and puzzling future! Flynn made his first screen success in "Captain Blood;" then he thrilled us in "Charge of the Light Brigade." Two modern films, "Green Light" and "Another Dawn," gave him a change of scene. But now he is the doughty hero, *Miles Hendon*, in the picturization of Mark Twain's classic, "The Prince and the Pauper," as you see him directly above in a dramatic scene with Claude Rains and Billy Mauch, one of the Mauch Twins, left, in the title rôles. Maybe the answer will be—variety!



# Mistress of Moods

Jean Arthur, variable as an April day, dazzles in drama or captivates in comedy with equal ease



Gently melancholy, as above, or smartly sophisticated, as at the right, versatile Jean enjoys the jump from her *Calamity Jane* rôle with Gary Cooper in "The Plainsman" to the very twentieth-century part she plays in "History is Made at Night."



Can it be that Jean's zest for her new picture can be accounted for by the fact she has two leading men? Right, Charles Boyer, hero, gives her a great big hug. Above, Colin Clive, menace, displays rather masterful technique. But we probably don't have to tell you which man wins.



# Studies in Femmes and Stems!

Flippant, but highly  
appreciative pictorial  
tribute to lovely ladies  
of the lenses



It's a nice coincidence that "La-mour" rhymes with "Amour" because Dorothy, above, is just the sort of charmer who calls forth poetry from college men and columnists. She's a comparative newcomer, is Dorothy Lamour, but she's been lucky from the start, with the lead in "Jungle Princess" as her very first contribution to screen culture; and now, as shown above, she's the pleasant menace of Carole Lombard in "Swing High, Swing Low," competing for Fred MacMurray's attentions. Helen Burgess, right, is another newcomer who scored in her first screen rôle, in "The Plainsman." And we predict good breaks for little Mary Gwynne, far right.





Rochelle Hudson's latest, and we think loveliest picture, at left. Just think, Rochelle can act, too! And Eleanor Powell, pictured at right, can dance! Below, Virginia Field is thinking over her personal triumph in "Lloyds of London" and looking pretty at one and the same time.



Why, Jeeves! What will Bertie Wooster say? Arthur Treacher, screen's perfect "gentleman's gentleman," bends the knee to comely Helen Flint—but all for "Step Lively, Jeeves." Janet Gaynor, at left, is such a good actress we sometimes forget she is also one of the most alluring lasses Hollywood has ever discovered. As for Alice Faye, far left, what can we say? Suppose we stick to statistics: Alice is costumed thus for a gay number in "On the Avenue," in which she is surrounded by Dick Powell and those mad, bad Ritz Brothers.





After losing her battle with Warner Bros.—and just what *was* all that about, anyway?—Bette Davis decided to be a good girl and rush a new picture out to a more or less palpitant public. Our candid shots above, from left to right, give you glimpses of the once-striking, now subdued star as she enacts a scene for "Marked Woman" with Lola Lane and Mayo Methot; studying dialogue on the set with Miss Methot—note Bette's hair-net; playing a scene with Humphrey Bogart; knitting a sweater.

## Return of the Rebel

Bette Davis comes back  
to work—and likes it!



*Elmer Fryer*



# Publicity Love? or can it be real?

Anita Louise and  
George Brent, ru=  
mored romancing,  
are co=starring in a  
new picture. What  
a coincidence!



Hurrell

Old meanies-about-Hollywood are murmuring that the alleged attraction of Miss Louise for Mr. Brent, or *vice versa*, or both, is excellent publicity for their mutual movie, "The Go-Getter." Well, angelic Anita, above, makes it all seem quite plausible; and consider our pictures below: left and right, George seems to be enjoying his job of making screen love to the little lady; while below center, he holds her hand even when he doesn't have to, sitting on the sidelines between scenes.



Scotty Welbourne





Nothing very glamorous, we're sorry, about rehearsals, especially for musical numbers. Consider Joan Blondell, above, practicing a routine with two chorus girls. Joan's feet, for comfort, encased in old bedroom slippers; her hair slicked back and her nose unpowdered. Top right, now in make-up she goes over her lines for the next scene with Fernand Gravet, her co-star in "The King and the Chorus Girl." Right, about to shoot a scene at last. Left, a very candid close-up in the song and dance number.



## Oh, So They Do Work Sometimes!

You read of their salaries and swimming-pools. You see them pictured at play. Just for a change, we're showing you how screen stars spend most of their days—working!







Now here's a little inside slant on the tiresome and tedious business of making motion pictures. Blinding, hot lights; long waits; fumbled lines and gruelling hours—but somehow it's still fun. Or is it? Anyway, glance at the row of pictures above and you'll catch Ian Hunter and Frieda Inescort mumbling over their dialogue; Director Archie Mayo coaching Hunter and Marcia Ralston, recent "discovery," for a scene; and Mayo again giving directions to Miss Inescort in an intimate close-up. Left, here's an idea of the relative importance of the actors in a studio; outnumbered by cameramen and technical crew, doing as they're told. Right, Olivia de Havilland and Director Mayo wish they could "Call It A Day." It's their picture, but they're tired of it.



Sorry, Ruby Keeler, we've been so long getting around to you, as you cavort about these pages, rehearsing your latest dance number. But frankly, you sort of spoil our theme! We said glamor and hard work didn't mix, and now you make us out a Munchausen by managing to look graceful even while slaving. It must be you love your work.





# Paradoxical Paradise

Oh, California provides Paradise enow,  
and all that; but pity the poor movie  
girls whose place in the sun is briefly  
for the benefit of the cameramen



The beaches around and about  
Cinema City; or the pet play-  
ground, Palm Springs; or pri-  
vate swimming-pools of the  
screen great, give us beautiful  
backgrounds for gorgeous girls  
in grand new sun clothes! See  
Judith Barrett, top, wearing a  
new straw hat which is really a  
sunshade that slips over her  
gay bandana. Consider Judy  
again, at right, wearing a play-  
suit and bandana of Chinese  
print, and—wait, here's the  
new beach coat of "aqua silk,"  
which protects the skin from  
the sun's rays yet is transpar-  
ently smart. Polly Rowles, left  
approves the "aqua silk" idea of  
her sunshade. Above, Wendy  
Barrie introduces plus-fours for  
girls at Palm Springs. Far left,  
Wendy, wearing culottes and  
sweater this time, and Polly  
Rowles in a new tennis suit,  
make a charming picture.

Ray Jones





The most potent current indication that Hollywood is ever-changing is the new production of the silent classic which made Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell famous. That little French whirlwind, Simone Simon, and that humorously realistic lad, James Stewart, are teamed in the less sentimental version



## Tempest in "Seventh Heaven"

Not at all saccharine, this new teaming of talent! Simone, the frank and fearless baby siren, is a more daring *Diane* than Janet Gaynor ever dreamed of; while Jimmy, appealingly awkward, brusquely tender, creates a totally new *Chico*. Top left, the co-stars on the set; center and above, character portraits. Left, the best of the many love scenes.







All is not emoting in the studio. There are many minutes spent discussing the next scene with one of the technical crew, as Clark Gable and Myrna Loy are doing at the left, on the "Parnell" set. Below, candid close-up of Clark divesting himself of collar and vest to relax before resuming wardrobe and place under the lights. Lower left, catching William Powell in an unguarded moment between "takes" of "Last of Mrs. Cheyney" while the make-up man repairs a too-bright spot on Bob Montgomery's make-up. Then Joan Crawford, snapped as she confers with Cameraman Folsey about a future close-up, reveals herself as efficient as any other working girl with an eye to detail.



## Snapped Without Warning!





It must be a good story! Robert Montgomery, right below, is a deft raconteur but Frank Morgan probably adds a topper, as the two troupers wait to be called to do a scene together. You'll note a far different mood expressed by the resigned but still lovely Myrna Loy, pictured pensively at lower left as she patiently sits while cameras, lights, and microphones are adjusted before she can step in for a scene. Those two fine actresses, Edna May Oliver and Billie Burke, are shown below listening to their director's instructions. Right, Joan disciplines a refractory lock of hair at her cameraman's request, while Bob Montgomery and Jessie Ralph wait.



How the stars really look in those informal moments around the set when they're unconscious of the camera's all-seeing eye

*All Candid Camera Shots Made at M.G.M. Studios.*







Henry Armetta's genial grin is a trademark of entertainment. Joseph Calleia, far left, has brought a new brand of restrained menace to our movies.



What do you remember about Miriam Hopkins?—not her good looks so much as her never-failing assurance of a sturdy performance. Menjou, below, has weathered the storms of stiff competition because he insists upon achieving characterizations. The men at left, reading up, offer in their widely differing ways resounding proof that—character counts! Edward Arnold, Charles Winninger, Randolph Scott.



# Character





Two troupers, right, whose integrity refuses to permit them ever to give listless performances: Karen Morley and Lewis Stone, together in "Outcast."



# Counts!



Beauty, youth, and brilliance allegedly rule Hollywood; but in the last analysis talented trouping accounts for successful motion pictures



A face, above, with a voice to match it—yet Andy Devine is one of the more popular screen and radio players. Martha Raye, right, really a handsome young woman, disdains artifice and wins audiences with her whirlwind character comedy. At right, a panel of familiar and beloved film faces—reading up, Roscoe Karns, Henry Stephenson, Roland Young, and Ralph Bellamy.







*Ray Jones*

## The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Buck Jones in "Left Handed Law"

Buck Jones, perhaps the outstanding Western star in films today, does all his stunts and stuff in his latest opus. Hard-ridin', square-shootin', Buck personifies to picture-going boys of all ages the true spirit of the breezy American West at its best. Below, our Still of the Month. Upper left, Buck and Silver, his horse. Above, the Western star who is also his own director and producer.





### COVERED WITH GLORY:

Luise Rainer in "The Good Earth"  
 Jessie Matthews in "Head Over  
 Heels In Love"  
 Claudette Colbert in "Maid of  
 Salem"

### THE NEXT-BEST PERFORMANCES:

Margaret Lindsay in "The Green  
 Light"  
 Paul Muni in "The Good Earth"  
 Flora Robson in "Fire Over  
 England"

### HONORABLE MENTION TO:

Walter Connolly, Tilly Losch,  
 Keye Luke of "The Good Earth"  
 Romney Brent of "Head Over  
 Heels In Love"  
 Barry Fitzgerald of "The Plough  
 and the Stars"



THE GREEN LIGHT—Warners



THIS PICTURE is one of the more interesting of the screen month because it is a conscientious filming of the book by Lloyd Douglas, and because it marks Errol Flynn's first stellar departure from costume rôles. Flynn acquits himself creditably as a young doctor whose high sense of honor and devotion to science are greater than his personal pride, ambition, or love—but don't let this get you down; he wins the beautiful heroine, Anita Louise, in spite of—or can it be because of?—all these fine principles. Frankly, "The Green Light" must go down on my list as one of those "worthy" photoplays which deserves every commendation but which, unfortunately, has almost exactly the opposite of its intended good effect on this observer. I know it is supposed to present a spiritual lesson; it harps on self-sacrifice; and it is undoubtedly. It's just that it failed to impress or convince. A. L. Schaefer.



CLAUD most of portrait cinema. Colbert really to be exact; poignancy it superstitious enough roma but somehow nor stirring evening's ent the same t achieving h created son drama; and romance. F Fred's a 20 pull a saxo and swing i

trician of pictures poses for you own carefully chosen, dignified decorative wardrobe. See how the rite Del Rio achieves the illusion of graceful height by her admirably arranged gowns and hats—a hint to all "little girls" who yearn to be classically poised, dramatically effective!







Print and plain, newest fashion note for Spring, are charmingly combined in this frock worn at left by Dolores Del Rio. The plain black frock has short sleeves, a high neck, and circular skirt. Atop this is a short print jacket on a black ground which boasts short sleeves, a roll collar, and a long tie belt. Dolores' large black baku hat has a narrow crown band and trim of emerald green, and her shoes and bag are of black patent leather—an old fashion faithful we're very glad to see returned to favor.

## More Glamor by Del Rio

Del Rio dotes on clever detail and gay accents—accordingly she has created for her such delightful hats as she wears at right, designed expressly for her by Sally Victor. Tiny white birds perch on the front of her off-the-face toque. Her bracelet of rubies and diamonds is an exquisite example of the modern jeweler's art. And how these Hollywood beauties love to snuggle in twin-silver fox!



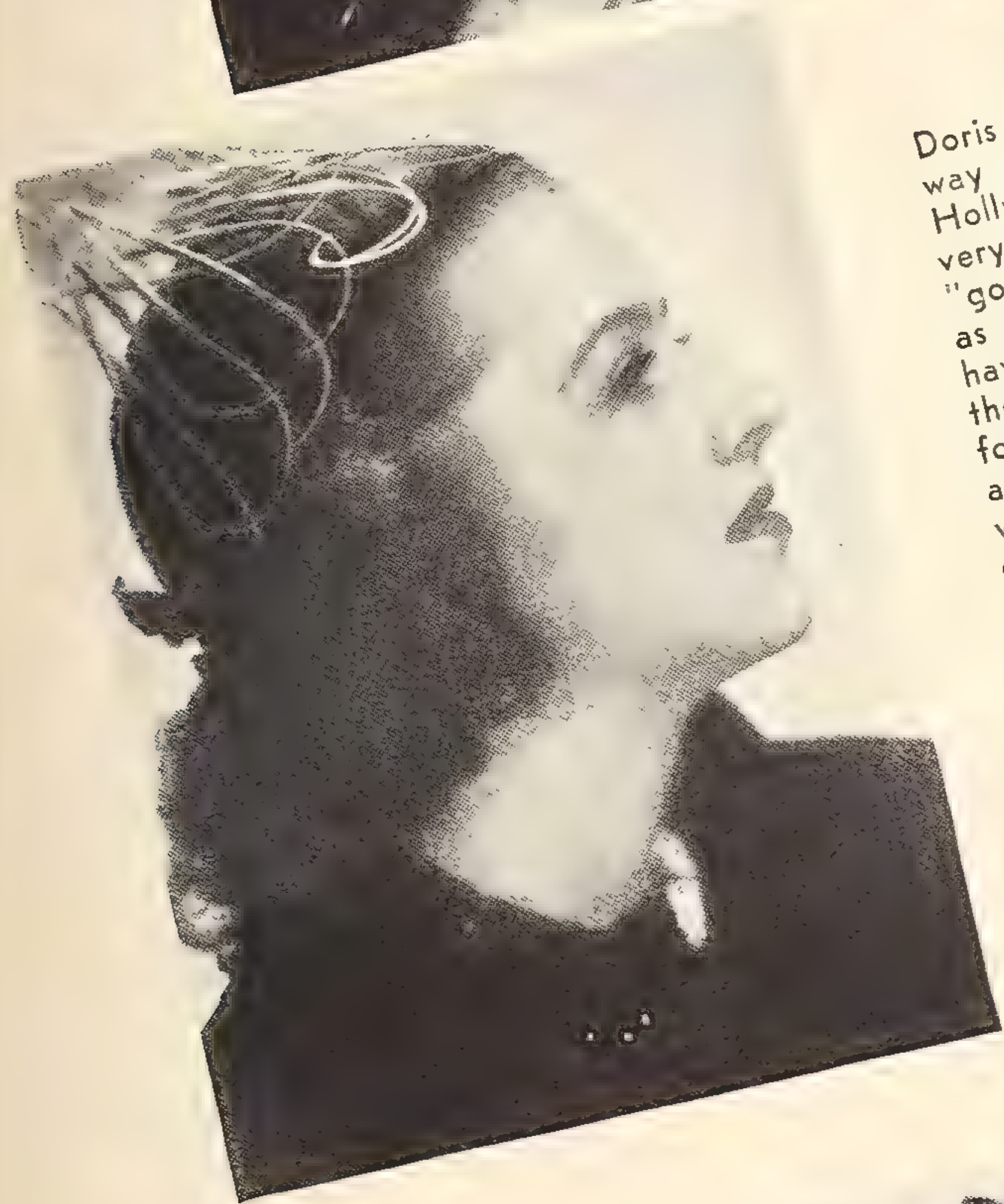


# Madcaps, Curls, Coiffures!

Of course these new hats and  
hair styles come from Hollywood



Doris Nolan from the Broad-  
way stage, above, has won  
Hollywood recognition in a  
very few pictures; but she has  
"gone Hollywood" only so far  
as her coiffure is concerned,  
having adopted, and adapted  
the popular cinema style of  
forehead curls and fluffy side  
and back coiffure arrangement  
with the sleek and molded  
crown. Sally Eilers, one of the  
screen's own darlings, achieves  
that certain distinction with the  
rolled-up coiffure, which shows  
her lovely brow to best advan-  
tage. Betty Furness, left, known  
as the pretty "Mad-hatter of  
Hollywood," wears one of her  
weirdest madcaps, a dinner  
hat of black stiffened tulle with  
turquoise blue glycerinized quills.



Mary Carlisle, above right, selects a Spring beret of black faille  
with a frou-frou of vari-colored ribbons to top her first new prints.  
Mary again, above center, likes this two-tone grey grosgrain  
turban, with "pushed-in" crown filled with flat bows of the light  
and dark grey ribbon. Betty Furness, left, agrees with the revived  
vogue for Paisley prints, and flaunts this madcap to prove it.



# Arlen Obliges

Our interviewer wanted Dick to act like a star—and he did. Here's a verbal Silly Symphony that's as revealing as it is amusing

By S. R. Mook



Everything was swell, and Dick Arlen played being very serious about being interviewed—until he got tired of being an actor. Then he got natural, like you see him at top. Right, the Arlen home, seen through the gates Mr. Mook found closed forbiddingly when he went for a "formal" interview. Above, close-up of Dick Arlen and Lilli Palmer, his co-star in "The Great Barrier."



"THE whole trouble with you writers," the Editor informed me sternly, "is you don't show players as they really are. You swallow all that hooey that they and the publicity departments ladle out to you."

"But——" I began.

"But nothing," said the Editor. "But definitely, nothing! Go out and interview someone you know well. Pretend you don't know him at all. Just talk to him as you would someone you were meeting for the first time. Stand on your dignity. Listen to what he tells you and see the difference between what he says for publication and what you really know about him. Take Dick Arlen, for instance——"

"Sure," I agreed enthusiastically. "I'll take him."

So presently I found myself dialing the Arlen mansion—where I dine on an average of three or four times a week. "Is Mr. Arlen in?" I inquired when Barbara, the nurse, answered.

"Who's calling?" she asked.

"Mr. Mook," I answered loftily.

"Mookie?" she repeated in a vaguely astonished tone.

"Yes," I snapped. "Is Mr. Arlen in?"

"I'll see," she replied.

A moment later Mrs. Arlen, (Joby in less formal moments), was on the wire. "How are you, dear?" she began.

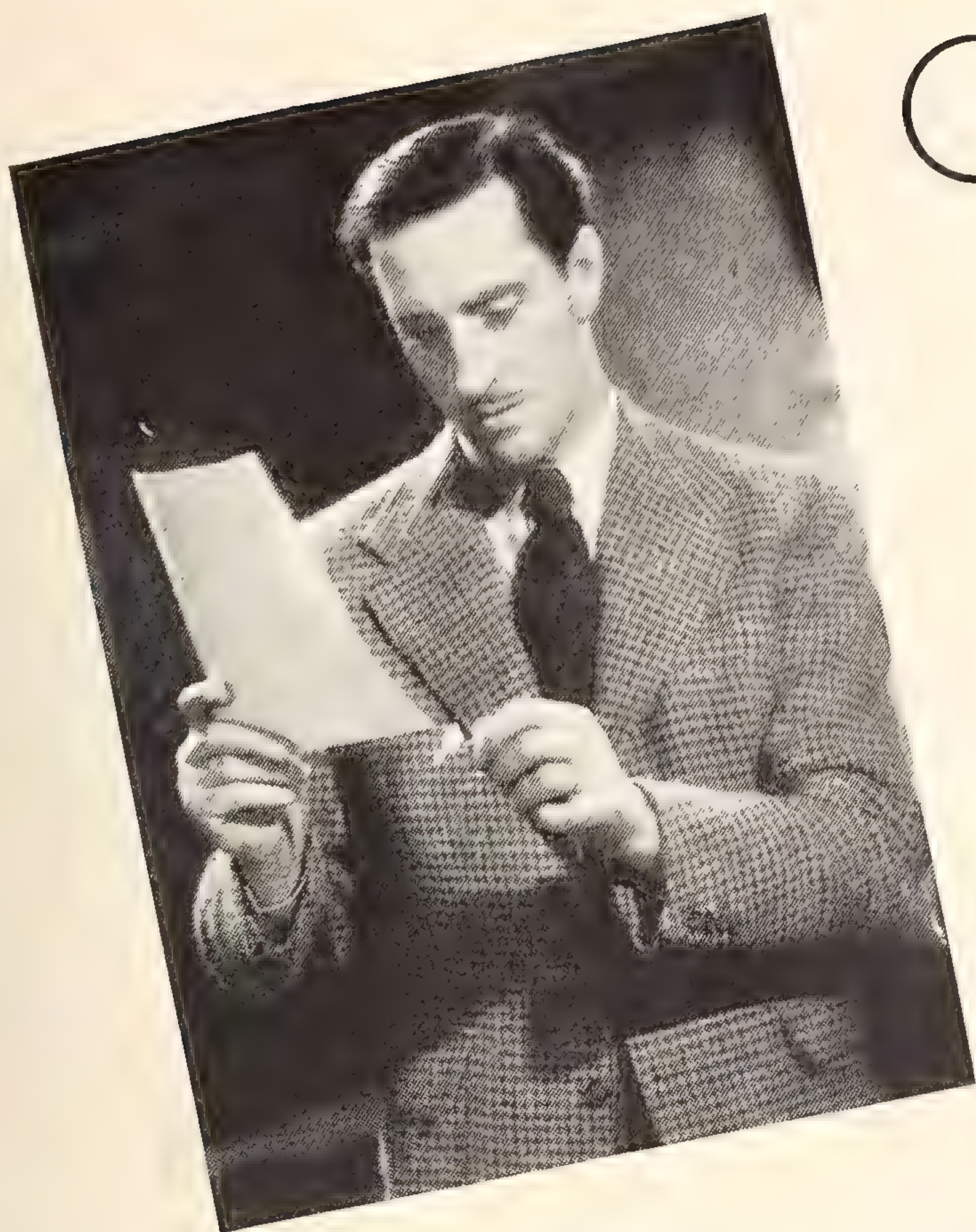
"Listen, Jo— Mrs. Arlen, I mean," I began. "This is Mr. Mook. I have to interview Dick as though I were an utter and complete stranger. And when I come out there, no mention is to be made of the fact I got swacked out there last night and I don't want Rosie reminding me again that the toothbrush I keep out there is worn out."

"Are you crazy?" Mrs. Arlen demanded.

"No, I'm not!" I retorted indignantly. "I'm just tired of being pushed around by a lot of actors and when I interview them hereafter I'm going to be treated with the same respect they show strangers."

"Dick's not here," said Mrs. Arlen shortly. "I'll tell him when he comes home. He can  
(Continued on page 90)





Second only to his desire for screen rôles that test his acting skill, is Basil's fondness for checked materials for his smartly cut clothes. You see that in his screen costume, above, for "Love From a Stranger," and at right, in a new portrait, as well as when you go to interview him.

# Once A Villain

Menace takes a holiday, and Basil Rathbone, so good at being bad that nobody wants him to be otherwise, proves a "heavy" can be a hero

By Kenneth Thomas



THIS is the Menace Man's hour. And the cry of Hollywood's charm boys is: "Give me characters I can get my teeth into." Meaning characters with a little iron in them and not so much sugar coating. Indeed, why shouldn't they? The "villain" who used to receive only hisses from the gallery in the "legit," now gets mash notes from the feminine fans and fat pay checks from the producer every week.

The devilish fellow in the piece can be devilish attractive to the ladies out front—and definitely is one to be noted by the Hollywood powers that turn out for the previews.

Even the actor who has done a procession of menace rôles is entirely content to keep away from out-and-out hero assignments. Within certain limits, you understand. Take Basil Rathbone for example.

Basil has made people hate him so thoroughly they like him tremendously on the screen. He wouldn't be a goody-goody if Hollywood paid him for it.

He is one of Hollywood's foremost examples of the new idea in Menace Men—the selection of a thoroughly schooled and finished actor, capable of playing the most difficult part, to give vitality and life to the modern screen "heavy."

Considering his importance and his achievements in the pictures, you don't read much about Rathbone in the news and feature columns of papers and magazines. But that isn't because he plays villain rôles. There's another reason. He's too convincing to make good copy.

Listening to Basil talk gives you the same reaction experienced by that fabled Britisher who, picking up a geometry text book, read it through, returned it to the table beside him with a laconic: "Why, of course!" You don't argue with geometry—or Basil Rathbone when he talks about acting.

If he ever decides to hire himself a gallery of yes-men,

they'll earn their money the easy way, giving him the affirmative nod automatically—from conviction. Just as we did that day he talked about acting in the living room of a Manhattan hotel suite he and his wife, Ouida Bergere, were to vacate within the hour to entrain for their home in Hollywood.

Tall, he's over six feet; dapper, slight, Rathbone has the finely trained actor's sense of timing and inflection to accent the ideas he expresses so fluently. He has the easy, cordial suavity associated with his English background. Straight black hair, and dark, almost swarthy complexion, coupled with a nervous energy which finds outlet in quick motions and frequent gestures with the hands, suggest more the characteristics of the Latin than the Anglo Saxon.

"It does get monotonous," he said, "when you play the same sort of part all the time. There is no more interest for the actor in that (Continued on page 64)



# Here's Hollywood

The life and talk of the movie metropolis in brief

By Weston East



GARBO has finally capitulated! The studio has at last convinced her she should move into the gorgeous new dressing-room prepared for her many months ago but which she refused to occupy, preferring to retain the small quarters she'd been given when she first went to work at the studio. And the funny part of it is, she's discovered she really likes it there. Incidentally, she even went so far as to have tea on the set the other day with Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery, Bob Taylor and George Cukor. We just wonder what the world is coming to!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE entertained young Dolores Gonzales, daughter of the Chief of Police of Mexico, the other day. As everyone knows, Shirley is a lovely hostess. But the day proved a bit difficult, just the same. Trouble was that Dolores couldn't speak English and Shirley isn't up on her Spanish. So the two had to content themselves with playing with toys and riding around the grounds of Shirley's new home on Shirley's three ponies. Just as Dolores was leaving, however, Shirley remembered a Spanish word. "Adios," she said, in her most polite manner. And at that time, Dolores remembered something too. "Hello," she murmured, in return. It was the one English word she could recall!

SOCIETY Marches On — Hollywood! Latest Park Avenue debutante to wave an airy bye-bye to the social whirl in which she has been very prominent since her debut last year, is dark-haired, violet-eyed Jerry Bergh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bergh. At a bit of hi-nonney in celebration of her au revoir to New York, Jerry, full name Geraldine, said she wants to play "slavey" parts, of all things. Anyway she wants a screen career so much, she has postponed wedding plans to work in films under a contract to Grand National.

YOU can discount all the rumors that are flying around about Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone disagreeing. There's absolutely no truth in it. They're married for keeps, they tell us.

GRACE MOORE will have none of this social-vacation-at-Palm Springs stuff. When she has time to take a breathing spell, she wants to get away from the Hollywood atmosphere, so she's located a little hide-away in Arizona where she spends all her free time. And no one knows the exact location.

IT'S all a mistake about B. P. Schulberg and Sylvia Sidney. Truth of the matter is they never see one another any more and further, Sylvia is very much interested in someone else. So it looks very much as though all the Schulberg-Sidney alliance talk is just a myth.

WHEN you see Gary Cooper in those storm sequences of "Souls at Sea" you don't need to worry about Gary taking a chill. That damp, drippy effect was accomplished by dipping the lanky star in oil instead of water, just so he wouldn't catch the flu. And the funny part about it is, the oil looks more like water through the camera's eye than water itself does.

ALLAN LANE, young Fox player, has been beaung Ginger Rogers around the town but *very* steadily. If you want to make something of that!

Life on "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" set! Bill Powell knows, but won't give the right answer to his co-stars, Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery.

Eddie Horton in a hurry didn't forget his hat, or life-belt, but Fred Astaire tries to persuade him not to abandon ship so hastily, in "Stepping Toes."







International

Celebrities you seldom see at the night clubs. Above, Frank J. Ross, his wife, Jean Arthur; Pat Paterson, and her husband, Charles Boyer, at the "Troc."

JACK OAKIE has his own names for all his pictures. He refers to "Champagne Waltz" as "Chimpanzee Waltz" and "I Dream Too Much" as "I Drum Too Much." So what are you going to do with a guy like that?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT had her first ice-skating lesson the other afternoon. And the gal was so good she succeeded in making a complete turn the very first thing! It's all for art—and her next picture—but Claudette is really taking to the sport in a big way.

INTERESTING to think that in "The Great Ziegfeld" Myrna Loy played the rôle of the real Billie Burke and now, in "Parnell," Billie is playing Myrna Loy's sister. It's a small world, I always say!



International

Incident that recalls the tune about smoke getting in your eyes. Clark Gable gives Carole Lombard a light, as they step out together—as usual.



Wide World

Back home in Hollywood. Robert Kent and Astrid Allwyn, after mutual "I do's" at Tia Juana, Mexico, are new members of film's Bride and Groom Club.

ALICE FAYE, upon being questioned as to what she'd learned during the year 1936, replied, with a twinkle in her eye: "I learned that being in love is news!" Incidentally, Alice has just bought herself one of the beautiful new combination radio-victrola arrangements. And the very first record she bought was Tony Martin's recording of *When Did You Leave Heaven?*

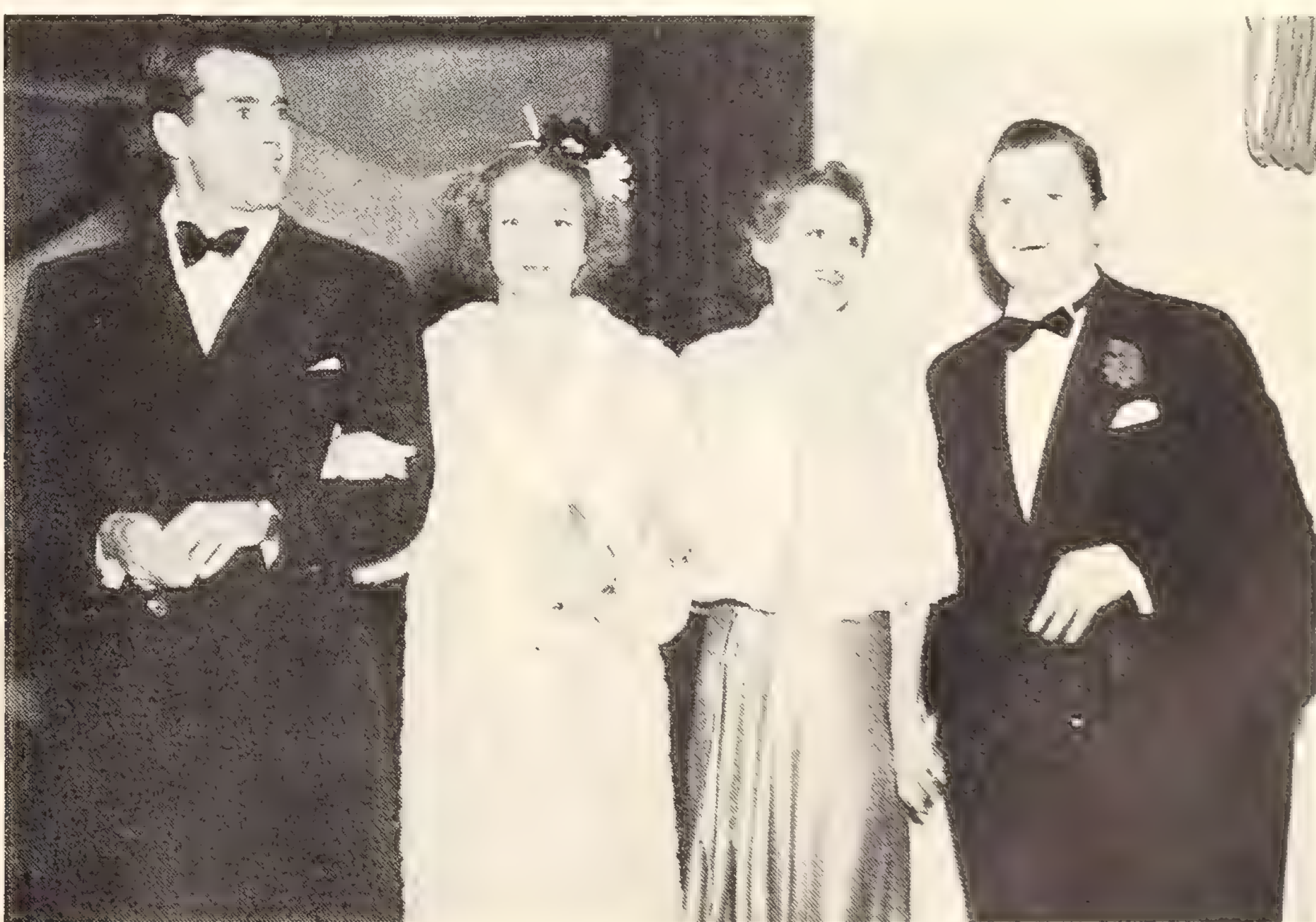
YOU never can tell, but it certainly looks like a romance between George Brent and Anita Louise. They met for the first time on the set of "Go-Getter." And ever since their meeting, they've been holding hands on the set, lunching together, and we even saw them out at Santa Anita at the races the other afternoon. So what do you make of that?

(Continued on page 98)



Wide World

Diminutive Lili Damita and her husband, tall Errol Flynn, seen as they attended a recent social event.



Wide World

Flashlights pop like machine guns in a war film, when there's a premiere in Hollywood, and every flash means another picture of celebrities for the news pages. Like this view of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda, and Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Erwin.



# In the Mood for Perfume

Whether they're deep and glamorous or light and gay, perfumes are getting a large share of attention out Hollywood-way!

By  
Elin Neil



There's witchery in that perfume Marian Marsh, above, is spraying into her hair! Three tiny bottles of gardenia perfume adorn Cecilia Parker's dressing-table. Cecilia places gardenia among her favorite fragrances, as she likes its smart sophistication, plus daintiness.

**W**HEN Spring comes in with all its splendor, everybody wants to be in tune! We steal the fragrance from the flowers and leaves and woodland moss to make them a part of ourselves. Or we look for a deep, mysterious perfume that hints at the coming-to-life of Nature and our own spirits.

Hollywood's in the mood for perfume, like the rest of us. Marian Marsh expresses her urge for enchanting fragrance by spraying a subtle scent into her glorious hair. And Cecilia Parker finds inspiration in the delicate yet sophisticated scent of gardenias.

Don't for a minute underestimate the power perfume has to affect the emotions of other people and form their opinion of you. It can very easily be the first thing that attracts a young man's fancy so he wants to know you better. Or it may be so dominating that it blots out the girl who wears it, so nothing but the memory of the perfume remains.

Again, it may be "just another perfume," mildly pleasant but no more interesting than shoelaces. Know how to choose and use perfume, and you'll have a hand-maiden to beauty that's always ready to do your bidding!

To make the most of perfume, you need more than one fragrance. Hollywood stars, who know their perfumes, keep several on hand so they have a variety from which

to choose according to where they're going, what they're wearing, and the impression they wish to create.

You don't have to have a vast array of perfume bottles on your dressing-table. Just as it's easier to be well-dressed with a few clothes that you know are smart and becoming, you'll do better with two or three good

perfumes that you know suit your type.

If your perfume budget permits only two, have a mild, soft fragrance for day-time and a heavier, more alluring one for evening gaiety. When you go dancing or to a party or the theatre, you are expected to be a charming woman, all thoughts of business or household routine aside. Your perfume may be enticing because it fits in with the atmosphere of romance and abandon to the pleasures of the moment.

The really glamorous perfumes, the kind that go with full evening dress and shaded lights, are the Orientals or semi-Orientals. The first are a blend of Oriental herbs and woods with a good deal of musk and civet. They are deep and haunting and indefinable. The semi-Orientals combine some flower essences with the Far Eastern scents.

These same perfumes that are definitely seductive and "fair play" for festive evenings are entirely out of place in a business office. Men who may like to be enthralled by a mysterious perfume at the end of the day don't like that disturbing influence during working hours.

If you're a business woman, use a mild perfume during the day. Just a hint of soft fragrance will add to the femininity which is always an asset when one works with men. But a heavier scent might antagonize. A pure flower fragrance like jasmin or *(Continued on page 68)*



# Freedom for Fredric March

Continued from page 18

question: "Now you're free, what are you doing with your freedom?"

First, because it is news, hear what this is going to mean to the Hollywood situation next autumn. For when the brown hills of Hollywood and Culver City glower down at a hum of activity as studios launch their programs for the 1937-38 season, one of the film realm's most potent box office attractions, the male star whose pay per picture (\$150,000), is about tops for the industry will be rehearsing his part, not for a film, but a stage play to be brought to Broadway under the aegis of one of the theatre's most prominent producers. And out in Beverly Hills the luxurious Fredric March home—one of the most elaborate of the colony—will be shuttered.

Meantime Freddie March will be busy making pictures, and producers will be busy trying to sign him for more films. The Hollywood demand for him is such that he hadn't completed his first picture for David Selznick, the all-color "A Star is Born," than Selznick started negotiations for March's starring services in a new picture, "Let Me Live," a story of a public enemy turned loose, after a long-term prison sentence, into a world that seems topsy-turvy to him. This March has signed to play, and will be his second release in 1937.

Perhaps more than any other factor, his desire to return to the stage is at the base of the decision Fredric March made when he set his new course. Maybe you don't believe this—maybe even he doesn't. But there's the conclusion, the only sum that seems reasonably proved by his own words:

"I got through college, received a commissioned officer's rank in the artillery, made good progress during a brief career in banking—all, it seemed to me, on my personality, or what have you? Anyway I was not satisfied that what I knew about any of these things won me the promotions that came. When I decided to go on the stage, I made up my mind that here was something I would learn from the bottom up. I knew I had not the knowledge and technical equipment to qualify me to properly command a gun battery in the artillery, yet I had the rank that permitted me to command one. But in acting, I was determined, I would know my trade, every bit and detail of it, so when I did get leading rôles, and reach stardom, I hoped, I would have the equipment to merit the distinction and responsibilities I was assuming. I worked, I coached, I went to the theatre; studied stars as closely as any stage detective ever scrutinized the ways and traits and tricks of a dramatic suspect.

"After I had played in a few Broadway productions I was offered a very attractive contract by William A. Brady. I told him I hoped he wouldn't misunderstand me, but that I was refusing because I didn't believe I was ready yet to step into the ranks of established players. I wanted to go out and play stock, work under the most trying conditions for a player, learn my business from the beginning. He was considerate enough to say he admired my resolve, and compliment my purpose."

Along the road to his goal came an offer from Hollywood. He and his bride, Florence Eldridge, were playing in stock in Denver. Came an offer from Hollywood, came decision to play a few pictures and then return to the stage. Came fame and prosperity, a popularity he never dreamed of for himself, opportunity to reach the large audiences never known to the mightiest stage star. And for nine years

pictures became his sole and only interest—though it is doubtful if Fredric March, for all the tremendous success he was enjoying in Hollywood, ever forgot for a minute that pledge to himself that he must attain the top as a stage actor or fail the very purpose he made a part and parcel of his entry into the acting profession.

There were, of course, complimentary circumstances to strengthen his resolve to be free in the fullest sense now that he had worked out his obligations under previous Hollywood contracts. And resolve was needed to take the step. For one thing, risk to his future on the screen he could not—nor could any other star—take lightly. He loves picture work; can no more be happy without doing it than he can without returning to the stage for a brief period at least. And Freddie March doesn't believe he is putting his picture work in peril by his present step.

"A screen actor," he says, "can wear his welcome so thin, playing in too many pictures and in parts that do not convince him, that his life as a popular figure is shortened more quickly than by a too infrequent appearance in films.

"Why, I had the creeps thinking what the anti-March fans must have felt when three pictures I did last year were given almost simultaneous release. All three, 'Anthony Adverse,' 'Road to Glory' and 'Mary of Scotland' played about the same time in New York. I could imagine how they slumped down in their chairs and sighed 'What, Fredric March again?'

"Another thing is the similarity of parts likely to come your way when you are under contract. I had a veritable rash of costume pictures. I heard all that talk about 'ham' that was gaining such wide currency in Hollywood and elsewhere. And I was more alarmed by it, than anybody—I mean alarmed in the sense that maybe it was true, all too true. As a matter of fact it is an easy thing for an actor when he gets all dressed up in a fancy costume to develop flourish in his gestures and all the swagger that goes with 'hamming.' I was so doubtful of myself that I coached for

my part in 'Les Miserables' to get the expert's view of my work and my execution of that part.

"For another thing, I am convinced that in order to do the best work it is necessary to get away from Hollywood now and then. You go stale there. I remember a pantomime teacher of mine years ago saying 'the actor's workshop is the world.' And I believe she was absolutely right."

Is it leisure, the easier private-life that tempts him in his new freedom?

"I am going to do all the picture work I can possibly get, under my conditions, with respect to story, part, director, and so forth," was a statement that denied this question before we had time to ask it.

But, we wanted to know, didn't this course he was taking involve a lot more personal responsibility, the assumption of control, the necessity of his own decision as to parts he would accept or refuse, the financial side of things which are set for the actor who signs to make a certain number of films for one or more producers?

"It's a terrible responsibility," was the answer. "I have my family responsibilities, a wife, two children, to consider. I can't pass the responsibility of decision, be it proven ultimately right or wrong, to producers in matters affecting the parts I play, or the story or technical values of the productions. That's up to me to worry about now—and it means lots of work. But I feel that if I do what I ought to be capable of, it will be good for me.

"When I went to Hollywood it was with a hazy sort of notion of doing some pictures, getting maybe the \$500. per week I was earning on the stage, or perhaps a little more, and let it go at that. But Mrs. March insisted I shouldn't be satisfied with anything like that. She said I could make myself worth more, and with this prodding and encouragement I did much more than I'd have accomplished if left to my own ideas. Well, we never know what we can do till we try. Now I am trying something I think is for the best."

Back of his ambitions regarding his acting, Fredric March is more the home



Off to new screen triumphs! Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton, left, say bye-bye to Florence Eldridge, Fredric March, and Gloria Swanson, as they leave New York for Hollywood.



type of man than the roving, gypsy-spirited fellow who so frequently is attracted to and becomes a great success in the theatre. Eager to provide well, and discharge the duties of his family responsibilities to the fullest of his talents. His wife, Florence Eldridge, and he were married before he went to Hollywood and attained his screen success. Through all the changing conditions that have come into his life, they have remained strongly bound to their home, and in Hollywood lived the home-life the actor of the speaking stage never really knows. Their two children are the very apple of his eye. This interview cut across what must be a daily ritual in the March home—the dinner and preparing-for-bed activities of his daughter Penny, (Penelope), and his son Tony, who was named after the character that was Freddie's first important screen suc-

cess, and perhaps remains his favorite rôle, in "The Royal Family."

He was an interested as well as interesting talker on the subject of this interview until that moment. Then an eagerness to be with the children and their mother as they went through the living room where we sat, to the dining room on the other side of a glass partition, curtained from ceiling to floor, betrayed itself through the clever disguise put on by a skilled actor and cordial host. And, dinner for the children finished, when these three came through the room again on their way upstairs where the children soon were to be tucked in for the night, my cue to terminate the visit unconsciously fell from my interviewee's lips when he told the children he would like to come up and hear them say their bedtime prayers.

He has the utmost respect for his wife's

ability as an actress, for all his own well-won and more spectacular applause as an actor. Thus he is definitely set against doing any play in which her part as co-star would be of lesser importance than the part he will interpret. He is not interested in doing a play without her as his co-star.

"Florence," he said, "was a star when I was a nobody in the theatre. I used to see her on the stage and admire her work and feel that she deserved even more recognition than was accorded her in New York—though what more I don't know, for she was a star."

So another man-and-wife starring combination will come to the stage. The play? They are still searching for that, and they have the help of the producer who will stage it, and who will search Europe as well as America for the proper vehicle.

So it's back to the stage for Fredric March and his wife. And it's more travelling for them too. But maybe the latter will be curtailed, because he is not going to pass up any good picture parts that come his way. And when those producers want a star they can be very convincing talkers. If they start harping on the line about how much more the wife and kiddies could have if he wouldn't be so darn choosy about this story or that rôle, Freddie's a goner, for sure, and he'll be doing three, or perhaps four, pictures a year—which is about all a star can do, contracts or no.

If he strikes a play that runs on and on, there's likely to be an enforced absence from Hollywood. Prolonged absences from the screen mean those things they call "come-backs." "Suppose the play is one that makes a success that neither you nor the producer will want to curtail it in what may be judged just the middle of the run?" we asked.

"Oh, gosh, that's another of the things that I have taken upon my own shoulders." And that's about as far as he seemed able to get with the problem.

Well, we left him to cross the bridge when he gets to it. When you are as free as Fredric March you have to get used to crossing bridges, when, as, if and how they loom before you. And besides, he can take care of himself—anybody can who has so intelligently and advantageously handled his own career as Fredric March has up to now.



What a party that must have been, with two Jack Oakies to pep it up! The screen's funny man cuts his birthday cake, designed by his wife, right, while his mother looks on.

## Once A Villain

Continued from page 59

than there would be for the artisan, a cabinet-maker let's say, to make only tables, when all the while he has the desire as well as the knowledge necessary to design and construct chairs, and desks, cabinets, and all the other articles of furniture turned out by his craft.

"It's bad enough playing unconvincing villains, but the conventional 'hero' type of character is even worse as a steady diet. As a matter of fact the actor's professional life is far happier if he does parts that lean more to the 'heavy' (how I do hate that term), than those cast in the mold of eternal goodness. If you want to check on that, just consider the rôles Bill Powell plays so superbly. They're men who are human enough to stray from convention's narrow path, and are vicariously satisfying to the spirit of adventure that's in the very best of us. But the characters that lean over backward to be mean, they are another thing. They're not real, nor are their offences forgivable. Nobody condones the cruelty of a child-whipper like *Murdstone*

in 'Copperfield.' Such people are offensive."

Does Rathbone yearn for characters that will go direct to the hearts and the tender affections, particularly of women—whose active regard and loyalty every actor in films admits is necessary to his life on the screen? Not at all. He has that without the build-up of a series of "sympathetic" parts.

"The only thing I hear in the way of advice from them is that I should play more human characters. But not the stylized hero kind. Of course, I have to answer by saying that I would dearly love to have such parts to play, and if anybody can persuade the producers to give me such rôles, I shall be eternally grateful.

"But you can be sure that the length of life an actor can enjoy in films is something of deep concern to me, as well as to any other actor. And I must say I have my doubts at times about the future if I cannot get more variety in acting assignments than I've been drawing these past two years.

"It happens that I love acting. I would want to go on acting even if I had no need for the material rewards of income from my efforts. Since my twelfth year on this earth I've felt the same way about that. My father, a mining engineer in South Africa, where I was born, had an entirely different career mapped for me. But the theatre was the only thing that interested me. I wrote plays when I was twelve years old—plays that; thank heaven, I and the few kindred spirits with whom I found mutual theatrical interests never even tried to act out!

"Now, after all these years of working in the theatre I want the best opportunities possible, opportunity to do the things I am capable of as well as the best monetary returns that can be made from my profession. That's human nature. And it's also natural to be concerned about the future if I wear people out, make them tired of me by doing a series of slab-sided 'heavies.'"

You can't cry "conceited" at Basil Rath-



bone for regarding himself as trained and qualified by years of experience and accomplishments in his profession to essay a more varied type of acting than has been permitted him these past couple of years in Hollywood. Gilbert Miller, stage producer who is not given to praising lightly, has said he considers Rathbone one of the most completely equipped actors he has ever seen on a stage.

From his beginnings in the theatre, Basil Rathbone, starting in Shakespearian rôles in England, has interpreted with distinction a wide variety of dramatic characters. His *Iago* won acclaim in England; his performances in Shakespeare and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" with Katharine Cornell were roundly applauded here in America. "He Who Gets Slapped," "Peter Ibbetson," "Command to Love," and a number of other important plays found him winning the plaudits of critics and public.

Since his return to Hollywood in "David Copperfield"—he had played in pictures before, with Norma Shearer in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" as the most important of several earlier films—Rathbone has been playing mostly the same sort of thing since his memorable portrayal of *Murdstone* in "David Copperfield." And we, the screen-goers, have as much trouble remembering him in anything but such merciless creatures as the Dickens villain as do the producers who cast the pictures we see. "Tale of Two Cities," "Anna Karenina," "Captain Blood," all found Rathbone as more or less rubber-stamp villains of the deep-dyed sort. A rather thankless part in "Garden of Allah," and a better one, *Tybalt* in "Romeo and Juliet" about complete the list of more important things Basil Rathbone has played since his return to the screen.

But in all these he proved too convincing a Menace Man to be forgotten.

Last fall he packed his baggage and his candid camera and with his wife set off for London, mainly to make a picture at a British studio, but also to travel and vacation a bit. Perhaps this would offer some change in the kind of parts he might play. But lo, and behold, the villain that Hollywood discovered in Basil Rathbone went ahead of him to the land of his acting nativity. And there waiting for him was a nice villain part, opposite Ann Harding in a play about a woman who marries a seemingly attractive man who turns out to be a pathological case subject to fits of mania to murder—particularly women. This, of course, is "Love from a Stranger," adapted to the screen from a very successful London stage play.

There's an amusing side to the manner in which Hollywood turned Basil into the screen's most velvety villain. Hollywood itself doesn't seem to know just how it discovered the bad in him—because Basil asked.

"David Selznick," he relates, "sent for me after I had closed a tour with Katharine Cornell in Los Angeles. We had played 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street' and 'Romeo and Juliet' there. Selznick made me a flattering offer to do *Murdstone* in 'Copperfield.' Later I asked him: 'in heaven's name, what did you see in me in those plays with Kit Cornell to pick me for this part?' And to that he replied that he didn't know precisely, but felt sure I would play *Murdstone* exactly as he wanted it in the picture."

Which is just another illustration of how shrewdly these top men in Hollywood guess—if guessing it is. They found a *Romeo* and turned him into a *Murdstone*, and the whole world cheered the feat—Hollywood's as well as Basil Rathbone's. Now Basil Rathbone is everybody's discovery at being so good at being bad that nobody wants him to be anything else.



Take Linit baths for skin beauty from tip to toe

LOVELY as a day in Spring is the way every woman likes to picture herself this time of year. You buy new dresses, smart suits and crisp blouses to make you look charming and fresh. But don't forget the girl inside the new clothes! For the kind of beauty that captivates, begin at the beginning—the skin on your body. One of the very best aids to body beauty we know is the Linit bath. Pour a generous amount of Linit into the tub while the water's running. Then swish it around. It transforms ordinary water into a creamy liquid that gives you a grand feeling of luxurious languishing. After you've bathed with your favorite soap and dried yourself, feel your skin. It will be soft and velvety. The fine, soft transparent film Linit leaves takes away shine so you won't need a dusting powder. Besides making your skin look and feel like a million dollars, Linit is healing to irritation and wonderfully soothing to chapped or windburned areas.

WHEN you look your most ravishing in your new Spring clothes is just the time you don't want the odor of under-arm perspiration to ruin the effect. Where this sin against daintiness is concerned, we're all vulnerable. It takes very little effort to apply a safe and sure deodorant, and it's certainly worth it to know you're above reproach. We're enthusiastic about Hush cream deodorant because it does the job besides being kind to the most sensitive skin. There's a Hush liquid deodorant, too, for you who prefer that form, and a very efficient deodorant powder. And if you want to carry your daintiness insurance right along with you, you'll like the little purse-size stick.

# Femi-nisties

## Spring Fever and Beauty!



Elizabeth Arden's new English Complexion Make-up gives smart light tones.



Dry rouge that lasts all day is Po-Go—from Paris.



Hush cream deodorant keeps under-arms as fresh as a daisy.

PEACHES and cream complexions are coming back in style! Elizabeth Arden, who is always one of the first beauty authorities to recognize new trends, has just brought out English Complexion Make-up to give that natural-looking, light-toned effect for which English women are famous. Brunettes may continue to use deep suntan shades, but we're willing to wager a great many blondes will "go English" with a result that threatens to be utterly devastating! The make-up starts with a foundation lotion called Ocre Lille de France. Then comes Royale rouge, Rachel Illusion or Naturell Cameo powder (sometimes both), eye shadow in Gris Brun (brown), or Blue Corbeau, Black Cosmetique on your eyelashes, and Royale lipstick. The sum total is a make-up that's delicate and smartly sophisticated at the same time.

WE DON'T like to admit we've been wrong, but it's our plain duty. We didn't think it was possible for a dry rouge to last right through a strenuous day, like cream rouge. But we've proved to our complete satisfaction that Po-Go rouge does! It's imported from France, still it's not expensive, and you can get it in leading department and drug stores. The secret of its "staying power" is that it's moulded by hand. It comes out perfectly smooth and soft, and it spreads over your skin so evenly it seems to be a part of it. It comes in five lovely shades and there are three shades of harmonizing lipstick.

JUST as we were beginning to think lips weren't getting their proper share of beauty attention, along comes a new product for complete care of the lips. Its name is Lip-youth. It's not a cream and not a pomade. We don't know just what it is, but we're certainly sold on what it does! It makes, and keeps, lips soft, smooth, firm, and young-looking. Apply a little before you go to bed and you'll wake up with a pair of lips you can be proud to own. What's more, it contains those youthifying vitamins D and F that counteract the withering or parching effects of continued exposure or advancing years.



# "Sure I'll Talk About Bob"—Bing

Continued from page 26

stopped to light his newest pipe. Mr. Crosby, Sr., came in with a bunch of checks to be signed. A secretary brought in a stack of mail. Larry Crosby handed him a telegram that had just arrived. Silently, Bing took care of the matters in hand.

"Another thing I like about Bob," he resumed, "is his sense of humor. He always has some funny crack to make, no matter what happens. We went down to the San Diego Fair together. Must have been in there about four hours, looking over the exhibits, the animals and all. When we came out, I discovered I'd left the motor in my car running. Bob looked at the car a minute and didn't say anything. Just as we drove off, he turned to me.

"That was the smartest trick you ever pulled, Bing," he drawled. "You'd never have gotten the car out of this mud with a cold motor!"

"Bob's a tremendously resourceful fellow, too," Bing went on. "No one could get him on a stage and cross him up. He takes his time, but when he does come out, he's pretty good. Did you ever hear about the night down at the Biltmore Hotel when he was unexpectedly asked to speak at a press party?"

"Well, we were all invited to attend this thing and it was a pretty big affair. Bob told me he didn't think anyone would call on him so he hadn't prepared any material for the occasion. The party got going pretty good. A lot of people got up and sang and did various other acts. Suddenly, they called on Bob.

"I'm awfully sorry, fellows," Bob began, in that slow way of his, "I just didn't prepare to do anything this evening. In fact, I'm just a little bit hurt at the whole idea. I didn't think I'd have to do an act to keep in good with you fellows. I thought you all just liked me for what I am. But as long as you feel the way you do, okay. You just don't need to mention me in any of your papers any more."

"There was a long silence. Then he went on.

"However," he began, fishing in his pocket, "if you ever *did* feel like mentioning me in your papers, I thought you might like to have this."

"And with that he unfolded the huge paper he'd pulled out. It was a life-size poster of himself. Then he reached in another pocket and pulled out a long biography, his Army record and half a dozen other papers—all about himself. He brought

down the house. The next act had to be held up until they quieted down."

The telephone rang. It was Mrs. Crosby, Dixie Lee to you.

"Where were we?" he wanted to know. "Oh, yeah. I was just going to say there's another thing I like about Bob. Generally, when people have sudden success like he's had, it kind of goes to their heads. But usually it's some person who isn't big enough to handle success. You see, Bob has been in the show business for a long time. He's been a minstrel man, a carnival man, a pitch man. He's been in vaudeville. Why, he even had a jazz band in France back in 1917. He's seen people go up and down. As a result, Bob is big and broad enough to understand that any break he may get is only temporary and that the only way to make it permanent is to keep his balance."

Just at this point, the telephone rang again.

"—can't go to dinner with you, old man," I couldn't help but overhear. "I'm on a diet. Got to keep in condition for my next picture. Why don't you come out to the house for dinner instead? Then you can eat right along with the rest of the folks."

This is just an everyday occurrence at the Crosby ménage. There's seldom an evening when the Crosby's dine alone. Their friends are welcome any time they care to drop by—especially at dinner time when Bing has completed his round of golf, tended to the unending routine of business and keeping up with his picture and radio work.

"Bob hasn't any patience or time for phonies, either," Bing continued, after that had been settled. "Bill" apparently was coming for dinner. "You see, Bob is down-to-earth kind of guy. He hasn't any time to spare for panhandlers or party crashers. He can spot a 'Johnny-come-lately' a mile away. His experience has been so varied, he's come in contact with all sorts of people and he knows the right kind when he sees them."

Suddenly Bing began to chuckle. "Did you ever hear about the big rib we pulled on Bob when we were making 'Rhythm on the Range'? Well, we found out one day that Bob subscribed to the Van Buren Press-Argus—his home-town paper. So one morning, we all got copies and sat around the set reading when he walked in. He got quite a kick out of it.

"While I was reading the paper, I no-

ticed there was a big argument going on in the editorial column. It was all about Bob. Seems the citizens of the town were a little upset because Bob was always poking fun at them over the radio. Bob had written them a letter, explaining that he didn't mean anything harmful by what he said and that none of the people mentioned were actual characters. The letter had been reproduced in the paper.

"There was also another letter reproduced in the paper. It was signed by a committee of three girls. It was also along the same line that the editorial took—they felt Bob didn't like his own people, etc. I suddenly had a bright idea. I wrote down the names of the three girls for future reference.

"Then I got one of the girls in the studio to write a letter to Bob, signing the names of the committee. The letter was to inform him that they were all three coming to Hollywood, and if he wanted to prove that all the things he'd said were not meant seriously, they would expect him to entertain them when they arrived.

"A few days later, we got some stationery from a small hotel in Los Angeles and had the secretary write him another letter, saying the girls had arrived and when would they see him? The letter was delivered to Bob on the set. He read it, but didn't say anything. He stuck the letter in his pocket. We were all watching him and we noticed he seemed a bit uneasy. He kept taking the letter out and reading it every now and then.

"Finally, he couldn't stand it any longer. He showed the letter to Norman Taurog, the director, and me. He asked us what we thought he ought to do. I told him to forget it, that they probably wanted to get in pictures or wanted to borrow some money or something. Then Taurog piped up. He took the other side of the argument. We got into a terrific discussion, Taurog insisting he must see the girls and I telling him not to.

"The next day, we had the secretary call him on the phone. She gave the name of one of the girls and pretended to be real sore. Bob told us he had dismissed the whole matter. But we found out that he'd made a date with them. He got through work about two o'clock that afternoon and we saw him hanging around the front of the studio. He waited until six o'clock, and of course no one showed up.

"He's never said a word about the girls since. I don't know if he found out it was all a rib, or not. But as I said before, he's pretty shrewd. He probably found out about it and wouldn't give us the satisfaction of letting us know he'd been taken in."

This is all quite typical of "the Crosby." He'll go to almost any lengths to pull a gag on his friends. And he can take it, too. I recall one time when he wore a very loud overcoat to the studio one morning. Everyone on the set made fun of it. Crosby didn't mind. He liked it, and that was that. Finally, someone hid it. Bing didn't say a word, but left the studio without it. When it showed up mysteriously the next day, he pretended nothing had happened. And privately, he was enjoying the whole affair.

"But the thing I like best about Bob," he went on, "is his absolute honesty. He's just not capable of putting on any sham."

And I went away, smiling to myself, because those were almost the exact words Bob had used in speaking of Bing. I guess they must really be a couple of nice guys. At least, each one thinks the other is—which is something.



Nelson Eddy gets his own goatee, to the amusement of Jeanette MacDonald and Elinor Landi, whose fur neckpiece Nelson uses to see how he'd look with chin hair.



# And Bob Turns the Bazooka on Bing

Continued from page 27

program, but he had the Mills Brothers coming out from New York and he couldn't do anything until they were through. I could tell he wanted me, though, because I heard he went to see the Woodbury people right after that. They turned me down. They said they wanted big names.

"I was pretty disappointed," Burns admitted, taking a long drag on the pipe. "I wasn't exactly down and out, but that old bank account was getting pretty low. Finally, I told my wife I was going to shoot the works and go to New York. Cal Cool, who handles a lot of the big broadcasts for the J. Walter Thompson advertising company, had told me he thought I could get on the Rudy Vallee hour if I ever went to New York. That had been sticking in my craw for some time.

"So we drew the money out of the bank and drove to New York. But after I got there, I got cold feet. I was afraid to call Gordon Thompson, like Cal had told me, for fear he'd turn me down. Every morning, I'd make up my mind to call him. I had his telephone number written in my little book, and I'd look at it every day and then find some excuse to put it off. First, I'd tell myself it was too early to call—that he'd just come into his office and was opening his mail. Then it would be noon and I'd decide to wait until he got back from lunch. Finally, it would be too late to call at all and I'd decide to wait until the next day. This went on for two weeks.

"Then one day I started to call a friend of mine. I had his telephone written right on the same page with Gordon Thompson's number. Suddenly a girl answered the phone and said it was the Thompson office. I was scared to death. Then I made up my mind it was just fate and I might as well go through with it. So I asked for Gordon Thompson. They told me he was busy. I told them I knew that, but he wasn't too busy to talk to me. I commenced to get my courage back by this time, so I told them I knew he wouldn't put me off like that if he knew I had driven three thousand miles just to see him. So pretty soon Thompson came on the phone. He asked me what I wanted.

"I want to get on the Rudy Vallee program," I told him.

"How long are you going to be in town?" he wanted to know.

"Until I get on the Vallee program," I told him. "I came here to get on the program and I'm not going to leave until I do."

"Well, I guess he thought I was just funny or something, because he finally told me to go over to the broadcasting station for an audition the next morning.

"When I got there the next day, a lot of men were sitting around waiting for me, looking kind of bored. One of them asked me where my script was.

"I don't use a script," I told him.

"Don't use a script!" he said, looking pretty mad. "How can you have an audition if you don't know what to say?"

"I just talk," I told him. "and I want to get on the Rudy Vallee program."

"So then they told me to go ahead. So I started talking about how the folks down home were sure going to be disappointed when they heard I was going on the Rudy Vallee program. I told them not to worry about my not making the grade on an amateur program—like I'd planned, but that I was just trying out on the Vallee program because the competition wasn't so keen.

"Well, by the time I got through, those fellows seemed to think what I was saying was pretty funny and they said I could go on the Vallee program. So then I went over and got myself an agent. I told them I figured I didn't need them to get me a job because I had already got it myself, but I wanted to have someone go over and talk about money. I told them I didn't really care about the money and so I wouldn't know how to make a deal for myself and that was why I was hiring them.

"So they went over to see the Thompson people and they told them I didn't care about money but I wanted \$250 a week. Then they came outside where I was waiting and told me Thompson would only give me \$200.

"I'll tell you what you do," I told my agents. "You go back in there and tell the Thompson people I don't really care about

from the Kraft people—Bing's sponsors. I never did know from Bing direct if he was responsible for that offer. He'd never tell you. But I've always had a sneaking hunch he was behind the whole thing.

"Then it was right after that I had an offer from Paramount to act in 'Rhythm on the Range,' I never found out that Bing had anything to do with that, either, but I've always had my suspicions that he did. He's like that about other people. He's always figuring out some way to give the other fellow a break. He doesn't know what the meaning of the word 'jealousy' is. Why, Bing would turn his back to the camera or even get out of camera range, if he figured he could give somebody a chance by doing it.

"That's why I was so doggoned mad at an article that came out in one of the papers one time saying we didn't get along. Fact was, I was having dinner out at the



Romance, not the kind acted for the movie cameras, but a real life twosome, are Binnie Barnes and John King, pictured above at a popular Hollywood night club.

the money but I'm a very sensitive person and I won't think they feel friendly toward me if they're going to argue about a little thing like \$50. Tell them I'll be so hurt I won't be able to do my best work if they're going to bicker about a small amount like that."

"So my agents came out in a few minutes and told me they'd agreed to pay the \$250 just to keep me happy!"

"Yes, but what about Crosby? Where does he come in on all this?" I wanted to know.

"Just a minute now. Don't rush me," he said, eyes twinkling, as he lit his pipe for the fourth time. "The next time I saw Bing was right there in the broadcasting station in New York. I was just finishing up on the Vallee hour. Bing was guest star on the Paul Whiteman program and had made the trip just for that reason. As I was coming out of the station, who should I run into but Bing. We went downstairs and had a drink together. We had quite a long talk and I found out how Bing had tried to get me on his program. And I knew then he had been willing to take a chance on me just because he liked me. He didn't care anything about my having a big name. He just liked me. And I felt pretty good after that.

"Well, the Vallee broadcasts did me a lot of good. The Thompson people told me they were going to put me on a program with Al Jolson. And then I got an offer

house with Crosby when someone brought in the paper. They'd asked me out for a fried chicken dinner. They know I like fried chicken. And they fixed up a lot of biscuits and things they knew I liked to go with it. When we saw this piece in the paper, I was pretty mad. But then Bing started to laugh, it struck him so funny. There we were, sitting at the dinner table in his house, while they were printing stuff about how we couldn't get along!

"Of course, I got all the sympathy. Anybody in my spot would. Crosby, everybody figures, is a big shot. So he doesn't want to give a newcomer a break. It made me good and sore! So you know what we did? We wrapped up a couple of pieces of the cake we had for dinner and sent them to the guy that wrote the article. On one of them we wrote 'from Bing Crosby' and on the other 'from Bob Burns.' Maybe it was kind of silly, but I felt I just had to let him know he was wrong!"

And then Bob went on to tell me a swell story, which I promised him I wouldn't tell, about heckling Everett. Everett, as everyone knows, is Bing's older brother and manager. It was Everett, lo, those many years ago, who took Bing firmly in hand and started worrying about his career. As a matter of fact, it was time someone started worrying about his career because it was evident at that time that Bing wasn't going to. He didn't even care if he had a career.



So when Bing brought his new bride, Dixie Lee, out to the house to live, Everett started thinking. He saw that this young brother of his was going to amount to something but someone else would have to figure out the whys and wherefores. And then Everett became so wrapped up in Bing's career, he couldn't think of anything else. Every little thing in connection with Bing's studio and radio work is a constant source of worry to Everett. And for the past few years, there's been a new game in the fun-loving Crosby family. It's called "heckling Everett." It's gotten to the point where they lie awake nights thinking of new schemes to annoy Everett.

And when Bob told me of his first meeting with Mrs. Crosby, the mother of the clan, I commenced to really see why he'd made a hit with the Crosbys. It was because they'd discovered he was not only a heckler, but a heckler from way back.

On this particular occasion, Bob had dropped in at the office of Bing Crosby, Inc., to see Bing. There was no sign of Bing but he was presented to Mama Crosby, who had dropped by to pick up Papa Crosby and take him home to dinner. Just at that moment, Everett came in.

"Have you met Everett?" Mrs. Crosby asked, proudly. "He's one of my boys, too."

Everett shook hands with the bulky stranger in a pre-occupied manner, muttering something about having met him

before. Bob, with a peculiar light in his eyes, pretended it was a first meeting.

"Well, well, so that is Everett," Bob said to Mrs. Crosby, in a rather sad manner, making sure Everett had not gone beyond earshot. "All I've got to say is that you must be mighty happy to have a boy like Bing in the family!"

Whereupon Everett realized he'd gotten more than he bargained for in agreeing to help Bing put Bob Burns over. Bob had caught on to this heckling game all too soon.

"Bing and I have a lot of fun together," Bob resumed. "We're going down to his ranch next Friday to do some shooting. He's a swell guy to be with. Do a lot of target shooting. Then Bing has a lot of horses down there we have to look over to see they're in shape for the races at Santa Anita. Play a lot of golf, too. You really got to play golf to be a friend of Bing's. Almost got in wrong the last time I played with him, though. We used to play together all the time, but the other morning we decided to split up and play against one another. It was just a lucky break, but our twosome won. And the funny part of it was that it wasn't much fun to beat Crosby. He's a lot better than I am, you know, and it didn't seem right fair."

"So now we've decided to go back to our old team work."

"You know, another thing I like about

Bing is he's so darned honest. He doesn't know what it is not to be. If you'd invite him to dinner, for instance, and he didn't show up, he'd never think of making up some big story about how he had to do something more important or was sick or something. He'd just say he was awful sorry, he just forgot. And you can't help like and respect that kind of a guy, believe me.

"He hasn't changed any," people say about Bing. Why, Bing doesn't know what they're talking about. If you pinned him right down, he'd tell you he didn't see any reason why he should change and what do you mean by 'change,' anyway? The very thought of assuming any importance or being big-headed has never occurred to him. He'd never be able to figure out why he should be. As far as he's concerned, he's still not a big shot. He's just an ordinary guy who's had a lucky break.

"And now I'm awful sorry but I gotta go and meet a producer," this big, bulky, bright blue-eyed individual announced, suddenly looking at his watch. "He wants to talk to me about my next picture. Thanks a lot for coming over. Sure am glad to have met you."

And I might have replied that the pleasure was all mine. In his own words, "you can't help like and respect a guy that's earnest and sincere"—like that old Arkansas hill-billy, Bob Burns, for instance.

## In the Mood for Perfume

Continued from page 62



Five-foot glamor shelf—the books are in another room of the Hollywood home of Ann Sothorn, one of the screen's most striking lovelies, who knows her perfumes and beauty aids.

violet or gardenia, sparingly applied, will be in keeping. Or better still, there is the floral bouquet type of perfume, combination of many flowers. I know of one floral bouquet that combines 167 flowers into a conservative yet delightful perfume!

The custom of letting a perfumed bath, or a sprinkling of toilet water or scented eau de Cologne, take care of one's daytime perfume needs has been gaining steadily in popularity. Bath essence or salts will impart a mild fragrance that is lasting. And a scented eau de Cologne or toilet water splashed over your neck, arms, and shoulders after a bath or shower will leave

a soft scent that is as lasting as that of a concentrated perfume. This method of applying scent avoids over-perfuming, which is an unforgivable sin.

I have seen a man get up and move from his seat on a train because he couldn't stand the perfume of the woman in front of him. He might have liked it at a dance, but it was too heavy and over-powering on his way to work.

Over-perfuming is usually caused by applying too much to some one spot. You should diffuse your perfume, so it seems a part of you. Perfume gives off its best fragrance if it is applied directly to your

skin. Toilet water or eau de Cologne can be splashed or sprayed over wide areas. When you use a concentrated perfume, the best spots to apply it are on your neck, inside the elbows and wrists, behind your ears, and on your hair and eyebrows. Perfume on hair and eyebrows holds its fragrance longer than on the skin.

If you put perfume on your clothes, do it at least an hour before you go out so it will have plenty of time to spread its fragrance. Artificial flowers are good spots for perfume. If you have any kind of loose, flowing drapery on your dress like wide sleeves or a flimsy scarf, a touch of perfume will make them seem more diaphanous. When you're wearing gloves, put a drop of perfume inside the cuff of each one to keep your hands delicately scented.

Don't mix your perfumes. Never apply a new fragrance as long as any hint of a different one remains. When you apply perfume directly to your skin, the next bath or shower will take away the old odor so you're ready for the new. But if you've perfumed your hair, you must be more careful. When you're looking forward to a glamorous evening, it's a good idea not to put any perfume on your hair during the day. Save it for the "big moment" perfume you use in the evening.

When you select your beauty aids, see to it that they don't have a fragrance that spoils the effect of the perfume you have chosen and applied so carefully. Rouge, lipstick, face powder, foundation cream, and dusting powder hold their fragrance. Be sure the ones you use are not too strongly perfumed.

Here's a word of advice to you who like to spray your perfume on with an atomizer. Whenever you put new perfume into it, remove all traces of the old. The way to do it is to spray alcohol through it several times, then swish alcohol around inside the bowl so it reaches every corner. Besides removing odor and cleaning your atomizer, this will take off any brown stains the perfume may have left.



# The Secret Heart of Garbo

Continued from page 19

closed Miss Crews, "laughs at all the stories about her as silly and ridiculous, making her absurd and unreal. She herself is the most thoroughly real person I have ever known. Everything she says and does disproves everything that has been said about her. Far from affecting any pose, she is altogether simple and genuine. Contrary to putting herself on a pedestal, she is humanly down to earth. Beyond any lack of consideration for others, she is kindness itself. A more generally misunderstood person never lived. This mistaken idea of her is, curiously enough, no doubt due to her being true to herself. She is so hopelessly honest that anything else would be impossible to her. Her one passion is her work, her one aim to give it her best. But it takes so much from her that she has little left to give to other things and other people. Her solitary life has become a matter of necessity. Yet there is still another explanation—Garbo is shy."

Miss Crews was silent for a moment. Then humorous eyes twinkled in that merry face of hers as she related: "My meeting with her wasn't at all what I had imagined it would be. Frankly, I dreaded it. To me she was just the great Garbo, and I was afraid of her. How to approach her, what to say to her, had me worried almost sick. I'd made up two or three little set speeches, but somehow they didn't set well. Anyway, I was prepared to spring one on her. Then everything was changed. I was in the scene where *Prudence* is going into the opera box, and I'd run up and down the stairs six times in a dress which weighed seventy-five pounds. Coming down the last time and puffing like a porpoise, I ran plump into Garbo and gasped, 'My God, isn't it hot?' She roared. Meeting her was just a laugh."

With the laugh on her, Miss Crews seriously added: "Garbo has a divine sense of humor. She is by no means the tragic person she's supposed to be. Nor does she look it. As to looks, I've never seen such beauty as hers. I'd always imagined her long lashes were put on. Not at all. They're her own. For that matter, there's no sham of any sort about her. She's all real."

When it came to the acting of a rôle famous the world over, Miss Crews spoke with equal authority: "I've seen any number of *Camilles*, but none at all like Garbo's. The first was Sarah Bernhardt's. At that time I was six. In San Francisco, where we lived, my mother took me to a matinée. After it I was determined to meet the famous French actress, so mother dragged me—or rather I dragged her—around to the stage door. Incredible as it may seem today, when no end of people line up to get a close look at a screen star, we were the only ones waiting for the great Sarah to come out. Smiling as I dashed up to her, she gathered me in her arms and kissed me. That kiss left the imprint of her carmined lips, and I was so proud of it I refused to wash my face for days. Years later I saw her again in the same rôle in London. Still later I saw Duse play the part in New York. Of the two Bernhardt's was the finer actress' performance. Duse's the greater artist's portrayal. There wasn't a trick that Bernhardt didn't use, but in Duse's performance there were no tricks. You knew Bernhardt was enjoying it, but you never got that impression from Duse. Garbo's *Camille* is like Duse's in its sincerity and simplicity."

"Had Garbo seen it?"

"Oh, no! Garbo never saw *anyone* play *Camille*. She said she was glad of that when I told her of others, among them Modjeska, Margaret Anglin, Nance O'Neill, and Ethel Barrymore. Garbo didn't want hers to suggest, even unconsciously, the slightest imitation. Here, again, her honesty was speaking. 'If I fail,' she told me, 'the failure will be mine alone.' I don't think she had the least idea of the great triumph she was to achieve. Her one hope was that she would be physically able to get through the picture. All along the part made such demands on her that she was in fear of breaking down, not only for two weeks as she did, but completely. That beautiful scene in which she ran with Robert Taylor all the way through the fields back to the cottage was a terrible strain on her, though she betrayed no sign of it on the screen."

At mention of Garbo's surprising thin-



"Let there be music," cry Henry Armetta and Hugh Herbert. But we suspect the wish is far more lyrical than their execution thereof.

ness, which made her *Camille* look convincingly ill, Miss Crews agreed: "What made Garbo's the most interesting, appealing and realistic *Camille* I had ever seen, quite aside from her incomparable performance, was the knowledge that here was a really ill woman playing one who was hopelessly ill. For this reason she looked the part as no other actress has looked it. No wonder, since she weighed less than a hundred pounds! When you consider she is a tall, large-boned woman you realize how gravely ill Garbo must be to weigh so little. This made her an interesting study to me all through the picture and her *Camille* a real person. 'My one regret,' she told me, 'is that I cannot reach the heights I want to—I haven't the physical strength.'"

As to whether that lost strength would ever be regained, Miss Crews informed me: "That is what Garbo is asking herself. In desperation she has changed doctors, calling in a Pasadena specialist. Everything now seems to depend upon what he may be able to do for her. On this hangs no less than her career. She does not want to go back to Sweden and retire. That report, she assured me, has no truth in it. Far from longing to shut herself up in a

castle or any place over there, she wants to go on with her work in Hollywood. Her whole heart is in it. 'I love every bit of it,' she declared, 'and I am so unhappy to be sick. I am fighting now to be well, fighting for my life—for acting is my life.'"

It was amazing to hear with what frankness the hitherto reticent star had talked of herself.

"I myself was amazed," admitted her confidante. "But I think her playing *Camille* had a great deal to do with the change in her. She seemed to want to bring herself closer to people. She confessed to me that she was terribly lonely. Always leaving at five, she said: 'I don't know why I go home. It is so lonely.' Almost pathetically she would ask me of a morning, 'What did you do last night?' When I told her of passing the evening with a few friends at home she would say: 'Really! That must have been nice. I envy you.' It seemed so strange for her, the great Garbo who could have anyone she wanted, to be lonely; why she didn't have people about her. 'How can I ask them to come and see me now after keeping them away for so many years?' she said. 'They wouldn't understand. How could they? It would be only natural for them to suppose I had followed my mode of living merely for effect. I could not explain it was because of shyness. The fault, of course, is all mine. I should like to overcome it, but now it is too late.'"

At long last Garbo stood revealed, not as a studied *poseuse*, but as a simple human being with a simple human failing.

"My first realization of it," said Miss Crews, "came with Garbo's readiness, even eagerness, to make friends with everyone in the picture. But one story that got into print told of her treating a little girl unkindly. The exactly opposite was true, for when that child fumbled a scene Garbo went through it seven times and helped the youngster with all the patience and kindness in the world. She was terribly hurt at reading the story. But her lively sense of humor was most in evidence. It amused her to watch me smoking a real cigar after the prop man had offered to make a harmless imitation of one. She had still more fun when the scene with the pigeons was finished. In collecting them the owner noticed one was missing. Garbo whispered something to him. 'Please, Miss Crews,' he begged, 'give me back my pigeon.' When I protested I didn't have it, Garbo suggested that I raise my voluminous skirts, apparently knowing what was under them. Sure enough! The lost pigeon was found nesting in my petticoats."

Another incident served to disprove the imperious Garbo tradition.

"Her greatest ambition in '*Camille*,'" Miss Crews revealed, "was to realize the death scene which she made such a magnificent piece of acting. One day when I wasn't working I walked into the closed set without knowing that scene was being played. Instantly Garbo pulled the sheet up over her face. Then, drawing it down off her eyes, she peeked out and, seeing me, called: 'Darling, come on! I didn't recognize you without your make-up. When I get through with this we'll talk.' Our last scene together was the first one of the picture showing *Camille* and *Prudence* as they rolled along in their carriage. Garbo seemed to feel it might be not only the last scene but her last picture. When I spoke of how happy I'd been with her, she choked up with the words: 'Yes, we have been very happy together. Don't say any more—I'm going to cry.'"



# Danger Below!

Continued from page 31

Slim began and then his rush of words were cut off by the quick cry from above.

"Headache below!" Two words to strike dread to the hearts of linemen and grunts alike. Even Slim sensed the horror of that danger signal.

In a flash it had happened, the lineman clutching frantically at the falling wrench and Stumpy missing it by less than a foot and grinning a little weakly at it lying buried deep in sand and the cactus it had uprooted.

"Tom!" Pop's voice was all hardness now as he glared at the man in the tower. "Next time you get the dropsy I'll have to send you down the road!"

Already Slim had seen all he wanted to see, had come to know all he wanted to know. This and this alone was to be his life.

"I could climb one of those towers," he said slowly.

"So could a monkey!" Pop laughed shortly. "But what good would he be when he got up there?" He stopped a moment as he saw the abashed look come over the boy's face. "Climbing a tower's only the first part of being a lineman, Slim. It's what you can do *after* you've clumb it that counts. There'll be three million people depending on this tower line for electricity. It's got to feed power to trains and trolleys and factories. It's got to carry light to streets and homes and hospitals. And it's got to be built so it won't ever fail. That's what line work is, and it takes linemen to do it."

"But that's just what I want to do." The boy insisted stubbornly. "Ever since I've been watching your gang it seems like I'm just obliged to get to be a lineman. Won't you give me a chance?"

"Sorry, son." Pop's hand went suddenly to the boy's shoulder. "You have to have experience."

He started toward the truck with the others already putting away winches and line.

"But experience is just what I need!" Slim followed him, protesting. "I'll never get to be a lineman riding herd on my uncle's ranch."

Their laughter was flung back at him as the truck moved forward and now there was only the sand and desolate cactus and the tower left to him.

The days went and Slim didn't miss one of them and now it was almost as though he was a part of it all himself.

Even Red, who had never much felt the need of anyone but himself, couldn't help liking this kid with the questioning mind and eager eyes, and he laughed as Slim stood by admiringly one day as he laced on his hook boots.

"Think your feet would fit these better than they fit those cattle trails?" he jibed good naturedly. Then as the kid nodded eagerly, "If I don't quit stunting you can probably have these before long."

"Why?" The question came eagerly. "Won't you want 'em?"

"No." Red's words came dryly. "I just want to be buried in my bare feet."

Slim looked at him long and hard. "What do you do it for if it might kill you?" he demanded.

"If you just sit and wait for it old age'll kill you just as dead as the highest pole you could fall off. I'd rather have some fun first."

"Me too!" Slim's words came in a rush. "I'm going to be a lineman, too."

"You going to ride your horse right up the tower?" one of the grunts jeered. "A

heifer chaser like you couldn't climb anything!"

"I can climb you high enough to reach your mouth and shut it!" Slim shouted, and the grunt squared off ready to fight.

"You pop off at me like that again and I'll bust your mouth in," he bellowed.

Slim rushed toward him.

"You'll spend the rest of your life wishing you had back the hand that done it!" he shouted, and the gang roared.

Red came over in that easy, laughing way of his.

"Go eat your dinner while you still got your teeth," he advised the grunt, and there was a new respect in his eyes as he faced Slim. "You really want a job?" he asked.

"Sorry, son," Pop put in quickly. "This gang's full." But there was something almost like regret in his voice.

"It won't be if that guy bothers me again," Slim said slowly.

## SLIM

A Warner Bros. Picture  
THE CAST

*Red Blayd*.....Pat O'Brien  
*Slim*.....Henry Fonda  
*Cally*.....Margaret Lindsay  
*Pop*.....J. Farrell McDonald  
*Stumpy*.....Stuart Erwin  
*Wyatt Ranstead*.....John Litel  
*Joe Braithewaite*.....James Robbins  
*Tom*.....Dick Purcell  
*Al*.....Carlyle Moore, Jr.  
*Mitch*.....Henry Otho  
*Ed*.....Dick Wessell  
*Griff*.....Max Wagner  
*Wilcox*.....Joseph Sawyer  
*Gambler*.....Alonzo Price  
Novel and screen play by Wm. Wister Haines. Director, Ray Enright.

He mounted his pony and was off, but in less than an hour there he was back again, his eyes straining against the sun as he looked up. And so it was that he was the one who saw Tom lose hold of the insulators and saw the long chain of porcelain discs plunging to the ground before any of them heard the quick cry.

"Headache below!"

There was no kindness in Pop's face or voice when he faced Tom after that first apprehension was over.

"You can get your money tonight, Tom. You're through."

Hard words, but Pop had to say them. That was what being a boss meant. Hurting one man for the good of the others. And a grunt might have been killed by that falling insulator.

"Ed, you can take Tom's place tomorrow." The steel was still in his voice as he went on: "The rest of you grunts pick up that mess and put it on the truck so we can go home. It's quitting time."

"Mister," Slim pushed forward, "you need a man now, and I'm the man you need! I ain't never wanted to do nothing yet as bad as I want to be a lineman. You gotta let me go to work for you. I'll work for nothing until you see I can do it."

"Not on no job of mine you won't," Pop said firmly. "If a man's fit to hire he's fit to pay, but I ain't sure you could cut it."

"I'm sure, Pop." There was Red grinning in that abashed way men have when they are stirred. "Give me this boy for a

grunt and I'll teach him how to cut it."

It wasn't what Slim wanted, being a grunt, feet safe on solid earth while men worked on that shining tower over him. But it was the beginning. And it brought about something that was almost like a friendship between him and Red and he learned as much about him as anybody could learn, and as little. And though nobody had ever known where Red had come from or where he was going he learned that he liked to be alone nights when work was over but that didn't keep him from being a better friend than others who had the easy gift of companionship.

He saw what Red was keeping from Pop, that Ranstead his co-worker on the tower was unsteady from nights of drinking in town and Red shouldered his work to keep the man's job.

There was that day, too, when two men came to the camp and seeing that Slim was young and new to the game took him aside to tell him how he could double his salary by gambling in town. It was Red who stopped that. His laugh gone now, his muscles tensed as he spoke.

"If I catch you coming out here looking for helpless kids again I'm going to put a permanent wave in your spine."

But that didn't keep Red from going to town himself on Saturday night. After all, what did a lineman make good money for if not to risk it in a poker game and feel a different kind of excitement from the daily one on the tower?

Slim had gone to town with the rest of them and he was at the post office getting a money order to send to his aunt when Ranstead came in.

"You busy, Slim?" And then at the boy's negative, "Pop and Red and I need some help. It's a crooked game, and there's five of them and they've got guns. So don't start nothin' 'till I get there."

Slim didn't have to be asked twice.

"What you doing here, Slim?" Pop asked as he came from the pool room into the small one where the game was going on.

"Looking for a poker game," Slim grinned. "I run into Ranstead on the street and he told me I'd flush my bird here."

Red looked at him with slow deliberation that told the boy he understood.

"Pull up a chair and sit down, Slim," he said tersely. "You'll do fine."

There was something swell about that kid, Red thought, seeing him take up his hand as if he knew what it was all about, seeing him take the cigar Pop offered him and seeing the muscles tighten about his mouth and nothing else to show his inner excitement when the door opened again and Ranstead came in.

"Well, boys, I borrowed some more money and this time I got an idea my luck's about to change."

It was the signal they had been waiting for. Slim reached over and pulled out the pair of aces from the gambler's sleeve and the fight was on. Quick, vicious, and conclusive, the linemen were there wielding pliers and wrenches before the others had a chance to draw their guns.

"They're still alive," Red said as he bent over the men sprawled on the floor. "I guess the devil doesn't want 'em!"

There wasn't enough Red could do for a friend like this. There was Slim to help along, to be taught from books and diagram all the things a lineman should know. To be taught on the tower, too. For night after night they climbed it, these two, with Red going over the work that had been



done, standing over him as he showed the kid how everything was done.

Ranstead was drinking heavier since the excitement of the fight and Red was doing most of his work now. But there came a day when even Red couldn't help him. That awful day when the shout "Headache below" didn't mean danger narrowly averted but a dead man lying on the ground.

A moment before Ranstead had been alive, had been laughing up there on the tower. Slim couldn't help that shudder as they carried him away.

"Come out of it, Slim." Red's arm went around his shoulder. "We all gotta go some day. It might as well be in a belt as in bed."

So that was how Slim got what he wanted. Red's friendship was the important thing, though, even more important than working on the tower. Slim found that out the day the men came from company headquarters to investigate Ranstead's death and the rumors of his drinking. It would mean Pop's job if Red didn't take the responsibility of being the one who had known about it. So Red took it. And Slim took it along with him.

They went to Chicago, the two of them, and Red's eyes lighted in a new way, the way they did when he put work away from him and gave attention to only living again. That was Red, for you. Working hard at his job and playing hard when it was finished.

It was at a hospital they stopped first, and when the girl Cally came into the waiting room Slim knew why they had come to Chicago and why this was the first place they had stopped.

For they looked at each other, Cally and Red, and it was different from the way people usually looked at each other for all that they were so casual. And her nurse's uniform making Cally look different from other girls, frailer somehow and yet stronger, too, and her smile coming so swiftly.

"Red—so you have come back!" Her eyes were happy and sad all at once. "How long this time, Red?"

"Same old story. Till the bank roll's spent."

"Same old story." She looked taller somehow, squaring her shoulders like that. "Same old Red."

"You didn't expect me to change, did you?" Red asked a little uneasily.

"No." The word came so slowly with her eyes somehow giving it emphasis. "I've given up expecting."

Red turned away from that look in her eyes.

"Well, this reunion needs some celebrating," he laughed. "What are we going to do about it?"

"Whatever you like, Red." Cally's laugh came in answer to his. "I'll be off duty at six."

"Good. Slim and I'll go to a hotel and change our clothes and then we'll pick you up at your apartment and take Slim out and show him how the other half lives."

"Listen." Slim put in diffidently. "If you two'd rather just be together I ain't fixin' to get in your way. I can find plenty to do alone."

"Alone?" It was Red's old laugh coming then. "A city like this eats lonely country boys alive. No, Slim, you're learned a lot about line work, but there's one part of it I still got to show you. How to step up the voltage in the bright lights!"

That was how it began with Slim adoring this girl because she meant so much to Red and with Cally liking Slim because he was Red's friend.

Neither of them knew at first when it began to change, when Slim began adoring her because she was Cally and because her eyes were brave and her smile tender, or



Many will welcome the surprise of discovering that the lady on the left is Polly Moran, making a come-back as a comedy colleague of Alison Skipworth in "Two Wise Maids."

when Cally first began to sense the strength that lay behind the boy's slimness and began looking for the glow that came in his eyes when they looked at her.

But afterwards they knew it was that day Red left them together at the table while he went on from the supper room of the hotel to that inner room where there were roulette wheels and all the other gambling devices that always stirred him to fever heat.

"Don't you reckon we ought to stop it?" Slim said quietly.

"You can't stop him," Cally said softly. And then quickly she turned the talk away, so that it was of another Red they talked, the Red Cally had met when they had brought him to her hospital after an accident on the tower and of the man she had grown to know during his long convalescence.

Then it was of Slim they talked and somehow it was as if she had always known the shy ranch kid he told her about and of the aunt and uncle who had brought him up and of the sage country and the pony he had ridden. They talked about the tower too, for the tower was part of Slim now, and Cally's eyes that had been laughing before were grave now as she listened.

"Yes, it's fun for you now." Bitterness underscored her words. "But you're getting into it deeper and deeper. It's getting a hold on you. Soon it'll get you as it's got Red. And you won't be able to quit even if you want to."

"But I don't want to," Slim said slowly. "And Red don't either."

"No, and he never will now." Cally's hand pressed tightly together. "But you, Slim, you're young enough to get out or get ahead. Go back to that ranch or go into maintenance line work where you'll have a future or do anything, while you still can."

But even as she spoke she saw her words couldn't reach him, any more than they had reached Red.

It was the next day Red bought the bracelet for Cally in the expensive jewelry store on Michigan Avenue, and he laughed when the clerk brought the engagement ring tray out, too.

"Did you think I was going to get married too?" He smiled at Slim.

"Yeah." Slim tried to shake off the depression that had come to him. "Aren't you?"

"Not for a while yet." Red smiled confidently. "I got my faults, Slim, but I'm still not mean enough to tie Cally to 'em for life."

Slim had to say something then even though every word of it went against the new knowledge that had come to him.

"Ain't you never stopped to think she might want to be tied to 'em?" he asked.

"Yeah." The words came sharply. "And that's why I am going to keep right on moving while she's still young enough for her wants not to hurt her. I think a lot too much of her to make a young widow out of her. All a lineman like us can offer a wife is to bounce around the country with him like a postage stamp—until he gets canceled. So the best thing I can give Cally is just what I'm giving her. A nice goodbye present."

That evening they went to Cally's apartment for dinner. Red had asked for that, and Cally had cooked a dinner the likes of which Slim had never known, with thick steak and onions and apple pie.

"Slim!" Red's voice came suddenly as he pushed his coffee cup away. "The moving finger has written. Life's become simple again. We're going back to work."

Suddenly Slim felt as if he were no longer alive. And Cally got up quickly and ran into her bedroom slamming the door behind her.

"I kind of hated it, breaking it to her so abruptly." Red got up and took the jeweler's box from his pocket and thrust it in her bag lying on the table. "But quickest cut, cleanest healed. I didn't figure she'd take it so hard, though. I'm glad I brought this along." He stared at the bottle on the table before him. "We'll have a stirrup cup and she'll cheer up all right."

Cally's eyes were still red when she came into the room again but Red had gone into the kitchen in search of a corkscrew so there was only Slim to see.

"Well, it looks kinda like we're going." It was something of a struggle to say it so casually and to grin while he said it.

"Yes." Her words came slowly. "I knew it when he said he'd have dinner here. It's always like this. I look up from my work



and there he is again and then all in a minute he's gone. And this time *you're* going too. Oh Slim, will you write to me? I never know from one minute to the next where he is or how he is or even *if* he is, and now I won't know about you either."

"Well, I don't write so good, but if you'd like me to—" he began and then he saw how different her eyes looked, softer and more tender and deeper even than they had been in that moment when she first saw Red again.

They heard Red coming then and somehow they were apart again and so he sensed nothing as he looked at them.

It was different going back to work with a new gang even with Red there working on the lines with him. Funny to climb up to the tower without Pop shouting instructions and Stumpy grinning up at them from the ground.

From the beginning Slim didn't like Wilcox, the other lineman, even before he began to show his jealousy of Red. Foolish for a man to get worked up because Red was so good at that work of his. As if he could help being the best lineman from one end of the country to the other. But when Red was promoted to the job Wilcox had wanted there was no mistaking the man's hatred.

So Slim wasn't too surprised the day he saw Wilcox flush when he came upon him working on the safety reinforcements of the ladder Red was using.

"I'll rig them safety lines, Wilcox," he said. "You ain't going to rig no ladder Red works on. I wouldn't trust one of your knots to hold a necktie."

Of course he knew he would have to watch himself after that. Slim was no fool when it came to sizing up a man and his hatred. But he hadn't expected the attack so soon. For with a lunge Wilcox drew out his knife and was at him and Slim had just time enough to swing his pliers with a smashing blow at the man's head as the knife struck him.

It was a small place, the Cactus Thorn Hospital, nothing like the big hospital in Chicago where Cally worked, and yet sometimes in the beginning when he was delirious Slim thought it was Cally taking care of him. And it hurt to come back to consciousness again and find that the nurse wasn't Cally at all but a huge, motherly woman who clucked at him like a friendly hen.

But one day the door to his room opened, and this time it *was* Cally. He knew she was real, for before when he had only dreamed her she had always been laughing and in her nurse's uniform. But this time she was wearing her hat and she was crying a little as she came over to him.

He didn't know then that Cally had given up her job in the hospital and the promotion that was coming to her to be with him. He only knew that she was there and that she was staying as long as he needed her, and somehow that was enough to know.

She was sitting beside Slim's bed when Red came in, and even then the man didn't see it was different from all the other times he had seen her.

After that there was a month of being together for Slim and Cally for there didn't seem to be anything this girl couldn't do once she set her mind to it. And she badgered the doctor into letting her be Slim's nurse and afterwards even the doctor said the boy wouldn't have recovered so quickly but for her.

It was when he was packing to leave the hospital and she was helping him that Slim was able to thank her.

"You don't have to thank me," she flushed. "I wanted to take care of you and get you all well again." She waited as the eagerness came into his eyes and was gone again and then she saw him drag out his lineman's shoes. "Oh, Slim! You're not going back to the camp!" she cried. "You mustn't! You can't! I couldn't stand it if you went back to that horrible work, ever. You can find another job—"

"I ain't looking for another job, Cally," Slim said slowly. "I'm a lineman. If I wasn't a lineman there'd be nothing left of me."

"There'd be me!" The words came in spite of pride, in spite of herself. "Slim, I didn't come out here to *nurse* you. I came because I had to, because I love you and I wanted you to love me. And you do, Slim, you know you do!"

She was in his arms then, his mouth holdings hers hard.

"I think I knew it in Chicago," he said slowly. "I tried to fight against it cause I didn't know how you felt and there was Red. And there still is Red. He loves you, too, Cally."

"No, Slim." She met his eyes gravely. "He thought he did, but he never really

loved anything but gambling and wandering around and line work. I did love him once Slim, but I learned—"

She stopped as the quick knock came at the door and the foreman of the construction gang came in. At first she was frightened, then her eyes glowed as she heard him offer Slim a maintenance job.

"Oh Slim, tell him you will!" she begged. "Tell him now. Don't you see what it means?"

It was almost as if she had not spoken at all.

"What's Red going to do?" Slim asked.

"Well, he got a wire from Pop Traver about a construction job back East and I guess he's going to it. But I'm glad you're going to stay with us, Slim. I've got to report to the office, but I'll see you soon."

Slim took a quick step after him as the door closed but then Cally was there flinging her arms around him and her happiness holding him.

"The first thing we gotta do is see Red and tell him the truth," Slim said then.

"There isn't much more to tell, is there?" Red's voice came bitter and hard from the doorway.

"No, there ain't, Red." Slim looked at him straight and hard. "We wasn't aiming to double-cross you but we fell in love and we're fixing to get married."

"Married?" Red's voice was suddenly flat, but the black scowl was gone now. "That's different." He found he could almost smile again as he closed the door. "Good luck to you."

Cally looked at the closed door for a moment.

"I know how you feel, Slim. But it's the only way. He'll get over it, he's got his work and his wandering around and gambling, and we—we've got each other."

Slim nodded, his throat still hurting from that look in Red's eyes. "How soon can you get your stuff together?" he demanded. "We gotta get married and catch the next train back to Pop. I gotta go. You can't build much of a future on broken promises. And I told Pop I'd come back."

"No, Slim!" Her voice came harshly. "I couldn't stand you being a lineman any more. If you go back to it we're not going to be married."

Afterwards she was sorry for her words and the tears that had driven her from the room. But then it was too late, for Slim was gone, and even as she looked about the desolate room she heard the train whistle as it left the station.

It wasn't easy, forgetting Cally. Even up on the tower with Red and things being the way they used to be between them and Pop down on the ground shouting orders and Stumpy grinning, she had a way of coming into his thoughts unexpectedly, and even months later the memory hurt.

Then came that night of wind and rain and thunder and the city suddenly cut off from lights and the emergency call that sent them out in the storm. One of the linemen quit after a few hours of it but the rest of them stayed.

It was then Cally came. She had gone to the boarding house and the landlady had told her where they were working, and so she had come as she had wanted to so badly in all the long, lonesome months away from him.

She stood on the ground looking up at Slim and seeing him there unafraid she smiled and flung her hands upwards. Then suddenly she steeled herself as she heard the explosive crack of a breaking winch line and saw it sweep Slim off the tower.

For a moment he hung there dangling limply in his belt and then Red made a frantic lunge for him and caught himself on the insulators.

Slim saw him on the burning wires and pulled himself toward the tower. But Red was gone before he could reach him.



Gloria Stuart and Billy Burrud, a boy actor who is one of Hollywood's most dependable troupers, are the outstanding players of a new picture titled "Girl Overboard."



It helped having Cally there beside him when he looked down on Red's dead face, helped to have her hand held tight in his.

"Lafe says he'll take you home," Pop said brusquely. "I reckon you'll be wanting a few days off anyway. We'll finish here all right."

"Yeah." Slim's voice came dazed and broken. "But I ain't going 'till we're finished here."

The old fear was hurting Cally again but when he turned and smiled she put her hand on his.

"All right, Slim, go ahead," she smiled steadily. "I'll be waiting for you. I'll be waiting for you always, now."

There was only time for that quick kiss and then he was climbing the tower again, higher and higher until she could no longer see his smile or the long, lean grace of

him, could only see the darker shadow he made against the sky as distance widened between them.

Something of his own valor stirred in her then and she wasn't afraid any longer. She smiled again and the hurt that had lain on her heart lifted, and suddenly she knew that she was done with fear forever; that never as long as she lived would she be afraid of anything again.

## Five Hollywood Wives

Continued from page 33

friends and the fascination this town will always hold for me. But I really haven't left any of that. Hollywood is still as much a part of my life as ever—through Stu. We have the same friends, we go to the same places, we enjoy the same things I did when I had my own career."

It was cold outside in spite of the Chamber of Commerce. The fire crackled cheerfully, shedding light on the tea cups, the thin sandwiches on a tray, and June's softly waved head resting in utter contentment against the back of a comfortable chair.

She reminisced: "At the time I married Stu I had made four pictures in a row, I was very tired and thin and in a run-down condition. We had arranged so that we could take a long honeymoon trip. We were gone almost seven months, and at the end of that time we knew Bud (that's Stuart, Jr.'s nickname—why I don't know) was coming. It was impossible to plan to return to the screen for a year after that."

"I sometimes think it was particularly easy for me to give up my work," she continued, "because there was never any big renunciation scene, or making up my mind one way or another about it. Even now I wouldn't flatly state that I would *never* come back. I hate closing doors—taking definite stands about anything important."

"The truth is that June Collyer merely drifted very happily and very lazily into being Mrs. Stuart Erwin. I suppose if Stu had put down his foot and said, 'No more career, young woman, you are a wife and mother now,' I would have always had that contrary hankering harboring in my soul for the forbidden fruit. But Stu wanted me to do exactly as I pleased about it. He doesn't mind if I want to dabble in something now and then. A couple of years ago we went on a personal appearance tour together and I never had such a good time. The only thing Stu has always urged me to do, is to be careful of my health, and to make sure I was strong enough before even thinking of a career on either stage or screen."

June almost died at the time of the birth of her second baby. For four months she remained in the hospital, her life hanging on a slender thread. When she was brought home to slow recuperation, it was certainly no time to be thinking of returning to the very hard work of the Hollywood studios. That was one important reason for her almost complete retirement.

"But if you really want the truth," she laughed, "I adore my home, I love being with my children, I enjoy everything about the management of a house, I want to be entirely free to spend every moment I can with Stu—and that's the real reason back of everything! I'm not trying to say that domesticity would or could solve the happiness problems of every girl who has had a career before the camera. I can only say that it has in *my* case."

She smiled: "I can't imagine two growing and husky children leaving much time for restlessness in anyone's life. But per-



Down to the sea in ships and very chic bathing suit, goes svelte Evalyn Knapp, between studio engagements. Evalyn and her husband own and sail their own ship, thank you.

haps that is because I spend so much time with them. We have a nurse and a very good one, but because I enjoy them so much I've made it more or less of a habit to take complete charge of the children during the morning hours.

"Of all the hours of the day I think mornings belong to children. We are pretty early risers as a family, and it is seldom indeed that I'm not in the nursery in time to dress the children and play games while the nurse is preparing their breakfast."

"If Stu is working, the children go with me in the car either marketing, or on short shopping expeditions in Hollywood. If the weather is nice we take walks, or work in the garden—though Judy isn't much help, there. She digs up as much as Bud and I plant!"

"At one o'clock I may have a luncheon date, or another, and more serious shopping tour, fittings and all that sort of thing which would tire the children. I never play cards in the afternoon—because I don't play bridge in the first place, and in the second place I like to be home by four o'clock. I like to arrange the flowers for the table, see how the plans for dinner are coming along, and to have one hour at least to read to the children before their bedtime. Also," June laughed, "I've listened to more bedtime radio programs than any other woman in the world, and I know it!"

"Stu usually comes home before six o'clock and the hour between six and seven we always spend out here, alone, because

we seldom have guests when Stu is working." June looked around the room with its deep lounge chairs, its magazine and book-strewn tables, the little bar in the archway. The playroom is built separately from the house for two very good reasons. First, the Erwins built it after the purchase of the main house, and then it permits for entertainment without disturbing the children.

"This is really the happiest hour of our day," she went on. "Erwin loves to mix around with some special cocktail recipe before our dinner, and then, of course, we have to devote fifteen or twenty minutes to the dogs."

"Have you so many pets?" I wanted to know.

"*Pets?*" she echoed. "We have a small-sized zoo! I'm not joking. Dogs are Stu's hobby, and we have eight champion show dogs. I'm not fooling when I say I think he gets more of a kick out of the ribbons they win than out of his own successful pictures. They are constantly being entered in this show or that one and we're constantly hiking off to Santa Barbara or even San Francisco to see how they fare with the judges. We stand like a couple of doting parents while the judges pass on 'points,' and we suffer every bit as much if one of our darlings is neglected—which isn't very often, thank heavens!"

"Between previews and dog shows it doesn't leave you much time for entertaining," I suggested.



June said: "It isn't quite as bad as that. We Erwins do enjoy parties whether we give them or one of our friends. That's one thing I particularly love about Stu. He's not one of those men to complain at struggling into his dress clothes if he knows there's a party afoot. He really has a gift for enjoying everything—which, believe me, is a marvellous trait in a husband!"

"Naturally, the parties we give here at home are small, intimate affairs. You see, we are a pretty crowded household what with the two children, the nurse, the butler and cook. I seldom plan a party here at home that this room can't accommodate."

"Our favorite gathering of the clan is about sixteen guests out here. In the summer-time, of course, we use the patio and the porches, cocktails are served here, and then about ten o'clock buffet supper is brought out from the main house and served on card tables. The menus depend

on the weather. In the summer we have cold sliced turkey, green salads and so on. In the winter, baked ham and Boston beans, salads and the usual run of buffet food. I came to the conclusion a long time ago that guests are much happier with simple good food than with all the trick, disguised dishes in the book! Men, particularly, like *real food* even at parties. Erwin taught me that! And it's a practice at this house."

"You see," she went on, "ours is not an elaborate household, and that is probably why the management of our home has never been any part of a task. There are no cut and dried rules about anything. Yet, surprisingly enough, we have fallen into very convenient habits of our own accord, which means that we have none of that usual movie difficulty of meals at odd hours and all that sort of thing. I think if Stu and I have any particular secret of happy marriage, and personally I hate marriage 'recipes,' it

is in complete freedom in thought and action with which we share our lives. That we happen to enjoy the same things and places and people is just an added break in the amount of real fun we have in being together."

"Right now we are full of plans about a new home we are going to build when, and if we ever dispose of this one. But we are just as excited over a trip we may or may not take around the world! When we get tired playing with those plans, we switch over to the show we might do on Broadway some indefinite season! The grand part of it all is that we may do all of those things—or we may do none of them. But we have a good time!"

Seeing June again after such a long time, I couldn't doubt that. She actually shines with the happiness she has found in the newest and greatest rôle she has ever played—Mrs. Stuart Erwin, at home!

## Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 12

"In England," said Mrs. Shirley, accepting the tea Anne gave her, "they used to have a baking day once a week. I had nothing to do with it, but I remember they used to make dozens of tiny tarts, at least one fruitcake, a spongecake or some white cake, and a jar of cookies. Nobody thought then of having things fresh every day, as we do now. Now we all buy what we want just before we are ready to put it in our mouths. Much more convenient, too."

"About the tarts: I remember we used to have curd tarts that were quite nice. They made them like the cheese cakes you have here, but they added currants or raisins. Then we used to have fruit or jam tarts, especially raspberry tarts with a froth of whipped cream on top."

"For a tea like this, we'd serve water-cress sandwiches. The bread would be as thin as paper, and the cress chopped up inside. Usually had a currant cake, too, but people didn't eat a great deal—just a sandwich or a slice of cake."

"Imagine—and nobody cared how fat you were then!" sighed Phyllis. "Do you know, Anne only weighs 100½ right this minute, and you never see her gain an ounce! She can eat ice cream, rich pastries, candy and everything and nothing happens!"

The girls looked at each other and giggled again.

"We have a gag now," said Anne, when she could speak, "that whatever happens to one of us, always happens to the other. If I go out all dolled up in a new dress and get something down the front, the very next day, Phyl gets something on *her* new dress! I went to Palm Springs last weekend and got a fever blister—you can't see it now—and when I came home, if Phyl didn't have one, too!"

"I tell you a nice thing to serve at teas," put in Mrs. Shirley, "you can have them for breakfast or for a hot bite before bedtime, too, if you have hearty appetites. Brioche is the name. I'll look up the recipe."

### BRIOCHE CAKES

- 1 cake Fleischmann's yeast
- 1 cup scalded milk
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1½ cups flour

Mix, let rise, add ½ teaspoon salt, 1/3 cup melted butter, 2 eggs, 1½ cups flour and grated rind and juice of ½ lemon. Beat well, let double its bulk, beat again, roll out ½ inch thick, spread lightly with butter, fold over to make



It's tea-time for Phyllis Fraser and Anne Shirley, whom you meet "Inside the Stars' Homes" in this story on pet Hollywood dishes.

three layers, cut in strips ¾ inch wide, bring ends together to form a circle let rise to twice its size and bake in a quick oven (425°). Ice with confectioner's icing and sprinkle with chopped blanched almonds.

"People have those for early breakfasts when they're going out to ski," commented Anne, "Phyl and I don't ski. We stand around and watch the snow sports and slide a little, but we can think of easier ways

to break our necks than that. We don't even go horseback riding. We play tennis and swim and let it go at that."

"I know what men like, if they come in for tea or after a picture," said Phyllis. "Biscuits! Any old kind. There's something called *Crispets* that are awfully good."

### CRISPETS

- 2 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons Royal baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons Crisco
- ¾ cup milk
- Grated cheese (Kraft)
- Fruit

Sift baking powder, flour and salt together. Rub the Crisco in with the fingers and mix to a soft dough with milk. Roll out quite thin. Cut in four-inch squares, on each square place grated cheese and slice of an apple, or any fresh fruit. Wet the edges and fold over in a triangle, pressing the edges together tightly. Drop in deep hot Crisco and fry slowly until brown on both sides.

"You can put sausage—little teeny ones—in those instead of fruit," said Anne. "You might die of indigestion, but they're good."

The doorbell rang and both girls darted to the window. A more than ordinarily good-looking youth stood outside.

"We *would* have company when we're busy!" they sighed. "Mother, tell him to come back!"

Before the youth was dispatched, the telephone bell was ringing. No sooner had the patient mother put off that caller than it rang again.

"There will be a mob here in half an hour," she said, returning, but she said it calmly. She's used to it with two pretty girls in the house.

"We have the nicest crowd!" Anne beamed. "There's Paula Stone, and Pat Ellis and Tom Brown and Owen Johnson, and Jimmy Ellison and Denny Moore and the Durkin girls—"

"We haven't seen Grace and Bill Henry since they were married," observed Phyllis, "they must be going domestic."

"All the kids play Tripoly now," said Anne, "it's grand fun. We play for a cent, and at the end of an evening you can lose as much as sixteen cents if you're not lucky! We're crazy about it."

"We're crazy, all right!" said Phyllis, and they giggled together.



# Plain Jane



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*Every morning*, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and powder goes on beautifully.

# Pretty Girl



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*Mrs. Arthur Richardson*

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## The Truth About Tone

Continued from page 22

highbrows bent on reviving the theatre. To be perfectly truthful, Franchot Tone expressed lowbrow leanings whenever anyone threatened to turn stuffy on him. Definitely he was a buoyant Bohemian. He was a lad who was constantly aiming for joy with a vengeance and he took his pleasure with a splendid gaiety, wherever he could find it.

Of course, he wouldn't settle anywhere but in the most frolicsome block in Greenwich Village itself. Instinctively he was drawn to the merry good fellowship of the artistic crowd—actors and actresses, authors and musicians and painters; the best ones, the bad ones, and the indifferent all attracted him. In those days he sought friendships with all sorts and ages. He was so vital and alert, so ever ready to share and to dash out anywhere or be dashed in upon, that in return he was affectionately dubbed "a swell sport."

For five glorious years the man you now know as a movie hero was an unfettered citizen of this intoxicating, uninhibited world of the Village. Each night he'd start off with his contribution to an outstanding play uptown; then he'd return to play the night through until dawn. The colorful cafés where the tourists go were too trite for him. Franchot set the rendezvous at a tavern like The Black Cat or The Pirate's Den. There was sure to be plenty of lively talk and laughter, with Franchot generally inspiring it by some sudden witicism or preposterous gag.

It was he, I recall, who danced with a stunned street cleaner beneath the L on 6th Avenue. Franchot and pals were wending their way home from Tony's about four a.m. A trifling argument arose. "I'll bet you can't get a street cleaner to dance with you!" That taunt was something a Tone positively couldn't dismiss as of no consequence. He strode towards the first white-wing they sighted. "My friends and I have been debating the relative merits of the waltz and the fox-trot. Now you seem to be a person who'd recollect the majesty of the Viennese waltz. You do, don't you?" A dubious yes was evoked. "Then," remarked Franchot as casually as possible, "I believe you'll help me prove my point. You'll allow me?" And before the astounded street cleaner could muster up a retort of any kind, he was being waltzed around, in and out of the elevated's structure, by this mad gentleman in white tie and tails!

So long as I've said this much, I might as well disclose what Franchot did with the sum he earned by winning this bet. It's never been mentioned in print, but here's the story. He bought himself a park bench, ordering it the identical size of the Central Park settees, and with the standard paint job. The evening it was delivered he and his confreres in this particular adventure toted it into the park and relaxed on it until an officer came into view. Then they calmly picked up the bench and began to walk away with it. Naturally, this caused official protest. When they persisted that it was their own property and refused to leave it, the wagon—no less!—was summoned. In night court Franchot produced the bill of sale and they were acquitted. So the devils taxied their teaser right back to the park and were picked up by another irreconcilable hand of the law. The third time they were sired to court in a Black Maria the poor judge was fit to be tied. "Enough is enough!" he shouted, forgetting his dignity. Never one to be a pest, Franchot politely shouldered his bench and re-

tired well satisfied with the night's romp. The crowd that had gathered at the rumor of these goings-on gave him a rousing cheer. Here was a man among mice!

I recall that it was when his fifth year in the Village rolled around that Franchot scored so decidedly on Broadway and resolved to take a real apartment. He moved a couple of blocks from the attic haven. He went to Macy's basement and bought the unpainted furniture he wished, and he hired a Japanese boy to be the man of all work. But still he didn't go grand on his gang. It remained open house any hour, literally; Franchot never objected to being piled out of bed to barge somewhere or to listening to the latest news of his sophisticated neighbors. And while he was extolled as the most amusing young actor in New York's most exhilarating group, he didn't toil at the reputation. Nothing pains him more severely than a pretender to poise and position; nothing can stop him from taking the wind out of such absurd people's sails. That is, nothing could until he came to Hollywood.

He was content enough there, steadily climbing in the theatre, chasing fun, and cheerfully flirting with love. Romance intrigued him and there were those rapturous times when, like all young men, he felt this particular girl was his everlasting passion. There were no dreary "Must Nots" in this extemporaneous life. His acting became so noticeably fine, though, that Hollywood scouts besieged him with proposals for tests.

In Hollywood Franchot stumbled upon immediate fame and upon the big love of his life. All this you know. Yet what you don't know is how being in the movies has revolutionized his habits. Immediately he recognized that he was in for a different schedule. He realized that he'd have to curb his spontaneity, his craving for informal recklessness. In addition to his gaiety, he possesses a keen intelligence, you see.

Franchot strikes Hollywood as an extraordinarily self-contained star. It can't get him to be spectacular and it supposes that he is a pretty sedate soul. Actually, the boy's simply no fool. He's been playing dumb to the gallery that's perpetually peering at him because he's smart. He hasn't changed fundamentally; he still relishes fun. But if he's been seriously misjudged it's because he's been so darned on guard. He understands that he *has* to be, that folks gossip when you lead the most conventional existence in Hollywood and it's silly to give them extra reasons to chatter when they're bound to misinterpret.

This is why Franchot goes out seldom, why he is called "poor copy" by the press. He doesn't have many friends in Hollywood, either; which is too bad. He soon caught onto the local trick of promoting friendships for profit and he doesn't want to be used that way. He wants to be liked for himself alone, not for what he might be able to do for someone. And since it's so hard to distinguish the genuine from the shrewdly ambitious, in Hollywood, he has crawled within a shell.

"This mold I've had to pour myself into is a fierce one to take," he said to me when he was at RKO co-starring with Katharine Hepburn in "Quality Street." Hepburn had ordered all writers kept off the sets, but Franchot, who is secretly amused at such temperament, had democratically had me smuggled onto the set and into his canvas dressing-room. "What can I do?" he continued. "When I got my contract with



Metro, before I'd even stepped onto the train, a leading columnist announced me as a society playboy whose chief objective was backing shows! Well, I had more surprises. I arrived here to be nearly typed as a stuffed shirt hero. Next I learned that all that interviewers really wanted from me was data on Joan. There's no one I'd rather discuss, but not publicly. It's presumptuous of me; anyway, I've no desire to cash in on her success! Out here they're so anxious for fancy scoops that they leap to amazing conclusions. They leap so fast and frequently that after a bit I figured, 'Oh, what's the use of denying that dizzy tale? Another whopper will be circulating in its place by next week!'

"For instance, that myth about the little theatre we have in our garden should be exploded. It is *not* for Joan to learn stage acting in, and never was so intended! I've read that it was built so I could teach her the technique of the footlights. That's a sample of the incredible situations I've been in since I've been here. Joan doesn't require any special coaching from me or anyone else to be able to act on the stage. She is an actress. And she couldn't do much emoting in that theatre of ours, despite the the touching tale that was printed of her horrible stage-fright when she made her debut the other evening—before our customary 'gathering of intellectuals.' They're another joke, incidentally. We have interesting friends, but none of us claim to be 'intellectuals!' To get this matter of the theatre straightened out once and for all—when the swimming pool was put in Joan designed a bath-house for one side and a small, matching theatre for the other. Just a theatre where movies could be run. The widely touted stage is nothing more than a raised platform, elevated so that our sound machine will go underneath it!"

In "Personal Appearance," the play from



Cary Grant, Jack Oakie and Edward Arnold—what a casting coup that is—give you an idea of how they'll appear in "Toast of New York."

which Mae West's last picture was adapted, there was a sarcastic crack which nightly had metropolitan audiences in stitches. The movie-struck girl had been plying the press agent stuck in the sticks with questions. She wound up with, "What is the truth about Franchot Tone?" The flip retort was, "Only he and his maker know!" It meant anything you cared to think and everyone out front, like hundreds of *Little Audreys*, impudently just laughed and laughed. This sally was axed when the plot was altered for the screen. I'm sorry, because it might have made Hollywood itself wonder enough to investigate Mr. Tone. The unadulterated truth about him is that it's all Fun to Franchot. Life, love,

and work—he regards all three with a profound gaiety. The essential thing about him—and it's been so overlooked—is his ruling sense of humor. It seasons his every action when you penetrate his movie-actor front. Learn of it and you chuckle with a man who is far more fascinating than the handsome hero Hollywood ballyhoos.

Hollywood hasn't robbed him of his aspirations; he yearns more than ever to create memorable characters for appreciative audiences. But how it has stomped upon his zest for pranks, how it has turned him into a recluse!

"Fun has to be spur-of-the-moment," he explains. "Here if I determined to enliven my spare hours by stirring up some healthy

## DOWN TO HIS LAST FRIEND

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mischievous I'd be accused of skylarking just for the publicity, or because I was an awful individual. Mountains would spring from molehills!" In New York, he says, no matter how much stage prominence is attained an actor can go about virtually unnoticed. There he was accustomed to going wherever he wanted, whenever, and however. He was unhampered by inquisitorial witnesses. However, Franchot the inherently festive is by no means absolutely squelched by the spotlight. In the privacy of his home—his and Joan's house in Brentwood—he is as diverting as of yore. There he can safely be so. There a few faithful friends gather, and while they may be highly accomplished they positively have a penchant for fun, also. The atmosphere at the Tones' is cozy, not grandiose. And if the company is slightly erratic, all the better in Franchot's eyes!

Those chums who drifted into his carefree yesterdays haven't been relegated to oblivion. Maybe he doesn't make new pals so easily in Hollywood, but he's glad to hear from his partners of yore. He retains the identical Japanese who was major domo in his Greenwich apartment, and this wistful Oriental cherishes the wild hope that the master may some day burst loose again.

Franchot, much as he yearns to, is hold-

ing back. The occasional comedy rôles he rates give him a little release; he particularly enjoyed that slap-stick part in "Love On the Run." That's the way he'd revel in tearing around Hollywood, if only he could.

He knows it's wisest to stay in the mold he has poured himself into. Still, he does wish he could attend the next gala premiere in sweatshirt, cords, and sneakers. It might top that noteworthy experiment on Fifth Avenue. Just before he was transported to the town where there are eagle eyes bugabooing him, he ventured forth with two companions in crime. They were picturesquely done up as city workmen. At four in the afternoon they nodded agreeably. They approved of a spot directly in the middle of the fashionable street, not far from the intersection of 46th Street. It goes without saying that they promptly disrupted traffic. The number one partner leisurely put up a "Do Not Disturb" placard and lounged against it, gazing at the jam they were causing with a jaundiced air. Meanwhile, Franchot and partner number two lustily swung their picks. When they'd dug quite a huge hole square in the center of the avenue they packed up their sign and tools and departed. "No one," sighs Franchot, "objected in the least!"

## Workaday Girl

Continued from page 23

even her manicure looked a week old.

She said, "Let's sit in that little room off the bar. There are only a few tables in there—it's quiet and away from things." Further proof that she hadn't changed: "being seen" by those other celebrities who haunt Lucey's held no pride-profit for her! Girls usually become actresses with one of two things in mind. Either they yearn for the favors of fame: the money, the adulation, the power and the glamor; or they turn to acting simply because they love the work. It only takes you five minutes to find out; Frances Farmer belongs to the latter group. All her life she has been a serious workaday girl, and that she has arrived somewhere today she owes entirely to her own integrity of spirit—not to beauty, or pull, or any insane restless over-trodding ambition. And the fact that she has reached her success makes no difference at all in her behavior.

College was her first objective in life and she had almost as much trouble achieving it as she did, later, in getting into pictures. There was never very much money in the Farmer treasury, and there were three children to be educated—an older brother and sister first, and then Frances. It was decided, by the family, that all the children should major in journalism. Mrs. Farmer was a well-known dietitian and had written several books on the subject. Mr. Farmer was a lawyer, and had contributed numerous articles to magazines. Both the older children had shown inclinations to write and Frances was a bookworm. Also, Frances, in high school, had written a prize-winning essay. So the choice seemed logical.

"That essay, incidentally, was something we didn't mention very often around the house," Frances explained. "I had gained quite a bit of notoriety from it, but not the kind that the family had relished. It was called 'God Dies.' It was a personal narrative of my reactions to the pictures of God which had been painted to me since I was a kid. How I had at first thought of Him as a venerable old man, with long

white whiskers—sort of a saintly Santa Claus—and how, as the years went on, I had found that Santa Claus was a fable, and had begun to think God was too. It was a very simple thing, really, the disillusionment of a child whose prayers were not answered. A rather unusual subject for a school essay, I'll admit. But the teacher, a wild redheaded Scotch woman, encouraged this sort of personal thing, rather than the usual cut and dried essay subjects. And after I had written it she entered it in a contest conducted by the Scholastic Magazine. I didn't know about it until I received the hundred dollar prize and—well, until the letters began pouring in. Not only to me, but to my teacher. They were all from religious fanatics, and rabid! How could a young girl be encouraged in such atheism! They attacked not only my lack of reverence, but insisted that my sponsor was a threat to the religious morals of the high school. There was really an awful fuss—editorials in the newspapers—and finally the teacher was dismissed. It was a great eye-opener to me. Until that time I had never dreamed that there were so many narrow-minded people in the world. It did something to me. It was a disillusionment about people, and in my own mind it sort of set me apart from others. I was pretty revolutionary, I thought, and my school mates looked at me in a strange way, too. And as for the family—well, I was a 'queer 'un' from then on. Not to be entrusted with too much freedom.

"I remember the summer before I went to college I was looking for a job, to help pay my tuition. I auditioned for the manager of the 'Blue Danube' chain of restaurants. They were looking for a troupe of singers to travel from one restaurant to another and I was accepted. I was pretty thrilled about the idea until Mother heard about it and said it all sounded wicked to her. A cabaret singer! I explained that the restaurants weren't really wild—they only served beer—they were very nice continental beer gardens, really. But singing wicked



songs to men customers—it was unlady-like! But we weren't to sing wicked songs! I tried to explain. Ballads were the only things we'd sing, and what could be wrong with ballads? But I couldn't break her down.

"That first year, at the University, in line with my journalistic course, I worked on the school paper. If I'd been a success at it, I might be a newspaper woman today, instead of an actress. But they assigned me to the infirmary beat, and that was pretty dull, and I was always late with my copy, or it never turned up at all, and finally I was fired. So then, occasionally, I began writing dramatic reviews. We had a marvellous little theatre right there on the campus, and suddenly I found myself becoming more interested in that work than in writing, so I changed my course and switched over to drama. Often I had to rehearse late at night, and finally I persuaded the family that I should take a place by myself near the campus. It was my first break away from domesticity, and I loved it. I could read and study as late as I liked. I could pile the dishes in the sink if I wanted to, and I didn't have to sit down to meals that were full of dietetics-talk. That was the thing that always jarred me a bit at home. Mother and Edith, my sister, were always discussing the proper way to bake biscuits, the calories in this and that, the vitamin value of eggs! It was something for which I could never find much sympathy.

"The next summer I went to Mount Rainier, to work as a waitress. I had imagined that I would have plenty of time to study, but there were few free moments. Work, work, work, from six in the morning until ten at night, and with only an hour or two off during the day. It was quite a grind, being on your feet all the time, and at night I had to take part in the 'entertainment' for the tourists. I sang *Pale Moon*, as part of the Indian Program. I sang it every night for three months. And for the waiting on table and singing I received \$25 a month. But it was an important summer for me, in one respect. Toward the end of the season, an English professor came to stay at the hotel for a while. He was an older man, very distinguished and interesting-looking, and the first time he came in, he sat at one of my tables. He gave me his order. I passed it on to the chef. Then I noticed that he was reading a book which I had just finished. I couldn't resist saying something about it. Well, I stood there, so engrossed in his brilliant comments, that I quite forgot the order. It got cold standing on the shelf, and the chef nearly fired me. But the professor said it didn't matter at all—he'd eat it cold; and of course, from that moment on, we were friends. He loaned me some of his books, a lot of them plays, and every meal after that became a lesson really. The summer wasn't wasted after all."

That last statement is amazingly indicative of her character, her viewpoint. When Frances Farmer suddenly decided that she wanted to be an actress, she did not waste time stewing about the fact that she had not been born into a theatrical family, or a theatrical town. Seattle certainly held few professional opportunities. She must eventually get to New York, the mecca of all stage-inclined young actresses; but the how or when of it never prematurely troubled her. She wasted no time dreaming of the break that would come along.

And she was never too proud to do any kind of work to help her through that drama course at college. When she returned to Seattle that fall, she was still shy some money, so she took an ushering job in the Paramount Theatre, planning to re-enter the University at the beginning of the sec-



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Close-up of a Hollywood cutie breakfasting in bed! Above, Constance Worth, young Australian actress, who is soon to make her début in an American screen production.

ond half of the year. In the meantime she kept in touch with the dramatic coach, and learned that there was a possible part for her coming up, in "Alien Corn." She began studying the part. If you were a patron of the Paramount Theatre in those days, you might have run into her often at the top of the balcony stairs. She stood there in a pair of ill-fitting blue velveteen pajamas and blue satin shoes. Usually she had one hand stretched out, but it was less of an ushering gesture than an acting one. And sometimes she'd be mumbling to herself. Or sometimes, if she didn't hear you on the thickly carpeted stairs, she'd be

declaiming quite loudly—for, yes, Frances Farmer, usherette, was rehearsing what she hoped would be her part in a play.

It all happened to her, quite as it does to the *Cinderella* heroines in Faith Baldwin novels. But the wand was waved, strangely enough, not by a person, but by a magazine—a rather radical magazine which, during Frances' last year in College, coincidentally enough, ran a subscription contest in Seattle. And it was quite by chance that Frances happened to get mixed up in it. By this time she was quite well known on the campus. She had made a hit in "Alien Corn" and several other

plays, and she was a leader in the dramatic group. Because of her popularity the magazine was very anxious to get her into the contest, and a friend finally managed to persuade her. Frances accepted without even knowing what the prize was. For several weeks she did nothing about getting subscriptions; then when she heard that the first prize was a trip to Russia she was suddenly inspired to action. Not that she wanted to go to Russia particularly. But this would mean going to New York first, and coming back to New York, and if a side trip to Russia was thrown in, what of it?

"I worked like a demon! I jammed subscriptions down all my friends' throats. Yes, and I won the contest, but I never dreamed what a boomerang it would be! Poor Mother—when she heard about it, she was sick. Here I was, a girl from a good American family, apparently the mainstay of the radical movement in Seattle! She was not only shocked; she said she was embarrassed, and told the reporters so. You see, the papers had gotten hold of it, in the hope of digging up a red scare on the campus. I was interviewed, my professors were interviewed, my family—everybody! Mother begged me to give up the trip. But I couldn't, I finally showed her that. The only way to preserve any dignity now, was to go. Not that I cared about the dignity part, but she did. I was on my way to New York!

"Well, it was as though I were going to the end of the world. They wept and wailed as though I was being sent off, a sacrifice to some heathen god. Yet it wasn't a very illustrious going; I was sent by bus! Still it was exciting to me, going any way; I had never been off the west coast! I had only a hundred dollars extra. My hotels and transportation were all paid

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for, of course, but I knew I would need that when I got back to New York, after the trip. So I didn't even rent myself a pillow for the bus. Oh, I hung on to that money! I had to, and I did, cheerfully, because it was all I had on which to start my career.

"I was only in New York a day or so—I had to sail on the boat they picked for me. I was gone about a month. The trip is a story in itself—Leningrad, May Day in Moscow, and then I went to Berlin, and Paris, and London. Oh, it was a wonderful experience, every minute of it, but the most important thing happened on the boat, coming back. It didn't seem very important at the time, but as it turned out, it was. I met a doctor who said he had a theatrical friend in New York who might help me to become an actress. I never dreamed that he meant someone who would help me get into pictures. If I had realized that, I probably would have said, 'Oh, but I'm not interested in pictures—I don't think I'm right for them—I want to go on the stage first. Maybe later.' But the friend showed up several days after we docked and took me off to meet 'somebody' and that somebody turned out to be Oscar Serlin, then testing director of Paramount. He interviewed me and said he thought he would give me a test in a month or so. In the meantime he gave me several scripts to study. I didn't go back for quite a while. I stalked Broadway instead. It was midsummer and there was very little casting. There wasn't even anybody in the casting offices except the office boys. It was very discouraging, and my small amount of money was getting very low. There was nothing to do but to go back to Paramount. Finally I had my test and finally they accepted me. It was just an ordinary stock contract, with very



Proving that screen newcomers play in the swimming pools as well as the pictures, are Gordon Jones and Kathryn Marlow, above.

little money, and I was *miserable* the day they sent for me to come to Hollywood. I had heard how stock actresses got hidden away; how they sometimes didn't even get picked for a part; how months could go by without being allowed to do anything, and then how suddenly and with what a thud their option could be dropped. But if I had waited until I had made my name on the stage—

"Still, there was a lucky star guiding me. Miss Lawton, the studio coach, was encouraging and helped me get parts. Then I met Leif Erikson; we fell in love and were married. No, marrying had never been part of my plan—but then you see, I hadn't met Leif yet, either. So that really turned the trick. Now I wanted to stay out here, with him, and make a success of it. Then came 'Come and Get It,' and how I got the part I'll never know, but I did and it was the most fortunate thing that ever happened to me."

It was a plum that Frances picked in "Come and Get It," but it wasn't an accidental plum by any means. Director Howard Hawks (his directorial reins were later taken over by Willie Wyler) saw in her a girl who was essentially intelligent, and hard-working. He saw that she was the sort of person who could accomplish any task she really put herself to. True, she had no reputation to help him sell his picture. She was an unknown, without theatrical inheritance or experience. But he saw in her a sincerity and a humility which he knew would allow her to take direction. He looked at dozens of girls who tossed their heads gaily, who wore temperament and glamor on the tips of their noses, and a bold confidence in their eyes, born of back-stage rearing. But it was Frances, in her workaday clothes, with her workaday ways, who won!

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## PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Makes your dollar go 3 times as far!

● How do germs enter your body? How do colds start?

"You inhale most colds!" say authorities. Millions of germs are breathed-in every day of your life! Then, when your resistance is low, they have their chance to attack . . . to infect sensitive throat membranes!

### Kill the germs

The health of yourself and your family may depend on this safety measure. Gargle twice daily with Pepsodent Antiseptic. For it's the

10-Second Germ-Killer!—your protective aid against colds and sore throats resulting from the common cold.

So effective is Pepsodent that, in tests on 500 people, Pepsodent users had fewer colds and got rid of colds twice as fast! What's more, Pepsodent is "the thrifty antiseptic." For it is a 10-Second Germ-Killer even when diluted with  $\frac{2}{3}$  water. Thus it lasts 3 times as long, makes your dollar go 3 times as far.

*In Germ-Killing Power—*

1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC = 3 BOTTLES OTHER LEADING KINDS

**LASTS 3 TIMES AS LONG. YOUR DOLLAR GOES 3 TIMES AS FAR!**

## Hollywood Holiday

Continued from page 21

reconcile herself to another woman's girl-child. Her step-mother was ten years younger than her own mother had been. And she was a grown girl. . . . It was much simpler to go away.

Marsha had wanted to go, anyhow. She had gone to Chicago first. And had found herself unprepared to make any sort of a living. So her father had advanced the money for a course in shorthand.

She was all right after that. As far as making a living was concerned. She wasn't a beauty—but she was a nice-looking girl, with frank brown eyes and light brown hair that curled only after you did things to it, but kept the curl a long time. She was slender—a little too slender most of the time due more to the wrong kind of food than to any conscious diet. She wasn't very tall—but not so short that you noticed that, either. A nice-looking girl, with a fresh skin, who carried her head well. She might have disappeared in a crowd—but if you once picked her out you didn't lose sight of her very easily again.

In Chicago she'd had a love affair or two. Nothing serious. Not more serious, anyhow, than a couple of nights of wondering if her heart was broken—and then discovering, as if by sudden magic, that life was worth while. Then had come an affair she hadn't liked so well. She'd worked for a married man—and he'd been annoying. And when she gave up working for him he was still annoying. And there'd been no reason to stay in Chicago, anyhow, when she'd always wished she were in New York. Why, everything you read about happened in New York.

So she'd saved up—and gone to New York. New York had been wonderful. For a while, anyhow.

She had had a little room on Eighth Street. A room that was breathless in the summer time and never quite warm enough in winter. But when she'd looked around she hadn't seen anything she liked better than she could afford.

At first New York had been lonely—the horribly embracing loneliness that only a big city can produce. Then she had made friends. Greenwich Village friends, first. An artist who lived in her building. A writer who knew people she knew at home. Two girls a little too gay who thought they were Bohemian because they lived in the Village and liked artistic people. An actress who played small parts because she flattered the right people and always managed remarks that got a laugh. Young men who worked in shops, day times, and had dreams of careers at night.

These people had been fun. She—and most of them—had drifted to up-town parties. To cafés. To bars. Even to parties in the suburbs. It had been pleasant enough. But didn't lead anywhere. Not that Marsha knew where she wanted it to lead.

She had fallen in love in New York a little more seriously than she had in Chicago. First, with a solemn, black-haired boy who was always on the verge of a mood. It took all of her energy to make him cheerful. And when he was cheerful all he wanted to do was to make love. And Marsha didn't want to be made love to by the black-haired boy. She was "saving herself." She didn't know what for, even when the black-haired boy—and others, before and after, asked her. It had something to do with being really in love, and a home, and happiness that went on and on—but you could



that to men who wanted a lot of love one night—and none at all forever afterwards. There had been other men after that—a lazy blond fellow who spent hours after hours in talking—what he was going to do with his life seemed terribly important to him. To Marsha's surprise she found out that now he really was doing some of the things he had talked about—though she knew that, now, too, he probably wouldn't even remember that he had talked with her about them. Another blond, then, who hadn't talked a great deal but drank more and always had to be looked out for, late at night, and Marsha hadn't been enough of the mother type—for him. Two rather indefinite fellows, then, without money, without distinction. And a married man who had the usual line—"You don't know what you're missing when you hold yourself away from life. You can't really be alive until you've known love." She wanted to know love—but not from him, and not his kind of love.

And, larded through her night time experiences—during all of which she had been such a good girl—and felt just a little smug about her goodness—there had been jobs. Half a dozen of them. Jobs in big companies where the salary had been small. Jobs in small concerns where the bosses had or hadn't been fresh, and in the end it hadn't mattered a great deal.

And then had come a hard New York winter. And Marsha had got a sudden new ambition. She wanted to go to Hollywood. And work in the movies.

She didn't want to be an actress. She knew there were too many girls—too many thousands of girls—who wanted that. She wanted, instead, to be a writer.

She felt, now, that she had always wanted to be a writer—a writer for the movies—though, actually, she'd never thought much about it before. Writing for books and magazines was beyond her, she felt. She couldn't actually express herself well enough for the printed word, and she never even aimed as high as playwriting. But there was something about the movies—she felt she could visualize those. With a little help—a little encouragement. She'd never had the help or the encouragement. But it was a nice dream. It always had been.

So she had come to Hollywood. And, after a couple of jobs, had actually landed in the movies. Not as a writer. But as a stenographer, taking down the usual letters, the usual details. Then had come the job with Super—and now she was a script girl.

Every day, while a picture was being made, she sat there, and took down what went on. Everything. What everyone in the cast wore. What everyone in the cast did. Every bit of detail. Every bit of action. She followed the script. Changed it if one word was changed. Months later, for a retake, she might have to produce her notes and reconstruct the scene. What the star wore. Was it white gloves or brown? What knee did she kneel on? How many tea cups were on the tray? It was the sort of job that leads to folks writing letters to the company if you weren't accurate. Sid Skolsky's column carried a hundred errors because a script girl didn't do all of her job.

Marsha did her job as well as she could. And loved it. And had a good time on the job. And away from it. She had met Eleanor on the lot. They liked each other and roomed together for companionship and economy. They liked the same young men—but not well enough to interfere with each other. Indefinite young men, mostly, with indefinite jobs—all hoping so hard to make good. Marsha liked them, too, but not too well. Though sometimes she wished



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she did. She was still "saving herself." And the year in Chicago and the year in New York and the year here in Hollywood meant that she was twenty-three going on twenty-four—girl all alone, and, in a way, making good. Still self-supporting and self-respecting. And in Hollywood. And thinking Hollywood was a constant holiday. And what was it getting her?

She wondered, now, as she drove over the green-brown hills to the studio. She always got a kick out of that. Nice country, around Hollywood. Contrasts. City, one minute. Hills, a few minutes after. Drive another way, and the shore and the blue Pacific, looking always so much more friendly than it ever was.

She parked her car on the parking lot, hurried to her office. She was exactly on time.

"Go to Stage Eight," Mrs. Lenmons, who had charge of the script girls, told her. "You're to work on 'All Over Town.'"

Keith Knowles' picture; That was something. He wouldn't speak to her—Eleanor had been right about that. But Keith Knowles was an important star. He'd been loaned by Superb Pictures for this one picture. Beatrice Brown, the Super Star, would play opposite him. It would be a good cast.

She took her note book, hurried over to Stage Eight.

Stage Eight had been transformed into an English Village. Actually, inside the huge, barn-like structure, apparently six little cottages had been erected. To be sure, they had neither sides, backs nor substance but, outwardly, they were substantial, real, and very attractive.

Everyone was there. The few extras that were needed had arrived early and were already made up and sitting in rather dull and stoic silence. Frank Martin and Lucile Hendricks, young featured players, who were always cast opposite each other, true to their kittenish and juvenile rôles were already play-acting a bit on the side—but, as their real audience was missing, none of the camera men or mechanics or carpenters or actors paid a bit of attention to them.

Beatrice Brown came in, looking very elegant, indeed. She sat down a bit apart from the others, nodded coolly and immediately began to read. She was reading a book that was far too deep for her. She'd never have known what it meant if she had read through it—but as she never even pretended to get past the first twenty-five pages, it didn't matter. It was the smart book of the day.

The director, a tall, slender man in grey tweeds, came in. Marsha had heard of the picturesque director in riding habit but he had been before her day. The present director was crisp, skillful, business-like. His assistant, a little fellow with a comedy face, was with him. The assistant director was the one man on the lot who still made dates with girls and promised them favors. Assistant directors were, as a rule, still pretty busy in their spare time.

Then Keith Knowles came in. The others crowded around in the welcome that was due such a prominent visiting fireman. Keith wore a grey lounge suit, as was called for in the script. His color, a bit pallid from too much Hollywood night life, was heightened by correctly applied color which made him seem to be a slightly sunburned Indian. This ended suddenly at the ears and the neck-line but to Marsha's constant amazement, this never showed in pictures.

No one introduced Marsha to Keith. Nor to anyone else. Her work was important but, socially, Marsha was invisible. Not that she cared. She liked being there—being a part of this busy scene. She wished

she were a writer instead of a script girl. It never even occurred to her to envy anyone, like, say Beatrice Brown.

The shooting started. A scene between Beatrice and Frank and Lucile. Then a scene between Beatrice and Keith. Then scenes with some of the extras as background. Each short take was rehearsed half a dozen times, then shot over and over again.

Even the rehearsals interested Marsha. The principals repeated their action and dialogue. The director went over line after line with them. Over and over again. One word wrong—and they'd start over. A cough—and they'd repeat. A slight repetition—and once more the scene would be done. Marsha wondered if the audience realized the patience that went into a picture, just as she wished more of them could see the perfect details in the background. Watching every day, these things seemed as important to Marsha as the actual story—as important as the stars, themselves.

A day on the set, with time out for lunch at noon. And Marsha hurried home, too tired to enjoy the movies with a boy named Galbreth who worked in the cutting-room. Next day, on the set again, Keith Knowles looked even handsomer than ever. He was in dinner clothes, today, surrounded by fifty extras, also in dinner clothes. No wonder he was the star, Marsha thought. He stood out so. His shoulders. His hair, smoothed to a sleek brown seal-like perfection.

Days more—and Marsha, the invisible girl of the movies, wrote down in detail each thing that everyone did. That Keith Knowles did. The extras laughed and talked when they dared—or kept their statue-like calm. The principals chatted together. The assistant director went around making dates—it seemed incredible that he could keep it up—but he did. The director was pleasant but a bit aloof. Beatrice Brown went through a pretence of reading less and less as the picture went on. Keith Knowles was pleasant, affable—and yet seemed to live in a world of his own.

"No matter how well you know him," Marsha thought, "you don't know him at all. Each day is getting acquainted with him all over again. Not one person here knows him any better than he or she did the first day." She took some satisfaction in this. She couldn't figure out why.

They had been shooting ten days when the argument about the cigarette came up.

"You put down the cigarette, then turned to Miss Brown and made the speech about the letter," Maurice Rolling, the director, said.

"No," said Keith, very sure of himself. "I made the speech first. Then I put down the cigarette. So when the next speech opened I was putting it down."

That's when the new shooting was to start. And Marsha was called in. And she looked at her notes. Keith was wrong!

She was a little frightened. "You put down your cigarette first, Mr. Knowles," she said.

Knowles smiled. "The lady is undoubtedly right," he said, and bowed. And looked at Marsha—undoubtedly for the first time. And there was a mocking smile on his lips.

There was nothing else she could do about it. Well, she'd be invisible to him in half an hour, anyhow.

She was. She might have stayed invisible if it hadn't been for—yes, for an apple core. An apple core—a thing just as awful as a banana peeling—just as commonplace, just as banal. Only the banana peeling was missing—and the apple core was there.

Too much there, in fact. Just where Marsha stepped when she left the set. A stupid thing to do—especially for a girl



camera shots made of him, so Ginger explained what she intended to do.

"All right," he sighed, "but tell Bill to get somewhere I can't see him while he shoots!"

The dancing strip—twenty-four pictures in all—was shot from behind scenery, under flats, over the tops of lights, anywhere so that the picture taker was out of view.

When Ginger wasn't in a scene, she loved to climb up on a ladder and shoot down at her co-star. Sometimes he knew it, sometimes he didn't. The shots are excellent.

"As I mentioned before, sets are always well-lighted," said the star, "so it isn't hard to get clear stuff on them. When you shoot outdoors, you have a different problem. People used to think you couldn't snap a picture outside unless your victim faced the sun, and of course the victim squinted. Now we know that isn't necessary.

"For good outdoor stuff, let your subject face away from the sun, or at least not try to look into the direct rays. With the



Ginger Rogers, that avid candid camera fan, on the set for her new film opposite Fred Astaire.

improved film available today, excellent pictures may be taken in the shade, but here is the point to watch: green trees and grass don't reflect much light, and since it's the amount of light reaching your subject that determines the tone of the picture, it will be necessary to lengthen the exposure, or open the lens wider.

"However, if there is strong reflected light from the wall of a building, a cement sidewalk, a body of water, or a patch of snow, go right ahead and take your picture and you'll be surprised at the results. Reflected light gives softer shadows than direct sunlight and is painless for the victim. If you can't get results with this system, talk things over with the camera dealer. He'll show you where you are wrong.

"Most miniature cameras are capable of good portrait work, but that's where the fun begins!" Ginger laughed and ran her slim fingers over a reel of film. "I haven't tried much of that sort of thing, but what I've done has shown me how much there is to learn. Each individual face must be studied and the lighting properly arranged. The fact that portrait work is difficult is what makes it so intriguing, and I expect to keep my friends looking at the birdie until I get something worth showing!"

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morrow...see these new misty, smoky shades everywhere enhancing the allure of smart young hands...of the Fingertips of Fashion!

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# GLAZO

*The Smart Manicure*



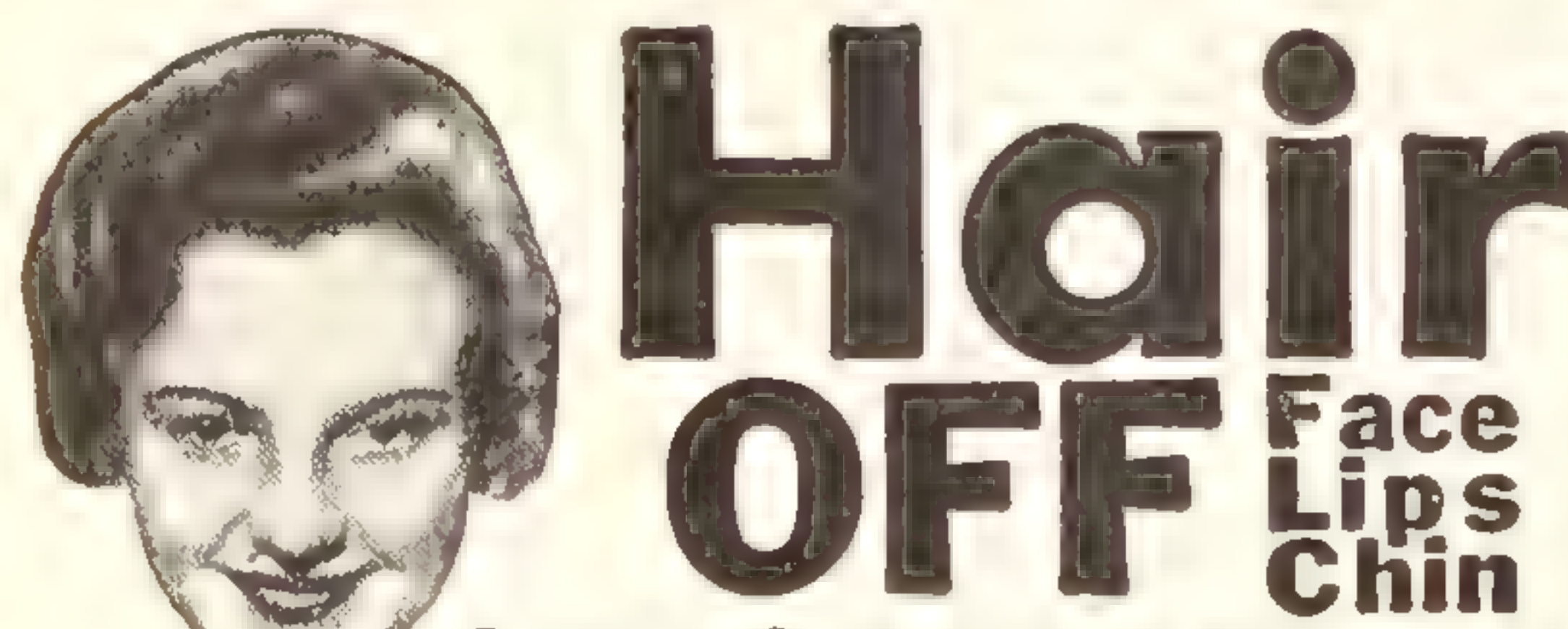
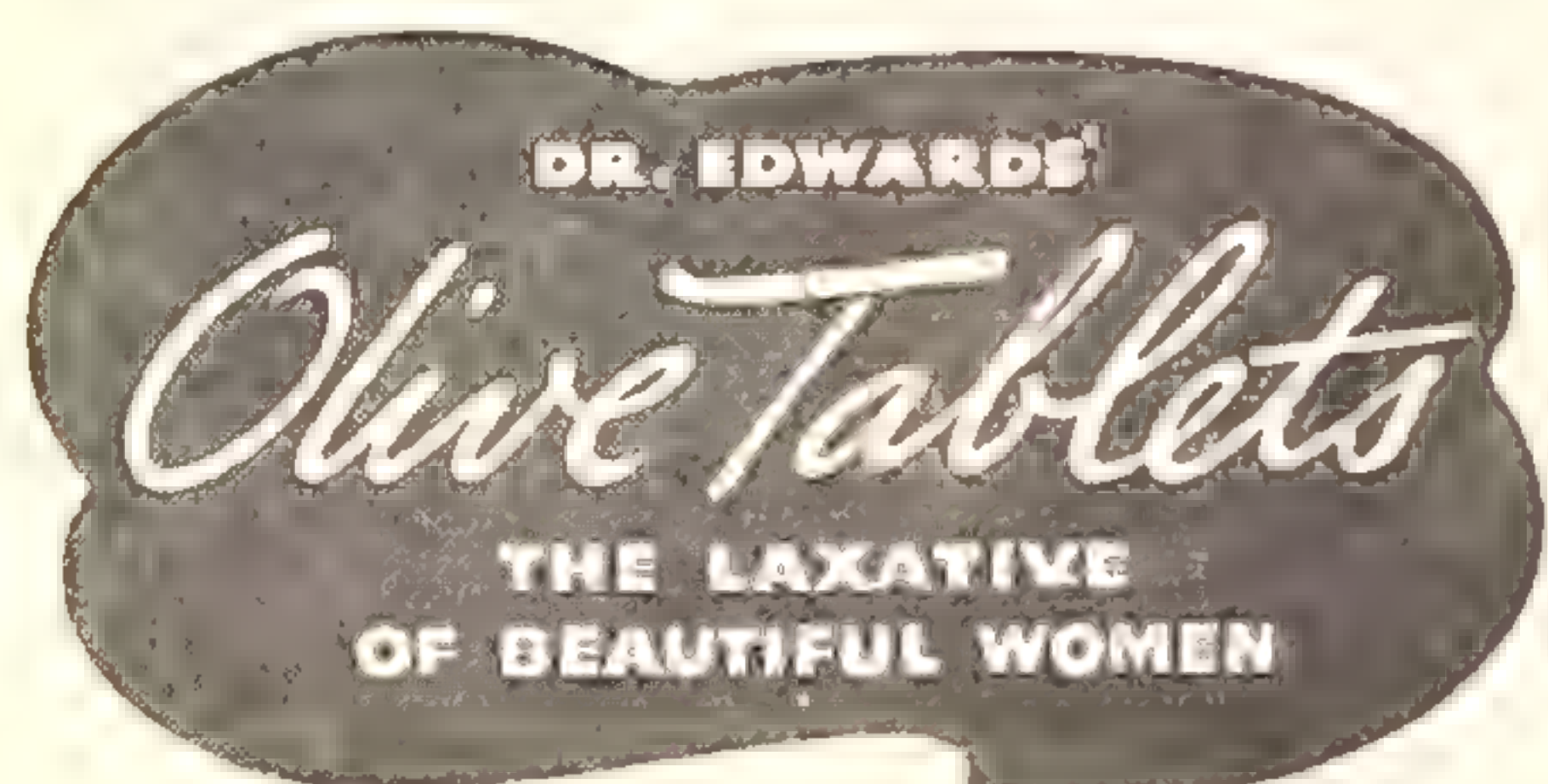


Think! Has more than one day gone by without adequate elimination?

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**KEEP YOUR WEIGHT DOWN!**

## Arlen Obliges

Continued from page 58

'phone you—if he thinks it's safe to see you."

At seven that night the 'phone rang. It was Rosie, the Arlen cook. "Mr. Arlen will see you at 1:00 tomorrow," she informed me.

"Wh-wh-what???" I roared.

Rosie repeated her message.

"Oh," I sputtered. "Mr. Arlen will see me, will he? The great, the kind, the condescending Mr. Arlen will deign to grant me an interview, will he? Well, that's fine. That's very kind of him."

"I don't know what you talkin' 'bout," Rosie responded. "But I hear'n him tell Mrs. Arlen if you going to act nuts he will, too."

"Tell him just to act natural—he'll do all right," I squelched her.

Next day, promptly at 1:00 o'clock, I presented myself at the Arlen gate. It was locked. It always is, since the kidnaper scare. Their intimate friends squeeze through a little side entrance. I don't know what strangers who don't know about the side entrance do. I boiled. "If I were *really* a stranger," I soliloquized, "they wouldn't dare treat me like this. They'd probably have been at the gate waiting."

Beyond the seven-foot hedge that surrounds the place I could hear Sam, (the houseboy), watering the lawn.

"Sam!" I bellowed, "open this confounded gate."

"Mr. Mook," came Sam's voice placatingly, "you know that gate haven't been opened in almost three years. The hinges is rusted shut. You come on round the side and I'll let you in through the kitchen."

"A fine beginning," I raged. "Go in the back way and get into the house through the kitchen!" But there was nothing else to do.

Rosie greeted me effusively as I entered. "You gonna be here for dinner, honey?" she asked.

I brightened visibly at the mention of dinner. "Yes," I began. "Will you make some cornbread?"

And then my enthusiasm took a nose-dive. If I were a stranger I could hardly accept the cook's invitation to dinner. I would have to take a chance on being asked by the master of the house.

"No," I said stoically. "I don't think so. And listen, Rosie," I went on sternly. "I'm out here today on business. You must pretend you don't know me, that you've never seen me before. Do you understand?"

"Naw, suh," said Rosie promptly. "How Ah'm gonna pretend I never seed you before when you was out here to dinner last night and come in mah kitchen before you went to bed and et up all that chicken I had left over for lunch today?"

"I," I began—

"An' another thing," Rosie continued indignantly, "when I wuz cleanin' your room today I knocked yoah toothbrush down and all the bristles fell out. You better get a new one."

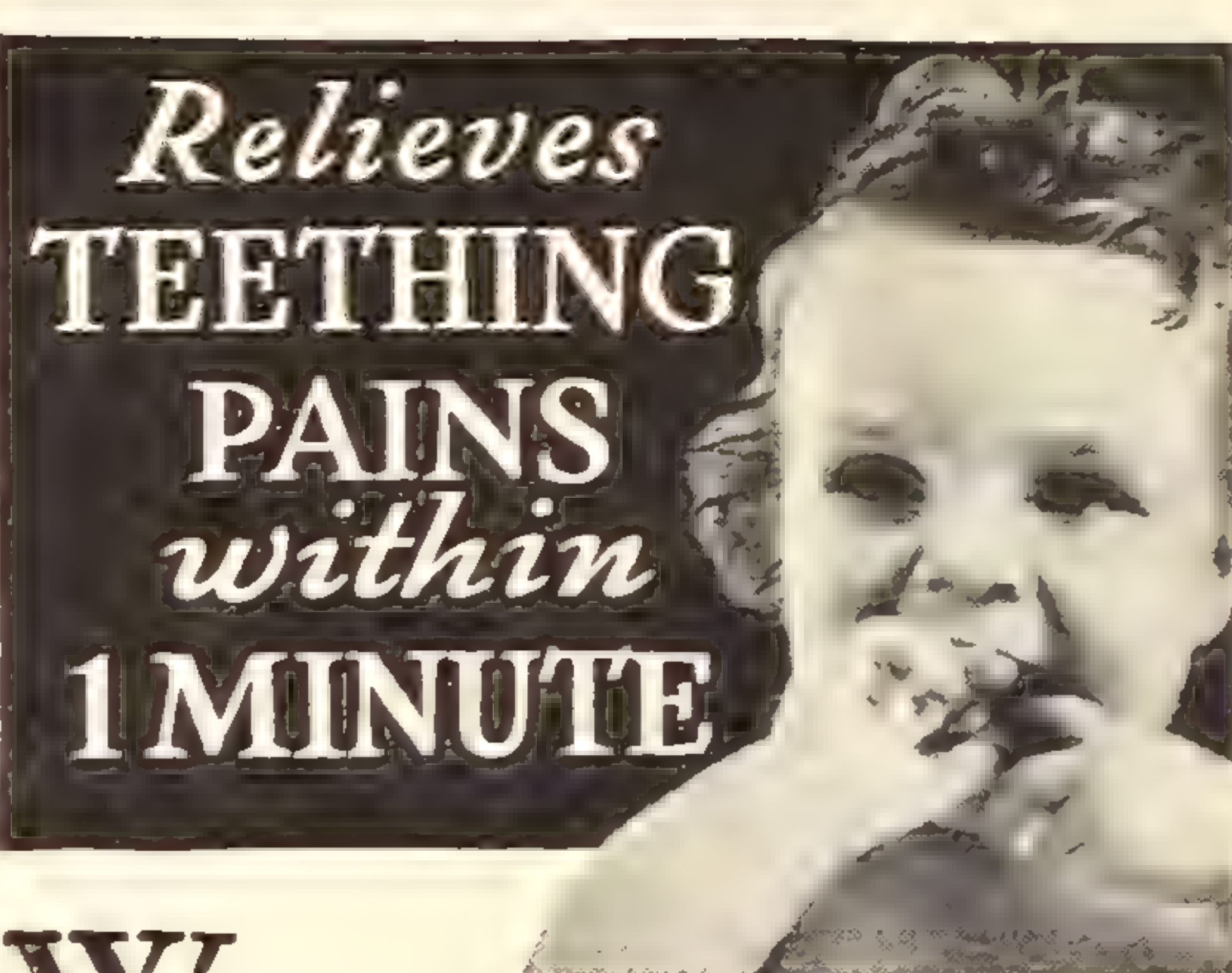
There seemed no point in arguing with Rosie. It was plain I'd never be able to make her understand. I passed through the house. It was 1:15 by then but no one was about. Out in the yard Sam had returned to his watering.

"Sam," I began, "tell Mr. Arlen I'm here, will you?"

"Mr. Arlen still sleep," Sam informed me laconically.

"Wake him up," I ordered.

"Cain't," Sam protested. "He say yawl kep' him up so late las' night he didn't get no sleep an' for nobody not to disturb him today."



**W**HEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

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You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost.



Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



"If things weren't so formal and business-like," I told myself wrathfully, "I'd go in there and yank him out of bed. But a stranger can't very well go into another stranger's bedroom and pour cold water on him."

"Wake him up," I repeated sternly to Sam. "He made an appointment for 1:00 and by jiminy he's going to keep it. Tell him I told you to waken him."

Sam reluctantly laid down the hose and went into the house. A few minutes later he was back. "Mr. Arlen be out after awhile," he told me. "He say for you to make up your mind what you want to ask him 'cause he got a date at the club at 2:00 o'clock for a golf game."

"After a while, huh?" I fumed. "Tell him I'm sorry I couldn't wait. Tell him when the story comes out if he doesn't like it it's his own fault." I started for the front gate.

"Them hinges is still rusted on that gate," Sam called. As I hesitated he grinned. "Mr. Arlen say if you got to actin' up fo' me to ast you if you want a drink."

"Well," I hesitated. "I suppose since I've waited this long I might as well wait a little longer."

"Yassuh." Sam stepped behind the bar and a moment later shoved a glass of brownish-looking stuff towards me. It was in a glass about half the size of the regular Arlen highball glasses.

"What's this?" I asked apprehensively.

"Ginger ale," Sam answered.

"You know I don't drink the stuff," I screamed. "I want a highball."

"Mr. Mook," Sam replied earnestly, "you know ever since that woman wrote Mr. Arlen was a souse jus' because he offered her a highball, he don't 'low me to give no strangers drinks 'till he's talked to 'em hisself." He went back to his hose.

A half hour later Mr. Arlen came rushing out of the house, grinning like a Cheshire cat, his hand extended. "Awfully sorry I'm late, old man," he began, pumping my hand vigorously. "There were a bunch of soaks out here last night and I didn't get to sleep until four. Couldn't get rid of them. We finally had to put one of them to bed in the guest room." He eyed me meaningly.

"It's a lie," I began hotly, "you—"

"Pardon me?" said Mr. Arlen coolly.

I remembered I was supposed never to have been out there before. "I suppose that's one of the penalties of being a star," I replied darkly, thinking I would have to swallow all the lies and insults he would tell me about myself and pretend not to know who he was talking about. "People always busting in on you, etc."

"No," he answered, "we're pretty lucky. Most of the people who come out here are really friends. We don't stand on formality."

That, at least, was true. I recalled how the night before he had got sleepy about midnight and gone off to bed leaving Joby and me to entertain ourselves as best we could. This four o'clock business was all a figment of his imagination—but I couldn't very well tell him so.

"Would you like to take a dip?" he inquired politely. "We practically live in the pool in summer."

"Yes!" I shouted vindictively.

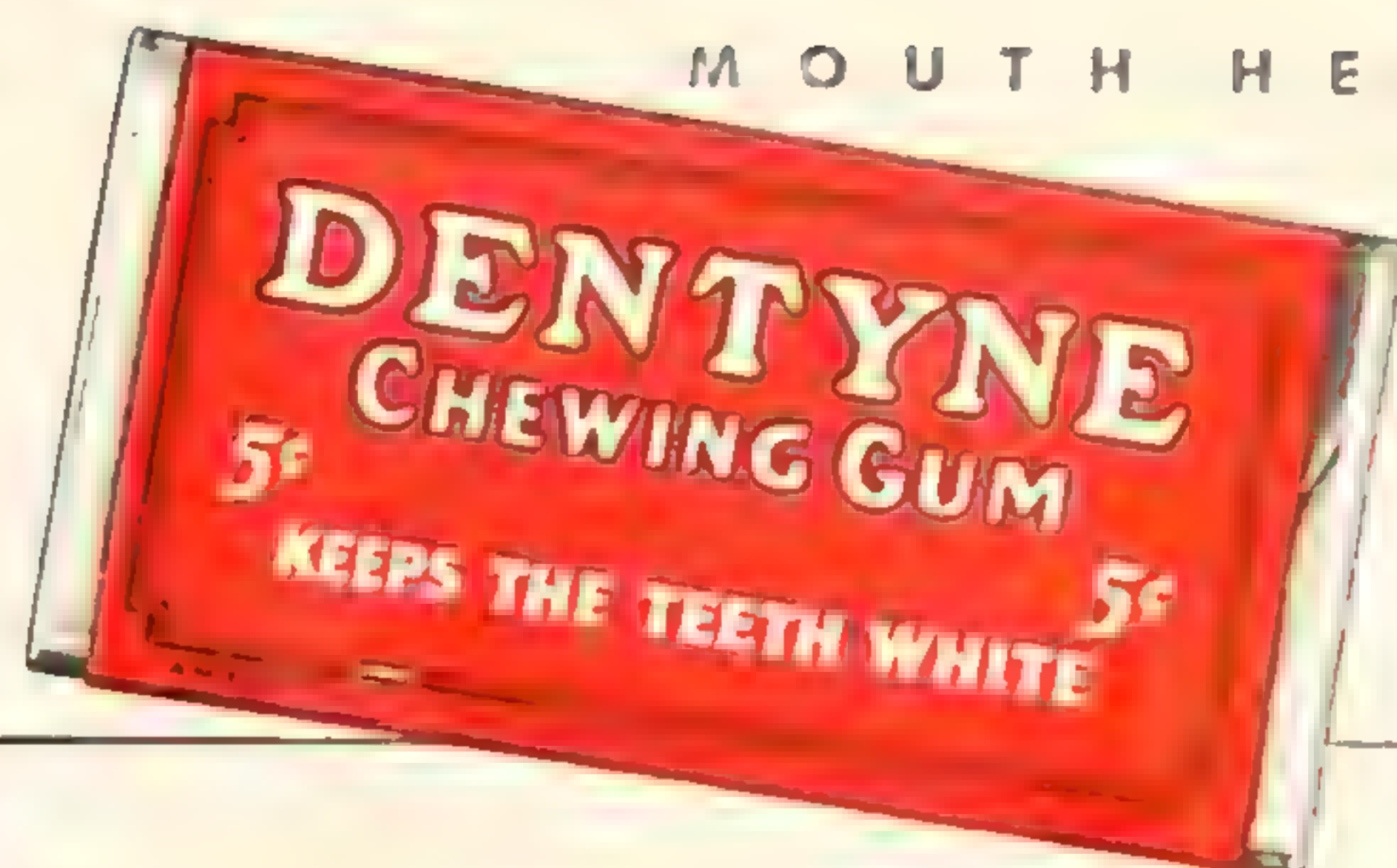
Despite the fact he is one of the best swimmers I've ever seen, Mr. Arlen loathes swimming. He doesn't go into the pool six times in a season.

He scowled at me and jerked his head toward a tree where a pair of my trunks were hanging. "I think those will fit you," he said. "A friend of mine left them out here. I don't believe he'd mind your using them."

"Seen Blank lately?" I asked maliciously as we were getting into our trunks.

KEEPS TEETH WHITE

MOUTH HEALTHY



*She ~~HAD~~ <sup>HAS</sup> her Mother's smile*



**DENTYNE WAKES UP LAZY MOUTHS  
...PEPS UP HALF-HEARTED SMILES.**

You may still have your mother's charming natural smile. But today's soft foods may rob you of the fine healthy teeth and gums, the natural, easy smile of her generation, with its hard foods that gave the mouth the exercise it needed. You can keep that mouth-happy smile the way other smart moderns are doing it... by chewing Dentyne. Its special consistency helps keep the teeth white,

stimulate and harden the gums. And it gives those smile-muscles the workout they need to bring out the smiles.

**A FLAVOR THAT MAKES CHEWING  
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Dentyne has a grown-up, educated taste that holds its flavor. It gives a substantial satisfaction that stays satisfying... as long as you chew. And it's all wrapped up in a package sensibly flat... exclusive with Dentyne... to fit snugly into your pocket or pocketbook.

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Eyes that men adore! Eyes that say "come hither, I'm a girl you'd love to know better" . . . these are eyes that have been made lovely by WINX eye beautifiers.

It is so easy to use WINX Mascara, and it makes your lashes long, dark and luxuriant in a charming natural way. WINX comes in solid, creamy or liquid form—it is harmless, non-smarting and tearproof.

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Start today to make your eyes more fascinating! You will find WINX eye beautifiers in drug, department and 5 and 10 cent stores.

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FOR MANY CURLS...OR JUST A FEW ★ THE CURLER USED BY THE STARS ★



FOR curls that caress with the bright touch of beauty, your favorites of the screen dress their hair with "the curlers used by the stars." Millions of women follow this Hollywood beauty hint...and so more Hollywood Curlers are used in homes everywhere than all other curlers put together. Try this star magic on your hair...tonight!! Be sure to ask for them by name.

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**HOLLYWOOD**  
*Rapid Dry* **CURLER**

"Blank" is a comedian whom Dick despises. They used to be pretty good friends—but no more.

"Saw him over at the club just the other day," Dick smiled genially. "Nice chap."

I stared at Mr. Arlen open-mouthed and wondered if all actors lie like that when they're being interviewed. I had thought he would tell me they weren't friendly any longer and I was going to have some fun asking him why. He takes violent dislikes to people for no other reason than that some friend of his will tell him how the third party double-crossed him, (double-crossed the friend, I mean). That third party may be one of the nicest persons on earth but Dick will never have any use for him. He completely forgets there are two sides to every question. He's only interested in his friends' side of things.

"I hear you've bought a Duesenberg," I commented when we had finished our swim.

"Yeah," casually. "Like to see it?"

I gasped again. That car is the pride of Dick's life. How he ever managed to make his voice so casual in speaking of it I'll never know. It's been re-built so often the improvements have cost him more than the car cost originally.

As I admired it for the hundredth time I pointed to a slight dent in a fender. "How'd that happen?" I asked fiendishly.

Mr. Arlen looked daggers at me for a moment, then his face cleared and he smiled ingenuously. "Oh, you know how those things go. It doesn't amount to anything."

I choked, remembering how, the evening before, he had burst into the house like a cyclone, damning everyone present and a lot of people not present because no light had been left on in the garage for him. He was too lazy to stop the car, get out and turn it on himself, so he had scraped the fender against a post as a result.

It was the servants' day off but he was going to fire them for failing to turn on the light before they left, (at 10:00 AM). He was going to sue Mrs. Arlen's brother, (the contractor), for putting up a garage with posts in it. I was going to be banished for not turning the light on when I came in. If Mrs. Arlen had been the kind of wife she should be she would have left her guests and gone out to turn it on before he came home.

But when he was being interviewed, (by a stranger), there was no mention of all this. I grinned. He is constantly having these outbursts and mental upheavals over some inconsequential trifle. His friends refer to them as his "Big Moments." No one who knows him well pays any attention to them and their apathy at such times usually infuriates him further. When his emotion has spent itself he grins sheepishly and joins in the laughter at his own expense.

We returned to the pool. Ricky put in an appearance. "Hello, Mookie," he began. "Sit down so I can get in your lap and you can tell me about *Hansel and Gretel*."

If I had been unable to make others around the place understand I was a stranger on this particular visit, it seemed useless to explain the situation to three-year-old Ricky. I sat.

"Nice kid," I remarked to Mr. Arlen, trying to keep my own voice casual.

"Thanks, we think so," he muttered indifferently.

And, once more, I marveled over the duplicity of actors. That kid is Dick's life. Dick is inherently one of the most sentimental people on earth. But he'd die if he thought anyone even remotely suspected it. A day or two after Ricky was born we stood before the plate-glass window in the hospital nursery gazing at him. "Poor little beggar," Dick had whispered huskily. "I

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hope I can manage to leave him enough so he won't have to go through all I did."

"Have a drink?" he asked suddenly.

I glanced towards the bar. At either end stood a sign. One informed you you were being served by Joby. The other bore the legend. "You are now being served by Dick."

"Friendly touch," I commented, gesturing toward the signs.

"We rarely drink," Dick stated in an unmistakably clear voice. "But we keep the stuff on hand for our friends and get almost as much fun out of mixing the drinks as they do out of downing them."

I swooned. If anyone ever goes away from the Arlen house thirsty it's his own fault. But Dick hasn't been known to mix a drink since Hector was a pup. The servants mix drinks. Mrs. Arlen mixes drinks. The guests mix drinks. But Dick? Never! The sign is a prop—pure and simple. But what could I, a stranger, say?

I said, although it nearly killed me, "No, thanks. I never touch the stuff, either."

Dick swooned. Elephants and Mooks never forget. I forced a little coca-cola between his lips. He choked and sat up.

The late afternoon sun slanted across the swimming pool—across his face—over the white buildings, bringing out in brilliant splotches of color, the flowers that border the walk. Over by the sidewalk, in the lengthening shadows, the privet hedge stood prim and erect. A dragon fly skimmed



swiftly over the surface of the pool, circled and came back.

Dick began to talk. All the drivel actors feed interviewers who don't know them, fell glibly from his lips. I listened in amused silence.

The sun began to sink more rapidly. The shadows lengthened more quickly. The colors of the flowers seemed less brilliant. It was as though nature, playing a stupendous symphony, had suddenly muted her instruments. No sound came to us from the street. We might have been miles out in the country—or up on a mountain top. Only the sound of Dick's voice droning on and on.

"Say!" he broke off suddenly, "haven't you had enough of this foolishness? I'm tired of being an actor."

"God knows I'm tired of being an interviewer," I gasped thirstily. And then I really fainted.

Dick mixed the drinks!

## "Heavens! Is That Me?"

Continued from page 29

the New York Paramount Theater. But Claudette did, and it was with tremendous relief that Eddie read her wire: "Dear Ed—Have just this minute seen our opus. We're not so bad, baby, not so bad! Yours, Claudette."

Joan Bennett's reaction to seeing herself for the first time on the screen was one of defeat and frustration. Joan had a great name to live up to. Her sisters, Constance and Barbara, were both famous, as was her illustrious father, Richard Bennett. Joan had just done a little stage work, yet that little had somewhat pleased her. But after that first disillusionment in the Ronald Colman picture, "Bulldog Drummond," it took lots of pleading before she would go on. "I look like a little simpleton—a wishy-washy little creature without an ounce of brains!" she cried to all and sundry. But family and friends finally gave her confidence to go on to carve a real niche for herself in Hollywood's Hall of Fame.

Fredric March has never gotten over the shock of seeing himself on the screen. He is unique inasmuch as he really hates to see himself in every new picture. His wife, Florence Eldridge, who played Queen Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland," is the same way.

"When I saw myself in that for the first time I really cried out, 'Good Heavens, can that be me?' Elizabeth wasn't at all as I intended her," she went on to say. "I made her a petulant queen, who had frightful manners and snapped at her courtiers all the time. I intended a figure of greater drive and power, who was ruthlessly strong and showed it. That was the way I felt when I played her and the way I thought she would show on the screen, but—alas!"

"Your Elizabeth was fine," nobly spoke up Fredric. "It was a mighty nice piece of acting. The trouble with you, honey, is that you haven't seen yourself on the screen in enough pictures. If you look at yourself often enough, you get used to the shock!"

"Now take me. We-ell, come to think of it, I was never more nervous and jumpy in my life than when I sat and watched the preview of 'Anthony Adverse.' I saw Louis Hayward and Anita Louise do a perfectly beautiful job, saw that great duel, admired Claude Rains and Gale Sondergaard, thought little Billy Mauch was swell and then—waited for myself as *Anthony!* I

# CREATE A NEW "YOU"



## WITH A NEW POWDER SHADE!

A New Face Powder Shade May Give You  
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By *Lady Esther*

You know what color in clothes can do for you. One color puts you out like a light. Another makes you look and feel your best.

But no color in clothes has half as much effect on your personality as your face powder shade. For this becomes a real flesh-and-blood *part* of you.

Yet thousands of women and girls are actually wearing the *wrong* shade of face powder. Every morning they commit beauty-suicide, right in front of their own mirrors. They quench their personality, destroy what ought to be their glamour and charm—with a dull, drab, dead shade of face powder!

Far better, I say, to use no powder at all, than to bury yourself alive under such a disguise!

### Use the Magic of Color!

Yet for each of these girls and women—for you, too—there is a *right* shade of face powder. It won't subtract from your beauty. Nor will it leave you just as you were. No! This right shade will add the magic of living, glowing color. It will flatter you, glorify you, create right before your eyes a new "you" that you never dreamed you could be!

The reason you haven't found this right shade long ago is probably because you've been choosing according to your "type"—a blonde should wear this, a brunette that. *This is all*

*wrong!* You aren't a type. You're yourself. And how lovely that self can be—how vivid, alive and alight—you'll never know till you try on all five of my basic shades in Lady Esther Face Powder.

### See for Yourself!

To let you prove this to yourself, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of cost.

When you have tried all five shades and have discovered the one that was made just for you, you will be instantly aware of many things. You will see a new glow, a new warmth in your skin. You will see a new beauty in your face, in line as well as color. You will see a new radiance about your entire person.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Your mere request on the coupon below brings them to you postpaid and free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, I will also send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (32)

**FREE**

Lady Esther, 2062 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a purse-size tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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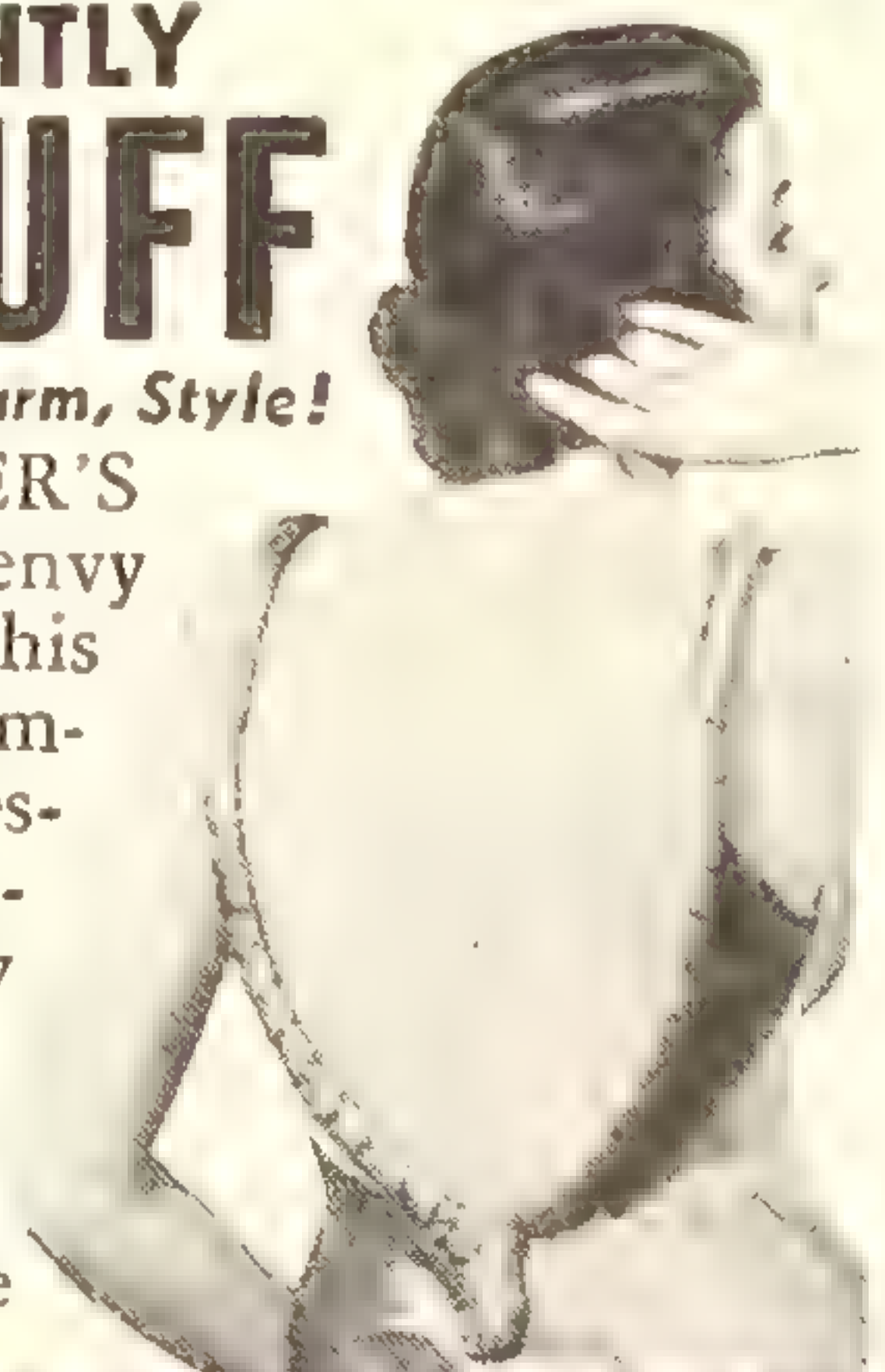
Thackeray said "Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them." Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, has the charm within her to attract and fascinate men. You can learn how to develop and use those natural charms from "Fascinating Womanhood", an unusual book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of men's psychology. Married or single, this knowledge will help you. Don't let love and romance pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood", an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood". Sent in plain wrapper.

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

tell you I was sitting on the edge of my seat looking like a demented man! It's a fact, you never do get over that fear and shock of seeing what the camera has done to you. At least, it's so in my case."

Nearly everything has an exception and Jack Oakie is ours. He wasn't at all shocked at seeing himself on the screen for the first time. In fact, he thought he was very good! It was a comic rôle he was doing and he was greatly amused by his own acting.

"So much so," explained Jack, "that I just sat there and laughed at myself until the tears rolled down my cheek! 'Don't worry any more, old boy,' I told myself, 'for if you can convince yourself you're that funny, you certainly ought to be convincing to others!'"

## London

Continued from page 34

ization in "The Plainsman" with much greater enthusiasm. "Now that *Wild Bill Hickok* was a grand guy! Just Gary's size, too. I hope he'll do several more films on the same sort of lines."

It was raining hard the other Sunday afternoon, pouring down relentlessly on the huge crowd outside London's famous marriage bureau the Caxton Hall as they waited to greet Ann Harding on her wedding day. When the bride's car arrived she gave a startled gasp.

"Oh, I never thought anybody would bother to wait around in weather like this. Oh, the angels! Isn't it sweet and kind of them?"

Glowing with the radiance of her new-found happiness, Ann threw her admirers smiles and kisses, signed their autograph-books while Clive Brook held an umbrella over her and finally pulled her bouquet of roses to bits and gave the flowers into eager hands "just for good luck." Then she passed inside to her waiting groom, tall dark musician Werner Janssen whom she first met in New York last spring. He's thirty-six, three years older than Ann, and gave her a wedding gift of a sapphire bracelet and ear-rings to match.

The ceremony took place in the oak-panelled Tudor Room, the dim old wood-toning with Ann's black satin dress and hat and glorious silver fox cape adorned with a cluster of mauve orchids. Eight year old Jane, Ann's daughter by her former marriage with Harry Bannister, sat in the front row of chairs, her long golden hair falling over a lemon velvet frock. While Ann was signing the register, somebody jokingly called out "Speech!" and up jumped little Jane to announce quite calmly and happily: "Mummy is married now and we all thank you very much."

It was a gay occasion altogether and Ann's contentment obvious and profound. After the wedding-breakfast, with a pink-iced cake in the shape of a lucky horseshoe, Mr. and Mrs. Janssen left for the country, Ann in the most attractive travelling outfit of brown tweed coat with leather buttons and brown felt collegian-style beret worn with a scarf and elbow gloves in bright green velveteen.

Kay Francis and I sat sipping sherry and discussing her latest films. She wore a plain blue sports suit, a shapeless little hat, and the same big brown coat in which she arrived in London on her former visit over a year ago. "Hollywood's Best-Dressed Woman" Still maybe she is—in Hollywood, and likes to make her holiday a complete one in every way when she crosses the Atlantic.

"I don't know how much I spend on

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Acme  
Ann Harding and Werner Janssen, famous musician, seen after their wedding in London.

clothes," she said, "and I don't care! No, I didn't like 'The White Angel' even though all the critics have said it was my best picture for years. *Florence* was such a depressing part to play, surrounded with pain and suffering all the time. We had real ex-soldiers from convalescent hospitals in some of the scenes. They didn't have to act. They were just themselves, and even so, many of the shots turned out so harrowing they had to be cut."

Kay approved "Give Me Your Heart" much more and talked about the new musical that is to be her first contribution of 1937. It seems the story runs from 1910 to 1940 so she is looking forward to a variety of period frocks—she did admit that!—and also to singing three light songs. She has been taking a special course of voice production lessons in London as well as doing a lot of theatre-going, studio visiting and shopping. (Perfume, books, an amusing red bag with a watch set in the centre, but *No Clothes!*)

She told me there was one picture she had been yearning to make for years, the famous historical romance of Emperor Maximilian and Carlotta. "Those gorgeous old Mexican backgrounds would be so fine and they have never been touched yet. I go up to the office periodically to suggest such a film but the producers just won't listen to me. Maybe I can't argue very convincingly!"

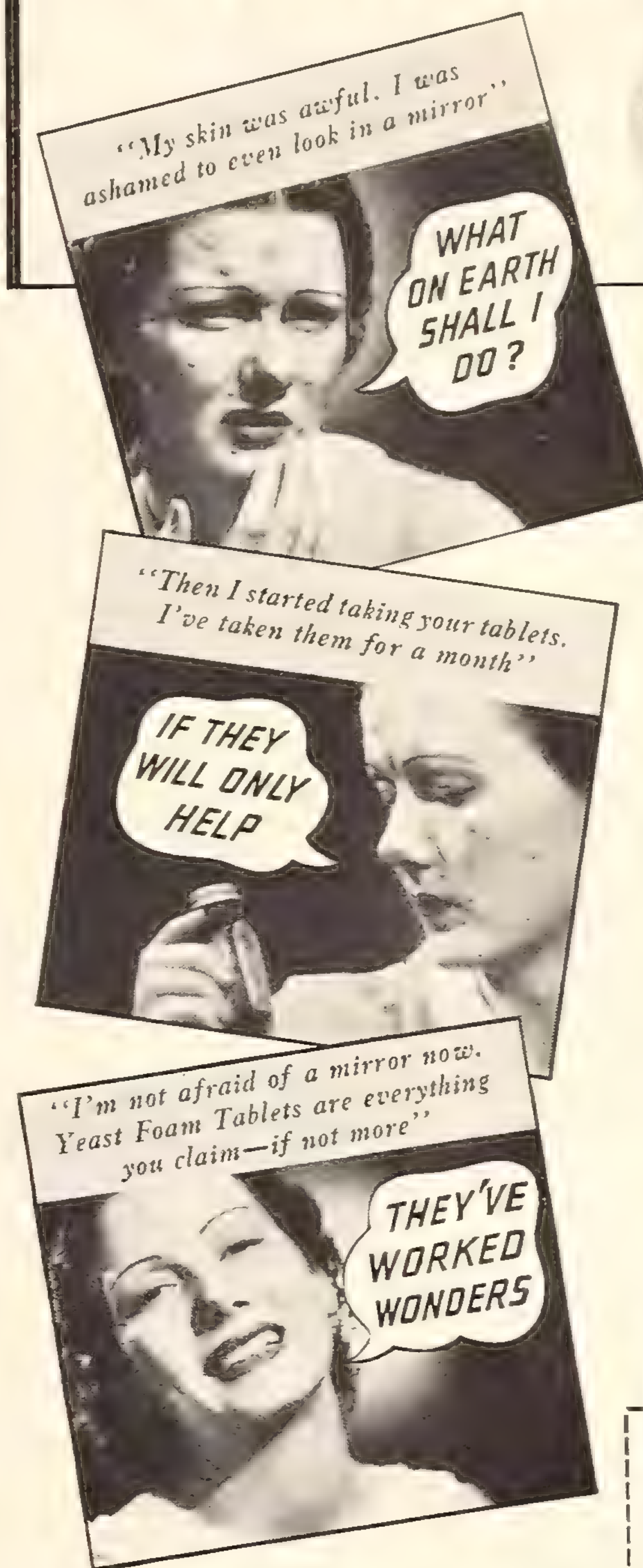
Then she wrinkled her expressive forehead and set down her slender glass.

"You know, I don't think this sherry is going to suit me. Could I have a fruit cocktail instead?"

Well, even though Kay didn't like the pale brown Spanish wine we enjoy before dinner, lots of our other stellar visitors have acquired the taste. At an informal party I saw sherry being poured for Douglass Montgomery, Romney Brent, Neil Hamilton, Phillips Holmes and Marlene Dietrich herself—no doubt she knows how graceful long rose-tipped fingers can look curled round the crystal stem of an antique glass. Marlene nodded quite frankly when Josef von Sternberg's name was mentioned. "Yes, I have signed a contract to make three films under his direction, either here or in California as best suits our convenience at the time. Yes, I am very pleased about it."

Marlene created the sensation of the evening at the recent first-night of Sir James Barrie's new stage play "The Boy David" in which Elisabeth Bergner appears as the little shepherd lad of Biblical days. Marlene swept into the theatre clad in shimmering silver, billows of it swirling out all round her long trained gown and

# WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN



NOTE: The above letter is but one case, of course, but it is so typical of many others that it more than justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of skin or complexion disorders.

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

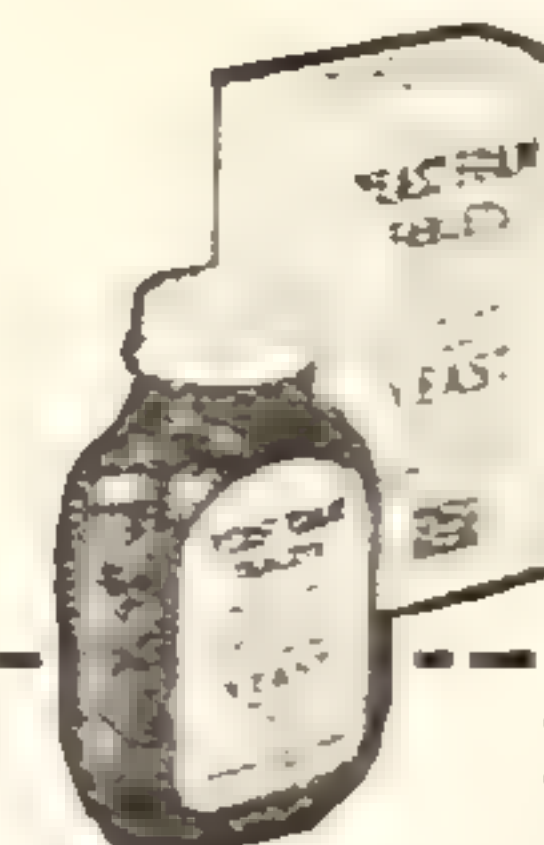
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Let Yeast Foam Tablets help rid your system, too, of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which often stimulate sluggish digestive organs—help to restore natural elimination—and thus cleanse the system of beauty-destroying wastes.

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**Dr. Scholl's** ARCH SUPPORTS





THE ACHE JUST SEEMS TO DISAPPEAR

THAT'S JUST LIKE ALKA-SELTZER, - DEAR

HEADACHE

ALKA-SELTZER! DOWN IT GOES!

EXIT, AFTER-DINNER WOES!

SOUR STOMACH

BOY! YOU SURE KEEP COLDS AWAY

I ALKALIZE, MOST EVERY DAY

COLDS

**Be Wise...Alkalize!**

**Alka-Seltzer**

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting, alkalizing solution which contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it does two important things. First, because of the analgesic, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort—and then because it is also alkalizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

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**Personal to Fat Girls!**—Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Prescription Tablets a day until you have lost enough fat—then stop.

Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same element prescribed by most doctors in treating their fat patients. Millions of people are using them with success. Don't let others think you have no spunk and that your will-power is as flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.

wrapping her auburn hair so that she seemed to be surrounded by a glistening cloud. Escort was, as usual, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., wearing his inevitable pink carnation. He had come straight from the Isleworth studios where his own producing company, Criterion Films, are making "For Ever and Ever." Douglas plays the burglar hero and pretty Valerie Hobson is his leading lady.

Producer Herbert Wilcox is grooming a new star for the screen. You don't know him yet but you're certainly going to! Three Hollywood representatives specially attended the local trade showing of his first film, in which he has only a tiny part, and they all offered him long-term Californian contracts afterwards.

So meet Robert Douglas, typically English stage actor, who has played in New York and Chicago as well as London, fair-haired and blue-eyed, broad-shouldered and essentially virile, with a frank engaging expression and a clear crisp voice. You can see him first in "London Melody" with Anna Neagle and Tullio Carminati, and presently as the star of "The Fighting Navy," portraying the gallant captain who defeats Noah Beery's villainy and then wins the heroine from Richard Cromwell.

Talking of Richard—does he wear those gay green shirts in Hollywood too?—reminds me that he was one of the guests at Lupe Velez's cocktail party when the dashing little hostess, all in vivid scarlet, seemed to have collected every good-looking film actor in town.

Even Brian Aherne was at the party. The reason for his brief London visit being to see his father here. Well, that's what he told me, but I happen to know he managed to see quite a lot of Miss Merle Oberon as well. (Their old friendship of four years ago seems to have suddenly been renewed when they made "Beloved Enemy" together last fall.) They lunched and dined *tete-a-tete* and Merle took him for a drive in her new sports car and he sent her several boxes of dark red roses—apparently he knew what are her favorite flowers!

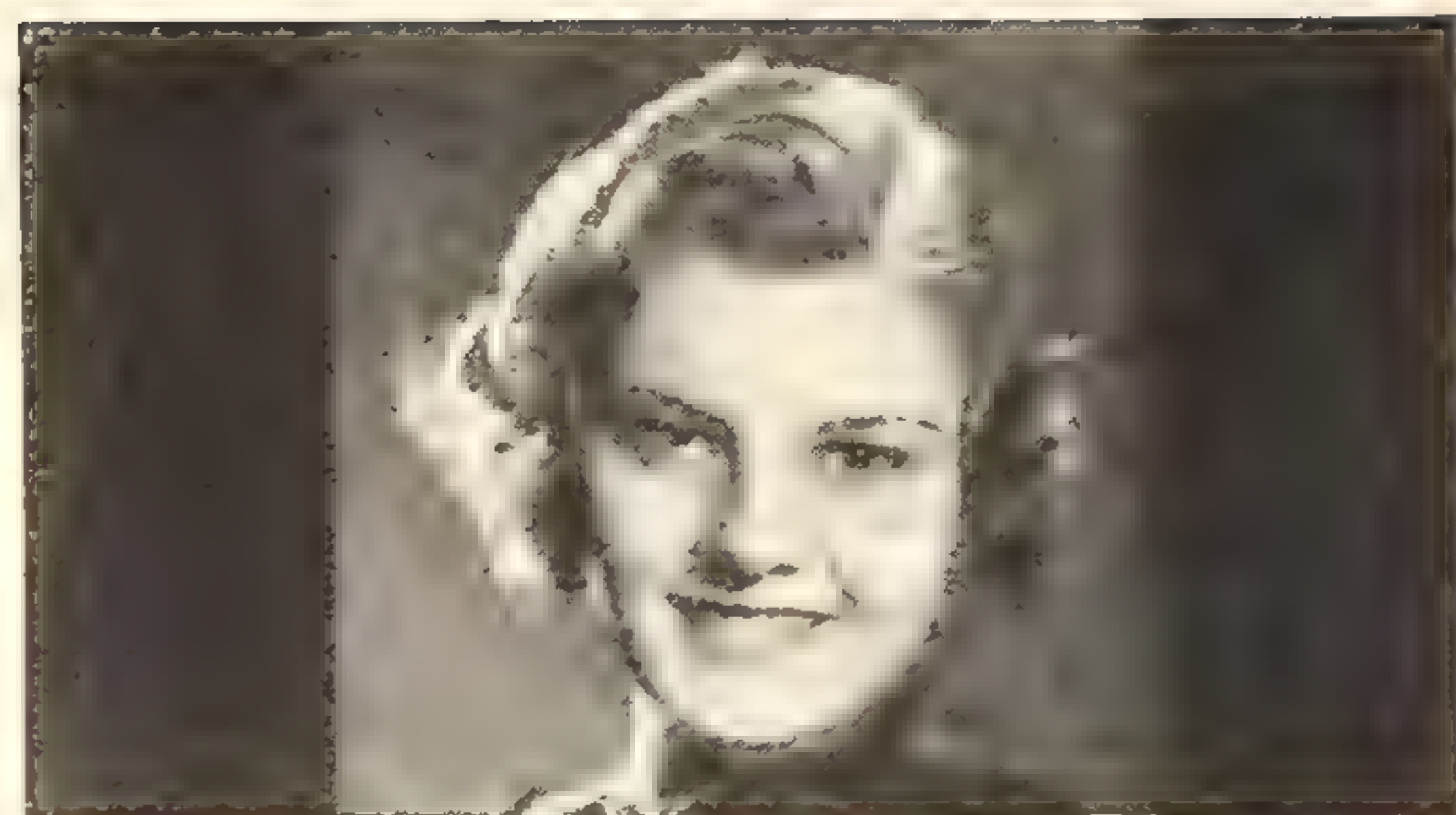
One way and another, I've been learning quite a lot about the early days of the stars lately, what they were before they began to even twinkle and how they started to shine their dazzling lights upon the screen. Handsome John Loder gave a cocktail party to celebrate the last scene of the Gaumont-British jungle thriller, "King Solomon's Mines," his fiftieth film. By odd coincidence he had also completed ten years of picture-acting to the very day so naturally he was in a reminiscent mood.

It seems John took to the studios because he had gone broke as a chemical engineer in Germany and a friend said he could probably earn a few much-needed marks at the UFA studios in Berlin. He did get a job there in a film called "Madame Does Not Like Children."

The star was Alexander Korda's wife, the langorous dark-eyed Maria Korda—though John didn't presume to address her because he was merely an extra. Also in the crowd scenes were Camilla Horn and a plump young woman known as Marlene Dietrich, who was very fond of sausage and giggled a lot.

When I called at Capitol-Grafton to watch the dashing Michael Bartlett making love to dainty June Knight in "The Lilac Domino," I found this how-I-began business infecting the air there too. June poured me coffee, showed me some of the colorful imaginative pastel drawings she does in her leisure moments, and then informed me that she went on the screen by accident.

Though she was born next door to a studio in Hollywood, she was quite happy as a seventeen-year-old stage player and



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was dancing in a musical show in Los Angeles when the director of Garbo's "Mata Hari" picture noticed her and decided she was just the girl he wanted to double for Garbo's Javanese dancing scene. So June appeared on the set made-up exactly as the famous Swede, with a plastic nose because her own wasn't quite long enough to correspond, and after Greta had scrutinized her closely and signified approval, she duly danced. Then she went happily back to the stage again and it required a lot of persuasion to make her sign the contract that gave her to us in "Broadway Melody of 1936" and other musicals. Now she says she is used to the studios so she doesn't worry!

Flash-backs were also in fashion when I drove over to Warner Brothers British studios set in a great garden near the River Thames at Teddington. Somehow we started talking about the two "local boys" who first made good on this lot, Errol Flynn and Patric Knowles. Irving Asher—he's Laura la Plante's executive husband, you'll remember—spotted them both on the West End stage and roped them in for their tests. Errol reacted characteristically, laughed and chaffed and swung gallantly through the acting paces they set him with complete self-confidence. Then he presently laughed some more when Asher invited him to go to Hollywood and agreed because he said he had a grand idea for a short story and the sea voyage would give him the opportunity to write it. Teddington to a man is convinced that Errol will never remain permanently in Hollywood. They assert he is only acting until he has saved enough money to enable him to live in modest comfort for a few years, when he will retire from the screen and devote himself to the literary work that has always been his greatest passion.

Pat Knowles was a vastly different proposition in temperament. He had already played some small parts in British films and being naturally retiring and self-critical, thought himself exceedingly bad, though everybody else didn't! So Asher kept him at Teddington as leading man, grooming his screen personality assiduously, making him give press interviews and mix with famous stars and attend brilliant social functions—all of which Pat dreaded at first—until he had instilled in him sufficient assurance and poise to make sure he would acquit himself properly when he finally left for Hollywood. (But we hear that Pat still looks surprised and says "Thank you so much" when a fan demands his autograph.)

Next this flash-back fever broke out at Elstree where British International Pictures are making a musical called "Glamorous Night" with Mary Ellis and Otto Kruger. They were both celebrated in the theatre before they essayed the films. "I want to please my old friend Jesse Lasky," quoted Otto, adding with that quizzical twinkle. "No, I haven't really regretted the change. It's given me more leisure for fishing and more money to spend on fishing! Now did I tell you about that new spinney-rod I'm going to buy tomorrow?" He had and did, four times already, but that didn't discourage his enthusiasm. Nothing whatever damps the man. The very day he landed from America, he went into an exclusive little shop in St. James's where King George and other Royal sportsmen buy their tackle, and spent hours among the rods and baskets and fly-cases, quite forgetting such details as lunch and dinner and a distracted publicity man waiting to arrange press meetings.

Mary was charmingly candid about her screen debut. "I realized I could earn bigger money in pictures," she said. "And I wanted money."

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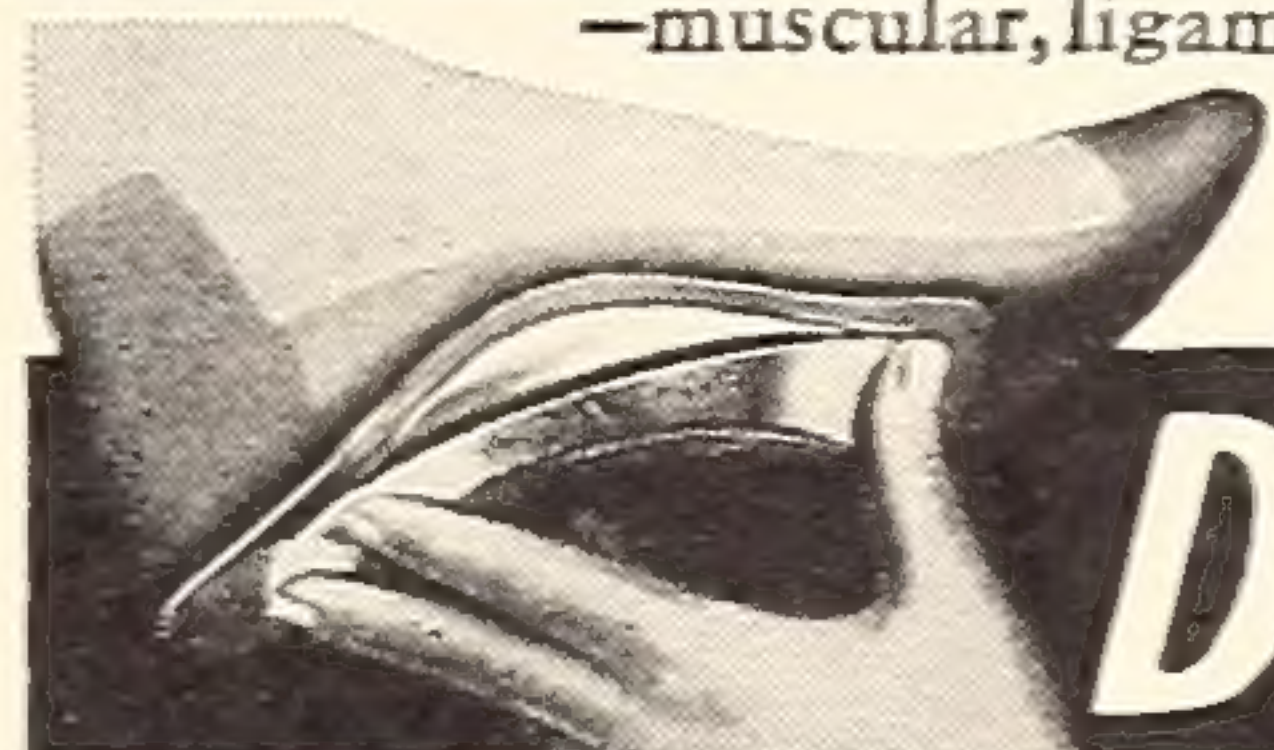
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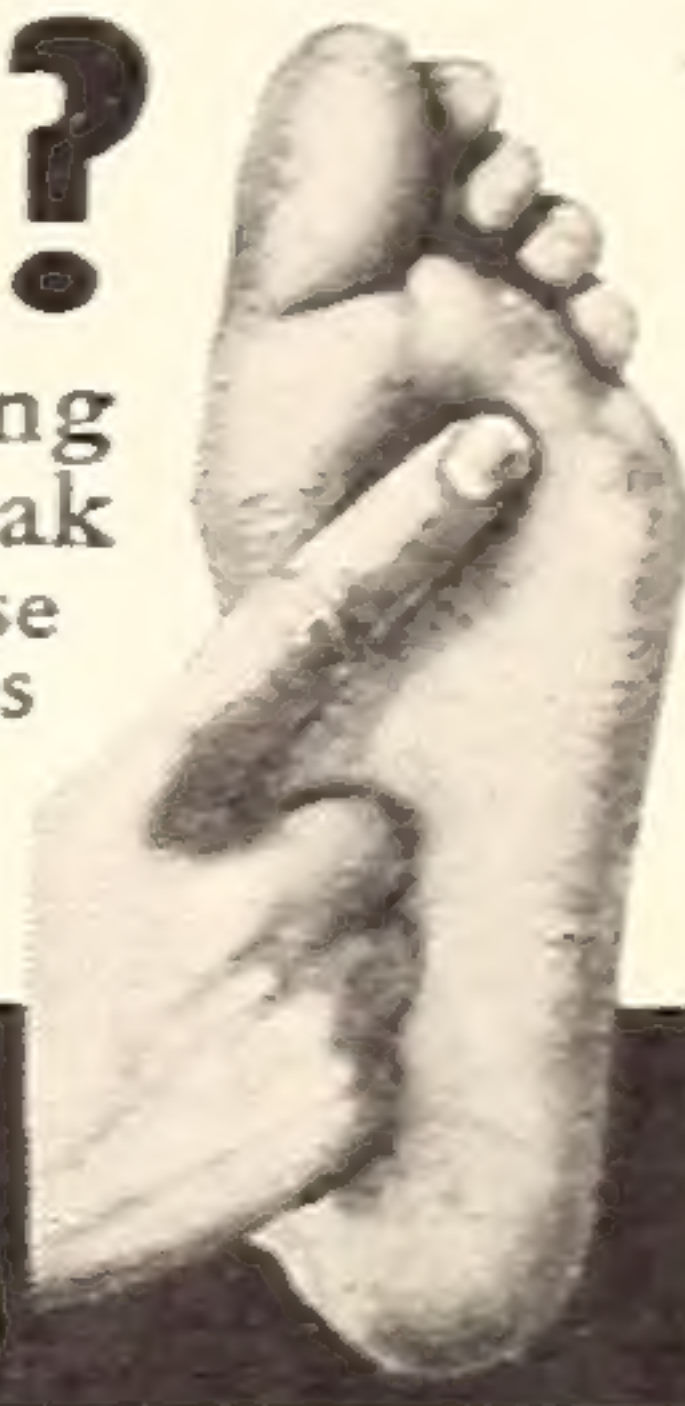
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Anatole Litvak and Miriam Hopkins, center, met aboard ship returning from Europe. Now they're a director-star combination, as well as a romantic twosome. Left, in uniform, is Louis Heyward, appearing in the film with Miriam and Paul Muni.

## Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 61

**TYRONE POWER** was visited recently by his sister, Ann Tyler, who since her marriage has lived in Honolulu. Wishing to make her first evening in Hollywood as pleasant as possible Tyrone suggested a movie or a play or maybe a night club. Ann, however, had different ideas. There was just one thing she wanted to do and that was to ice-skate. So Tyrone, instead of having a little diversion, accompanied her to the local rink where he's been practically every day during the past months, skating attendance on Sonja Henie! His only comment was: "You, too!"

**CHARLES BOYER** came home the other night to find his entire living room occupied by a huge Great Dane, in addition to their other two dogs. Pat Paterson, his wife, can't resist dogs. She'd spent the entire afternoon shopping around at the local kennels just so's she could surprise Charles with a new hound. Charles took one look at the new purchase and remarked: "Where do *we* live?" And the old meany made Pat take the animal back and exchange him for a smaller variety.

**I HEARD** a funny one about Director Van Dyke the other day. It develops that he has a very bad memory for names, so a long time ago he gave up trying and simply addresses everyone as "kid." Well, the other evening he decided to give a party and wished to invite Jimmy Stewart. But Jimmy's name, along with that of practically everyone else he knows, eluded him persistently. He called the casting office on the phone. "What's the name of that big lanky fellow who works in all my pictures?" he wanted to know. The name was procured and Van Dyke happily called him on the phone. And they've known one another for practically three years!

**THE** most amusing child story we've heard recently concerns Normie, Joan Blondell's two-year-old son. It seems that Joan had taken the baby to Palm Springs

for a somewhat lengthy vacation and had decided that Normie should attend Sunday School during their stay. Normie was quite agreeable but rather shy when he found himself surrounded by a group of strange children and stayed pretty much in the background. Then the Sunday School teacher announced they would sing a hymn. Now Normie knows what a hymn is just as well as anybody, because mother Joan has taught him quite a number at home. But not a peep was heard out of the child. Suddenly, when the class was half way through the second hymn, he burst forth. But the song he was singing, in his childish tremulo, was not a hymn. It was "Thanks A Million"—one of steppapa Dick Powell's favorite songs! Needless to say, he broke up the meeting.

**MAYBE** you've already heard, but it's news to me, that Virginia Bruce is being photographed in "Class Prophecy" without one grain of make-up. Seems they took tests and tests of her before the picture went into production, and found that her skin photographed much better without the usual greasepaint.

**DID** you know that Patricia Ziegfeld, daughter of the famous Flo, is working in the Research Department at Universal? And what's more, when they were selecting a group of girls to play in "Top of the Town," Patricia chose sixty out of the two hundred they used in the picture. Studio executives claim she not only picked out the most beautiful girls, but had her father's knack of sensing unusual personalities.

**ON** SLOW STEVENS feels that he will always owe whatever success he has to Marion Davies. It seems that Onslow has been busily trying to gain recognition in Hollywood for many months without getting to first base until Marion Davies spied him in a Community Playhouse drama and asked for him to be cast in "Peg O' My Heart." From that time to this, Onslow's luck has improved right up to the present moment when he is appearing in "Stage Door" on the New York stage with Margaret Sullivan. He'll soon come to Hollywood to play the same rôle with Katharine Hepburn in the screen version.



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